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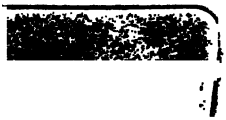

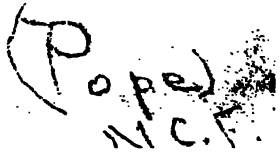
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N.C.

ORDHAM MORRIS

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME V.

BEING THE

FIRST of his LETTERS.

LONDON:

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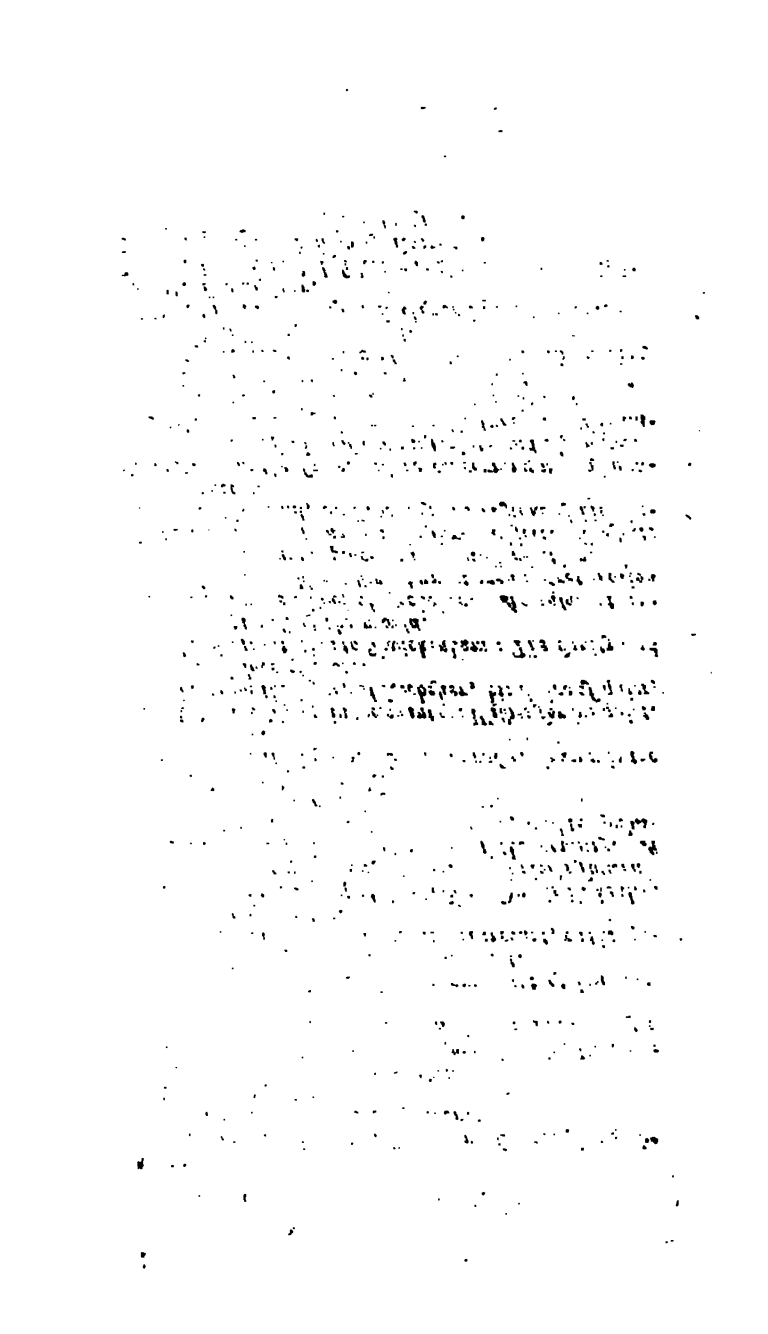


PREFACE

Of the Publiſher of the Surreptitious Edition, 1735.

WE preſume we want no apology to the reader for this publication, but ſome may be thought needful to Mr. Pope: however he cannot think our offence ſo great as theirs, who firſt ſeparately publiſhed what we have here but collected in a better form and order. As for the letters we have procured to be added, they ſerve but to compleat, explain, and ſometimes ſet in a true light, thoſe others, which it was not in the writer's, or our power to recall.

This collection hath been owing to ſeveral cabinets: ſome drawn from thence by accidents, and others (even of thoſe to ladies) voluntarily given. It is to one of that ſex we are beholden for the whole correſpondence with H. C. Eſq. which letters being lent her by that gentleman, ſhe took the liberty to print; as appears by the following, which we ſhall give at length, both as it is ſomething curious, and as it may ſerve for an apology for ourſelves.

To HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

June 27, 1727.

AFTER so long a silence as the many and grea oppressions I have sighed under have occasioned one is at a loss how to begin a letter to so kind a friend as yourself. But as it was always my resolution, if I must sink, to do it as decently (that is, as silently) as I could; so when I found myself plunged into unforeseen, and unavoidable ruin, I retreated from the world, and in a manner buried myself in a dismal place, where I knew none, and none knew me. In this dull unthinking way, I have protracted a lingering death (for life it cannot be called) ever since you saw me, sequestered from company, deprived of my books, and nothing left to converse with, but the letters of my dead, or absent friends; among which latter I always placed yours, and Mr. Pope's in the first rank. I lent some of them indeed to an ingenious person, who was so delighted with the specimen, that he importuned me for a sight of the rest, which having obtained, he conveyed them to the press, I must not say altogether with my consent nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be lost in oblivion, and had no cause to apprehend the disobliging of any. The public, viz. all persons of taste and judgment, would be pleased with so agreeable an amusement; Mr. Cromwell could not be angry, since it was but justice to his merit, to publish the solemn and private professions of love, gratitude, and veneration, made him by so celebrated an author; and sincerely Mr. Pope ought not to resent the publication since the early pregnancy of his genius was no dishonour to his character. And yet had either of you been asked, common modesty would have obliged you to re

ſe, what you would not be diſpleaſed with, if done ithout your knowledge. And beſides, to end all diſpute, ɔu had been pleaſed to make me a free gift of them, ı do what I pleaſed with them; and every one knows, ıat the perſon to whom a letter is addreſſed, has the ıme right to diſpoſe of it, as he has of goods pur-haſed with his money. I doubt not but your gene-oſity and honour will do me the right, of owning by a ne that I came honeſtly by them. I flatter myſelf, in ı few months I ſhall again be viſible to the world; ınd whenever through good providence that turn ſhall ıappen, I ſhall joyfully acquaint you with it, there ɔeing none more truly your obliged ſervant, than, Sir,

Your faithful, and
moſt humble Servant,
E. THOMAS.

P. S. A Letter, Sir, directed to Mrs. Thomas, to be left at my houſe, will be ſafely tranſmitted to her, by,

Yours, etc.
E. CURLL.

To Mr. POPE.

Epſom, July 6, 1727.

WHEN theſe letters were firſt printed, I wondered how Curll could come by them, and could not but laugh at the pompous title; ſince whatever you wrote to me was humour, and familiar raillery. As ſoon as I came from Epſom, I heard you had been to ſee me, and I writ you a ſhort letter from Will's, that I longed to ſee you. Mr. D——s, about that time, charged me with giving them to a miſtreſs, which I poſitively denied: not in the leaſt, at that time, thinking of it; but ſome time after, finding in the *News-papers Letters* from Lady Packington, Lady

Chudleigh, and Mr. Norris, to the ſame Sappho c
I began to fear that I was guilty. I have nev
theſe Letters of Curll's, nor would go to his ſho
them; I have not ſeen this Sappho alias E. T
ſeven years.—Her writing, *That I gave her 'em
what ſhe would with 'em*, is ſtraining the point t
I thought not of it, nor do I think ſhe did the
ſevere neceſſity which catches hold of a twig, ha
duced all this; which has lain hid, and forgot,
ſo many years. Curll ſent me a letter laſt week
ſiring a poſitive anſwer about this matter; but fi
I would give him none, he went to E. T. and
poſtſcript in her long romantic letter, to direct n
ſwer to his houſe; but they not expecting an an
ſent a young man to me, whoſe name, it ſeem
Pattiſon: I told him I ſhould not write any thing,
believed it might be ſo as ſhe writ in her letter.
extremely concerned that my former indiſcreti
putting them into the hands of this *Pretieuſe*, ſh
have given you ſo much diſturbance; for the laſt
I ſhould do would be to diſoblige you, for whom I
ever preſerved the greateſt eſteem, and ſhall ever be

Your faithful Friend, and
moſt humble Servant,
HENRY CROMWE

To Mr. POPE.

Auguſt 1, 17

THO' I writ my long narrative from Epſom
was tired, yet was I not ſatisfied; leſt any d
ſhould reſt upon your mind. I could not make
teſtations of my innocence of a grievous crime; t
was impatient till I came to town, that I might
you thoſe Letters as a clear evidence that I was a
fect ſtranger to all their proceeding. Should I

proteſted againſt it, after the printing, it might have been taken for an attempt to decry his purchaſe; and as the little exception you have taken has ſerved him to play his game upon us for theſe two years, a new incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more.—The great value ſhe expreſſes for all you write, and her paſſion for having them, I believe, was what prevailed upon me to let her keep them. By the interval of twelve years at leaſt, from her poſſeſſion to the time of printing them, 'tis manifeſt, that I had not the leaſt ground to apprehend ſuch a deſign: but as people in great ſtraits, bring forth their hoards of old gold and moſt valued jewels; ſo Sappho had recourſe to her hid treaſure of Letters, and play'd off not only your's to me, but all thoſe to herſelf (as the lady's laſt ſtake) into the preſs.—As for me, I hope, when you ſhall coolly conſider the many thouſand inſtances of our being deluded by the females, ſince that great Original of Adam by Eve, you will have a more favourable thought of the undeſigning error of

Your faithful Friend,
and humble Servant,
HENRY CROMWELL.

Now ſhould our apology for this publication be as ill retrieved, as the lady's ſeems to have been by the gentlemen concerned; we ſhall at leaſt have Her Comfort, *of being thanked by the reſt of the world. Nor has Mr. P. himſelf any great cauſe to think it much offence to his modeſty, or reflection on his judgment; when we take care to inform the public, that there are few Letters of his in this collection, which were not written under twenty years of age: on the other hand, we doubt not the reader will be much more ſurprized to find, at that early period, ſo much variety of ſtyle, affecting ſentiment, and juſtneſs of criticiſm, in pieces which muſt have been writ in haſte, very few perhaps ever reviewed, and none intended for the eye of the public.*

A

CATALOGU

OF THE

Surreptitious and Incorrect Edition: Mr. POPE'S LETTERS.

I. FAMILIAR LETTERS to Henry Cromwel by Mr. Pope, 12mo. Printed for E Curll, 1727.

[In this are *Verſes*, etc. aſcribed to Mr. P. whi *not his*.]

II. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence for thirt from 1704 to 1734. Being a Collection of which paſſed between him and ſeveral emin ſons. Printed for E. Curll, 8°, 1735, Two e ——The ſame in duodecimo, with cuts. Th edition.

[Theſe contain ſeveral Letters *not genuine*

III. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. II ed for the ſame, 8°, 1735. [In this volum Letters of Mr. Pope's, but a few of thoſe Cromwell *reprinted*; nor any to him, but one be Biſhop Atterbury's, and another in that name, certainly not his: One or two Lette St. Omer's, advertiſed of Mr. Pope, but whic to be only *concerning* him; ſome ſcandalous tions of one Le Neve on the Legiſlature, C Juſtice, and Church of England, pag. 11⁶, 1 the Divinity of Chriſt expreſsly denied, in p 124. With ſome ſcandalous Anecdotes, an rative.]

——The ſame in duodecimo.

IV. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. I *ed for E.* Curll, 8°, 1735. [In this is *only*

by Mr. Pope to the Ducheſs of Buckingham, which the Publiſher ſome way procured and printed againſt her order. It alſo contains four Letters, entitled, Mr. Pope's to Miſs Blount, which are literally taken from an old tranſlation of Voiture's to Madᵉ Rambouillet.]

——The ſame in duodecimo.

V. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. IV. Printed by the ſame, contains *not one Letter* of this Author.

——The ſame in duodecimo.

VI. Mr. Pope's Literary Correſpondence, Vol. V. containing *only one Letter* of Mr. P. and another of the Lord B. with a ſcandalous preface of Curll's, how he could come at more of their Letters, 8°, printed for the ſame, 1736.

VII. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral Eminent Perſons, Vol. I. from 1705 to 1711. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 8°, 1735.

——The ſame, Vol. II. from 1711, etc. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 8°, 1735.—The ſame in 12mo, with a Narrative.

VIII. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral Eminent Perſons. From 1705 to 1735. Printed and ſold by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter, 12mo, 1735.

[This edition is ſaid in the title to contain *more Letters* than any other, but contains only *Two*, ſaid to be the Biſhop of Rocheſter's, and printed before by Curll.]

IX. Letters of Mr. Pope and ſeveral Eminent Perſons. From the year 1705 to 1735. Vol. I. and Vol. II. Printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe in Pater-noſter Row, 1735, 12mo.

[In this was inſerted the *Forged Letter* from the Biſhop of Rocheſter, and ſome other things, unknown to Mr. Pope.]

PREFACE

Prefixed to the First Genuine Edition in quarto, 1737.

IF what is here offered the reader, ſhould happen in any degree to pleaſe him, the thanks are not due to the author, but partly to his friends, and partly to his enemies: it was wholly owing to the affection of the former, that ſo many Letters, of which he never kept copies, were preſerv'd; and to the malice of the latter, that they were produced in this manner.

He had been very diſagreeably uſed, in the publication of ſome Letters written in his youth, which fell into the hands of a woman who printed them, without his or his correſpondent's conſent, 1727. This treatment, and the apprehenſion of more of the ſame kind, put him upon recalling as many as he could from thoſe who he imagined had kept any. He was ſorry to find the number ſo great, but immediately leſſened it by burning three parts in four of them: the reſt he ſpared, not in any preference of their ſtyle or writing, but merely as they preſerv'd the memory of ſome friendſhips which will ever be dear to him, or ſet in a true light ſome matters of fact, from which the ſcriblers of the times had taken occaſion to aſperſe either his friends or himſelf. He therefore lay'd by the Originals, together with thoſe of his correſpondents, and cauſed a copy to be taken to depoſite in the library of a noble friend; that in caſe either of the revival of ſlanders, or the publication of ſurreptitious Letters, during his life *or after, a proper* uſe might be made of them.

The next year, the posthumous works of Mr. Wycherley were printed, in a way disreputable enough to his memory. It was thought a justice due to him, to shew the world his better judgment; and that it was his last resolution to have suppressed those poems. As some of the Letters which had passed between him and our author cleared that point, they were published in 1729, with a few marginal notes added by a friend.

If in these Letters, and in those which were printed without his consent, there appear too much of a juvenile ambition of wit, or affectation of gaiety, he may reasonably hope it will be considered to *whom*, and at *what age*, he was guilty of it, as well as how soon it was over. The rest, every judge of writing will see, were by no means efforts of the genius, but emanations of the heart: and this alone may induce any candid reader to believe their publication an act of necessity, rather than of vanity.

It is notorious how many volumes have been published under the title of his correspondence, with promises still of more, and open and repeated offers of encouragement to all persons who should send any letters of his for the press. It is as notorious what methods were taken to procure them, even from the publisher's own accounts in his prefaces, viz. by transacting with people in necessities, * or of abandoned † characters, or such as dealt without names in the ‡ dark. Upon a quarrel with one of these last, he betrayed himself so far, as to appeal to the public in Narratives and Advertisements: like that Irish highway-man a few years before, who preferr'd a bill against his companion, for

* See the Preface to vol. i. of a Book called Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence.

† Postscript *to the Preface* to vol. iv.

‡ *Narrative and Anecdotes* before vol. ii.

not ſharing equally in the money, rings and watches, they had traded for in partnerſhip upon Hounſlow-heath.

Several have been printed in his name which he never writ, and addreſſed to perſons to whom they never were written *: counterfeited as from Biſhop Atterbury to him, which neither that Biſhop nor he ever ſaw †; and adverti ſed even after that period when it was made felony to correſpond with him.

I know not how it has been this author's fate, whom both his ſituation and his temper have all his life excluded from rivalling any man, in any pretenſion, (except that of pleaſing by poetry) to have been as much aſperſed and written at, as any Firſt Miniſter of his time: pamphlets and news-papers have been full of him, nor was it *there only* that a private man, who never troubled either the world or common converſation with his opinions of Religion or Government, has been repreſented as a dangerous member of Society, a bigotted Papiſt, and an Enemy to the Eſtabliſhment. The unwarrantable publication of his Letters hath at laſt done him this ſervice, to ſhew he has conſtantly enjoyed the friendſhip of worthy men; and that if a catalogue were to be taken of his friends and his enemies, he needs not to bluſh at either. Many of them having been written on the moſt trying occurrences, and all in the openneſs of friendſhip, are a proof what were his real ſentiments, as they flowed warm from the heart, and freſh from the occaſion; without the leaſt thought that ever the world ſhould be witneſs to them. Had he ſat down with a deſign to draw his own picture, he

* In Vol. iii. Letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Blount, &c.

† Vol. II. of the ſame, 8vo, p. 20. and at the end of the Edition of his Letters in 12mo, by the bookſellers of London and Weſtminſter; and of the laſt Edition in 12mo, printed for T. Cooper, 1735.

could not have done it so truly; for whoever fits for it (whether to himself or another) will inevitably find the features more composed, than his appear in these letters. But if an author's hand, like a painter's, be more distinguishable in a slight sketch than in a finished picture, this very carelessness will make them the better known from such counterfeits, as have been, and may be imputed to him, either through a mercenary or a malicious design.

We hope it is needless to say, he is not accountable for several passages in the surreptitious editions of those Letters, which are such as no man of common sense would have published himself. The errors of the press were almost innumerable, and could not but be extremely multiplied in so many repeated editions, by the avarice and negligence of piratical printers, to not one of whom he ever gave the least title, or any other encouragement than that of not prosecuting them.

For the *Chasms* in the correspondence, we had not the means to supply them, the Author having destroyed too many Letters to preserve any Series. Nor would he go about to amend them, except by the omission of some passages, improper, or at least impertinent, to be divulged to the public: or of such entire Letters, as were either not his, or not approved of by him.

He has been very sparing of those of his Friends, and thought it a respect shown to their memory, to suppress in particular such as were most in his favour. As it is not to *Vanity* but to *Friendship* that he intends this Monument, he would save his enemies the mortification of showing any further how well their Betters have thought of him: and at the same time secure from their censure his living Friends, who (he promises them) shall never be put to the blush, this way at least, for their *partiality to him*.

But however this Collection may be received, we cannot but lament the *Cauſe*, and the *Neceſſity* of ſuch a publication, and heartily wiſh no honeſt man may be reduced to the ſame. To ſtate the caſe fairly in the preſent ſituation. A Bookſeller adverti ſes his intention to publiſh your Letters: he openly promiſes encouragement, or even pecuniary rewards, to thoſe who will help him to any; and engages to inſert whatever they ſhall ſend Any ſcandal is ſure of a reception, and any enemy who ſends it ſcreened from a diſcovery. Any domeſtic or ſervant, who can ſnatch a letter from your pocket or cabinet, is encouraged to that vile practice. If the quantity falls ſhort of a volume, any thing elſe ſhall be joined with it (more eſpecially ſcandal) which the collector can think for his Intereſt, all recommended under your Name: you have not only Theft to fear, but Forgery. Any Bookſeller, tho' conſcious in what manner they were obtained, not caring what may be the conſequence to your Fame or Quiet, will ſell and diſperſe them in town and country. The better your Reputation is, the more your name will cauſe them to be demanded, and conſequently the more you will be injured. The injury is of ſuch a nature, as the Law (which does not puniſh for *Intentions*) cannot prevent and when done, may puniſh, but not redreſs. You are therefore reduced, either to enter into a perſonal treaty with ſuch a man (which tho' the readieſt, is the meaneſt of all methods) or to take ſuch other meaſures to ſuppreſs them, as are contrary to your inclination, or to publiſh them, as are contrary to your modeſty. Otherwiſe your fame and your property ſuffer alike; you are at once expoſed and plundered. As an *Author*, you are deprived of that power, which above all others conſtitutes a good one, the power of rejecting, and the right of judging for yourſelf, what pieces it may be moſt uſeful

entertaining, or reputable to publiſh, at the time and in the manner you think beſt. As a *Man*, you are deprived of the right even over your own ſentiments, of the privilege of every human creature to divulge or conceal them; of the advantage of your ſecond thoughts; and of all the benefit of your prudence, your candour, or your modeſty. As a *Member of Society*, you are yet more injured; your private conduct, your domeſtic concerns, your family ſecrets, your paſſions, your tenderneſſes, your weakneſſes, are expoſed to the Miſconſtruction or Reſentment of ſome, to the Cenſure or Impertinence of the whole world. The printing private letters in ſuch a manner, is the worſt ſort of *betraying Converſation*, as it has evidently the moſt extenſive, and the moſt laſting, ill conſequences. It is the higheſt offence againſt *Society*, as it renders the moſt dear and intimate intercourſe of friend with friend, and the moſt neceſſary commerce of man with man, unſafe, and to be dreaded. To open Letters is eſteemed the greateſt breach of honour; even to look into them already opened or accidentally dropt, is held an ungenerous, if not an immoral act. What then can be thought of the procuring them merely by Fraud, and the printing them merely for Lucre? We cannot but conclude every honeſt man will wiſh, that, if the Laws have as yet provided no adequate remedy, one at leaſt may be found, to prevent ſo great and growing an evil.

LETTERS

OF

Mr. POPE,

AND

Several of his FRIENDS.

Quo Deſiderio veteres revocamus Amores.
Atque olim amiſſas flemus Amicitias!

CATULL.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. WYCHERLEY*.

From the Year 1704 to 1710.

LETTER I.

Binfield in Windſor Foreſt, Dec. 26, 1704 †.

IT was certainly a great ſatisfaction to me to ſee and converſe with a man, whom in his writings I had ſo long known with pleaſure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very firſt meeting, doing juſtice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not ſo happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi.* Had I been born early enough, I muſt have known and lov'd him: For I have been aſſured, not only by yourſelf, but

* If one were to judge of this ſet of Letters, by the manner of thinking and turn of expreſſion, one ſhould conclude they had been all miſtitled; and that the letters given to the boy of ſixteen, were written by the man of ſeventy, and ſo on the contrary: ſuch ſober ſenſe, ſuch gravity of manners, and ſo much judgment, and knowledge of compoſition, enlivened with the ſprightlineſs of manly wit, diſtinguiſh thoſe of Mr. Pope: while, on the other hand, a childiſh jealouſy, a puerile affectation, an attention and lying at catch for *turns* and *points*, together with a total ignorance and contempt of order, of method, and of all relation of the parts to one another to compoſe a reaſonable whole, make up the character of thoſe of Mr. Wycherley.

† *The Author's Age* then ſixteen.

by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbul, that his perſonal qualities were as amiable as his Poetical, notwithſtanding the many libellous miſrepreſentations of them, againſt which the former of theſe Gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him*. I ſuppoſe thoſe injuries were begun by the violence of Party, but 'tis no doubt they were continued by envy at his ſucceſs and fame. And thoſe Scribblers who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a ſummer's evening, which are never very troubleſome but in the fineſt and moſt glorious ſeaſon; for his fire, like the ſun's, ſhined cleareſt towards its ſetting.

You muſt not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above thoſe Critics, I was ſo vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be ſo humble as to think myſelf quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a natural inclination to carrion: and tho' ſuch poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is ſo poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is ſo beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of ſuch people either any honour or diſhonour even to me, much leſs to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever leſſer Wits have riſen ſince his death, are but like ſtars appearing when the ſun is ſet, that twinkle only in his abſence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore ſcarce to be called ours. True Wit, I believe, may be defined a juſtneſs of thought, and a facility of expreſſion; or (in the midwives phraſe) a perfect conception, with an eaſy delivery. However, this is far from a complete definition; pray help me to a better, as I doubt not, you can,

I am, etc.

* He ſince did ſo, in his Dedication to the Duke of Newcaſtle, *prefix'd to the duodecimo* Edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717.

LETTER II.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Jan. 25, 1704-5.

I Have been ſo buſy of late in correcting and tranſcribing ſome of my madrigals for a great man or two who deſired to ſee them, that I have (with your pardon) omitted to return you an anſwer to your moſt ingenious letter: ſo ſcriblers to the public, like bankers to the public, are profuſe in their voluntary loans to it, whilſt they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more juſt debts, to their beſt and neareſt friends. However, I hope, you who have as much good nature as good ſenſe (ſince they generally are companions) will have patience with a debtor who has an inclination to pay you his obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and in the mean time ſhould conſider, when you have obliged me beyond my preſent power of returning the favour, that a debtor may be an honeſt man, if he but intends to be juſt when he is able, tho' late. But I ſhould be leſs juſt to you, the more I thought I could make a return to ſo much profuſeneſs of Wit and Humanity together; which tho' they ſeldom accompany each other in other men, are in you ſo equally met, I know not in which you moſt abound. But ſo much for my opinion of you, which is, that your Wit and Ingenuity is equalled by nothing but your Judgment, or Modeſty, which (though it be to pleaſe myſelf) I muſt no more offend, than I can do either right.

Therefore I will ſay no more now of them, than that your good wit never forfeited your good judgment, but in your partiality to me and mine; ſo that if it were poſſible for a hardened ſcribler to be vainer than he is, what *you write of me* would make me more conceited

than what I ſcribble myſelf: yet, I muſt confeſs, I ought to be more humbled by your praiſe than exalted, which commends my little ſenſe with ſo much more of yours, that I am diſparaged and diſheartened by your commendations; who give me an example of your wit in the firſt part of your letter, and a definition of it in the laſt; to make writing well (that is, like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and juſt your example and definition of wit are, the leſs I am capable to follow them. Then the beſt way of ſhewing my judgment, after having ſeen how you write, is to leave off writing; and the beſt way to ſhew my friendſhip to you, is to put an end to your trouble, and to conclude

Yours, etc.

LETTER III.

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foreſee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience before hand; for if it proves the longeſt, it will be of courſe the worſt I have troubled you with. Yet to expreſs my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my intereſt, as ſome people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindneſs, to put you in mind of beſtowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more diſtinctly I ſee my faults: Spots and blemiſhes, you know, are never ſo plainly diſcovered as in the brighteſt ſunſhine. Thus I am mortified by thoſe commendations which were deſigned to encourage me: for praiſe to a young wit, is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately beſtowed, it chears and revives; but if too laviſhly, overcharges and depreſſes him. Moſt men in years, as they are generally diſcouragers of *youth*, are like old trees, that, being paſt bearing them-

ſelves, will ſuffer no young plants to flouriſh beneath them: but, as if it were not enough to have outdone all your coevals in wit, you will excell them in good-nature too. As for * my green eſſays, if you find any pleaſure in them, it muſt be ſuch as a man naturally takes in obſerving the firſt ſhoots and buddings of a tree which he has raiſed himſelf: and 'tis impoſſible they ſhould be eſteemed any otherwiſe, than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheleſs are the moſt inſipid, and the worſt of the year. In a word, I muſt blame you for treating me with ſo much compliment, which is at beſt but the ſmoke of friendſhip. I neither write, nor converſe with you, to gain your praiſe, but your affection. Be ſo much my friend as to appear my enemy, and tell me my faults, if not as a young Man, at leaſt as an unexperienced Writer.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

March 29, 1705.

YOUR letter of the twenty-fifth of March I have received, which was more welcome to me than any thing could be out of the country, tho' it were one's rent due that day; and I can find no fault with it, but that it charges me with want of ſincerity, or juſtice, for giving you your due; who ſhould not let your modeſty be ſo unjuſt to your merit, as to reject what is due to it, and call that compliment, which is ſo ſhort of your deſert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if compliment be the ſmoke only of friendſhip (as you ſay) however, you muſt allow there is no ſmoke but

* His *Paſtorals, written at ſixteen years of age.*

there is ſome fire; and as the ſacrifice of incenſe offer to the Gods would not have been half ſo ſweet to othe if it had not been for its ſmoke; ſo friendſhip, li love, cannot be without ſome incenſe, to perfume t name it would praiſe and immortalize. But ſince y ſay you do not write to me to gain my praiſe, but r affection, pray how is it poſſible to have the one wit out the other? we muſt admire before we love. Y affirm, you would have me ſo much your friend as appear your enemy, and find out your faults rather th your perfections; but (my friend) that would be ſo h to do, that I, who love no difficulties, can't be p ſuaded to it. Beſides, the vanity of a ſcribler is ſu that he will never part with his own judgment to g tify another's; eſpecially when he muſt take pains do it: and though I am proud to be of your opini when you talk of any thing or man but yourſelf, I c not ſuffer you to murder your fame with your o hand, without oppoſing you; eſpecially when you your laſt letter is the worſt (ſince the longeſt) you h favoured me with; which I therefore think the b as the longeſt life (if a good one) is the beſt; as it yie the more variety, and is the more exemplary; a chearful ſummer's day, tho' longer than a dull one the winter, is leſs tedious and more entertaini Therefore let but your friendſhip be like your let as laſting as it is agreeable, and it can never be dious, but more acceptable and obliging to

Your, et

LETTER V.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 7, 1705.

e received yours of the fifth, wherein your mo-
y refuſes the juſt praiſes I give you, by which
claim to more, as a biſhop gains his biſhopric
ng he will not epiſcopate; but I muſt confeſs,
diſpleaſe you by commending you, I pleaſe my-
ıſt as incenſe is ſweeter to the offerer than the
o whom 'tis offered, by his being ſo much above
ır indeed every man partakes of the praiſe he
when it is ſo juſtly given.

my enquiry after your intrigues with the Muſes,
ay allow me to make it, ſince no old man can
young, ſo great, and able a favourite of theirs,
ſy. I am, in my enquiry, like old Sir Bernard
ign, who uſed to ſay, that when he was grown
l to have his viſits admitted alone by the ladies,
ays took along with him a young man to enſure
lcome to them; for had he come alone he had
ejected, only becauſe his viſits were not ſcanda-
them. So I am (like an old rook, who is ruin-
gaming) forced to live on the good fortune of
ſhing young men, whoſe fancies are ſo vigorous
ıey enſure their ſucceſs in their adventures with
uſes, by their ſtrength of imagination.

ır papers are ſafe in my cuſtody (you may be ſure)
ıny one's theft but my own; for 'tis as dangerous
ł a ſcribler with your wit, as a gameſter with the
y of your money.——If you happen to come to
you will make it more difficult for me to leave
ıo am,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

April 30, 170

I Cannot contend with you: You muſt give me leav at once to wave all your compliments, and to cel leſt only this in general from them, that your deſig is to encourage me. But I ſeparate from all the re that paragraph or two, in which you make me ſo warn an offer of your friendſhip. Were I poſſeſſed of that it would put an end to all thoſe ſpeeches with whicl you now make me bluſh; and change them to whole ſome advices, and free ſentiments, which might mak me wiſer and happier. I know 'tis the general opi nion, that friendſhip is beſt contracted betwixt perſon of equal age; but I have ſo much intereſt to be o another mind, that you muſt pardon me if I canno forbear telling you a few notions of mine, in oppoſi tion to that opinion.

In the firſt place 'tis obſervable, that the love w bear to our friends, is generally cauſed by our finding the ſame diſpoſitions in them, which we feel in our ſelves. This is but ſelf-love at the bottom: whereas th affection betwixt people of different ages cannot wel be ſo, the inclinations of ſuch being commonly various. The friendſhip of two young men is often occaſioned by love of pleaſure or voluptuouſneſs, each being deſirous for his own ſake of one to aſſiſt or encourage him in the courſes he purſues; as that of two old men is frequently on the ſcore of ſome profit, lucre, or deſign upon others. Now, as a young man, who is leſs acquainted with the ways of the world, has in all probability leſs of intereſt; and an old man, who may be weary of himſelf, has, or ſhould have leſs of ſelf-love; ſo the friendſhip between them is the more *likely to be* true, and unmixed with too much ſelf-regard.

One may add to this, that ſuch a friendſhip is of greater uſe and advantage to both; for the old man will grow gay and agreeable to pleaſe the young one; and the young man more diſcreet and prudent by the help of the old one; ſo it may prove a cure of thoſe epidemical diſeaſes of age and youth, fourneſs and madneſs. I hope you will not need many arguments to convince you of the poſſibility of this; one alone abundantly ſatisfies me, and convinces to the heart; which is, that * young as I am, and old as you are, I am your entirely affectionate, &c.

LETTER VII.

June 23, 1705.

I Should believe myſelf happy in your good opinion, but that you treat me ſo much in a ſtyle of compliment. It hath been obſerved of women, that they are more ſubject in their youth to be touched with vanity than men, on account of their being generally treated this way; but the weakeſt women are not more weak than that claſs of men, who are thought to pique themſelves upon their Wit. The world is never wanting, when a coxcomb is accompliſhing himſelf, to help to give him the finiſhing ſtroke.

Every man is apt to think his neighbour overſtock'd with vanity, yet, I cannot but fancy there are certain times, when moſt people are in a diſpoſition of being informed; and 'tis incredible what a vaſt good a little truth might do, ſpoken in ſuch ſeaſons. A ſmall alms will do a great kindneſs, to people in extreme neceſſity.

* Mr. Wycherley was at this time about ſeventy years old, Mr. Pope under ſeventeen.

I could name an acquaintance of yours, who would at this time think himſelf more obliged to you for the information of his faults, than the confirmation of his follies. If you would make thoſe the ſubject of a letter, it might be as long as I could wiſh your letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found ſome difficulty (as you are pleaſed to ſay) in writing to me, ſince you have always choſen the taſk of commending me: take but the other way, and, I dare engage, you will find none at all.

As for my verſes, which you praiſe ſo much, I may truly ſay they have never been the cauſe of any vanity in me, except what they gave me when they firſt occaſioned my acquaintance with you. But I have ſeveral times ſince been in danger of this vice; as often, I mean, as I received any letters from you. 'Tis certain, the greateſt magnifying glaſſes in the world are a man's own eyes, when they look upon his own perſon; yet even in thoſe, I cannot fancy myſelf ſo extremely like Alexander the Great, as you would perſuade me. If I muſt be like him, 'tis you will make me ſo by complimenting me into a better opinion of myſelf than I deſerve: They made him think he was the ſon of Jupiter and you aſſure me I am a man of parts. But is this all you can ſay to my honour? you ſaid ten times as much before, when you call'd me your friend. After having made me believe I poſſeſs'd a ſhare in your affection, to treat me with compliments and ſweet ſayings is like the proceeding with poor Sancho Panca: they perſuaded him that he enjoy'd a great dominion, and then gave him nothing to ſubſiſt upon but wafers and marmalade. In our days the greateſt obligation you can lay upon a Wit, is to make a Fool of him. For as *when madmen* are found incurable, wiſe men give them

their way, and pleaſe them as well as they can; ſo when thoſe incorrigible things, Poets, are once irrecoverably be-mus'd, the beſt way both to quiet them, and ſecure yourſelf from the effects of their frenzy, is to feed their vanity; which indeed, for the moſt part, is all that is fed in a poet.

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you ſay were as true, applied to me, as it would be to yourſelf, for ſeveral weighty reaſons; but for none ſo much as that I might be to you what you deſerve; whereas I can now be no more than is conſiſtent with the ſmall tho' utmoſt capacity of, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Oct. 26, 1705.

I Have now changed the ſcene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-houſe to Windſor-foreſt. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town-wits, and the downright country fools; that the firſt are partly in the wrong, with a little more flouriſh and gayety; and the laſt neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirm'd in a ſtupid ſettled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, theſe are moſt in the right, who quietly and eaſily reſign themſelves over to the gentle reign of dulneſs, which the Wits muſt do at laſt, tho' after a great deal of noiſe and reſiſtance. Ours are a ſort of modeſt inoffenſive people, who neither have ſenſe, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial ſort of dulneſs: They are commonly known in the world by the name of honeſt, civil gentlemen: They live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, purſuing with earneſtneſs and *hazard ſomething* not worth the catching; ne[illegible]

the way, nor out of it. I can't but prefer ſolitude to the company of all theſe; for tho' a man's ſelf may poſſibly be the worſt fellow to converſe with in the world, yet one would think the company of a perſon whom we have the greateſt regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleaſant. As a man in love with a miſtreſs, deſires no converſation but hers, ſo a man in love with himſelf (as moſt men are) may be beſt pleaſed with his own. Beſides, if the trueſt and moſt uſeful knowledge be the knowledge of ourſelves, ſolitude, conducing moſt to make us look into ourſelves, ſhould be the moſt inſtructive ſtate of life. We ſee nothing more commonly, than men, who for the ſake of the circumſtantial part and mere outſide of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be ſent into ſolitude to ſtudy themſelves over again. People are uſually ſpoiled, inſtead of being taught, at their coming into the world; whereas, by being more converſant with Obſcurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, Solitude is his beſt School; and if he be a fool, it is his beſt Sanctuary.

Theſe are good reaſons for my own ſtay here, but I wiſh I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earneſtly invite you. And yet I can't help ſaying I have ſuffered a great deal of diſcontent that you do not come, tho' I ſo little merit that you ſhould.

I muſt complain of the ſhortneſs of your laſt. Thoſe who have moſt wit, like thoſe who have moſt money, are generally moſt ſparing of either.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 5, 1705.

YOurs of the 20th of October I have received, as I have always done yours, with no little ſatisfaction, nd am proud to diſcover by it, that you find fault ith the ſhortneſs of mine, which I think the beſt exuſe for it: And tho' they (as you ſay) who have moſt it or money are moſt ſparing of either; there are ſome ho appear poor to be thought rich, and are poor, hich is my caſe. I cannot but rejoice, that you have ndergone ſo much diſcontent for want of my comany; but if you have a mind to puniſh me for my fault which I could not help) defer your coming to town, nd you will do it effectually. But I know your chaity always exceeds your revenge, ſo that I will not eſpair of ſeeing you, and, in return to your inviting ne to your foreſt, invite you to my foreſt, the town; here the beaſts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long ars, or horns, purſue one another either out of love r hatred. You may have the pleaſure to ſee one pack f bloodhounds purſue another herd of brutes, to bring ach other to their fall, which is their whole ſport: Or f you affect a leſs bloody chace, you may ſee a pack f ſpaniels, called Lovers, in a hot purſuit of a twoegged vixen, who only flies the whole loud pack to e ſingled out by one dog, who runs mute to catch her p the ſooner from the reſt, as they are making a noiſe o the loſs of their game. In fine, this is the time for ll ſorts of ſport in the town, when thoſe of the country ceaſe; therefore leave your foreſt of beaſts for ours f brutes, called men, who now in full cry (pack'd by he *court or country*) run down in the houſe of com-

mons a deſerted horned beaſt of the Court, to the ſatiſfaction of their ſpectators: Beſides (more for your diverſion) you may ſee not only the two great play-houſes of the nation, thoſe of the lords and commons, in diſpute with one another; but the two other play-houſes in high conteſt, becauſe the members of one houſe are remov'd up to t'other, as it is often done by the court for reaſons of ſtate. Inſomuch that the lower houſes, I mean the play-houſes, are going to act tragedies on one another without doors, and the Sovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two houſes) to ſilence one or both, to keep peace between them. Now I have told you all the news of the town.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 5, 1705-6.

I Have receiv'd your kind Letter, with my paper * to Mr. Dryden corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it leſs, as the Dutch are ſaid to burn half the ſpices they bring home, to inhance the price of the remainder, ſo to be greater gainers by their loſs (which is indeed my caſe now.) You have prun'd my fading laurels of ſome ſuperfluous, ſapleſs, and dead branches, to make the remainder live the longer: thus, like your maſter Apollo, you are at once a poet and a phyſician.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent invitation of you to the town, your good nature was the firſt cauſe of my confident requeſt; but excuſe me, I muſt (I ſee) ſay no

* The ſame which was printed in the year 1717, in a miſcellany of *Bern. Lintot's*, and in the poſthumous works of *Mr. Wycherley.*

more upon this ſubject, ſince I find you a little too nice to be dealt freely with; tho' you have given me ſome encouragement to hope, our friendſhip might be without ſhyneſs, or criminal modeſty; for a friend, like a miſtreſs, tho' he is not to be mercenary, to be true, yet ought not to refuſe a friend's kindneſs becauſe it is ſmall or trivial: I have told you (I think) what a Spaniſh lady ſaid to her poor poetical gallant, that a Queen, if ſhe had to do with a groom, would expect a mark of his kindneſs from him, though it were but his curry-comb. But you and I will diſpute this matter when I am ſo happy as to ſee you here; and perhaps 'tis the only diſpute in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another excuſe for my boldneſs in inviting you to town, I deſign'd to leave with you ſome more of my papers, (ſince theſe return ſo much better out of your hands than they went from mine) for I intended (as I told you formerly) to ſpend a month or ſix weeks, this ſummer, near you in the country. You may be aſſured there is nothing I deſire ſo much, as an improvement of your friendſhip.

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1706.

BY one of yours of the laſt month, you deſire me to ſelect, if poſſible, ſome things from the * firſt volume of your Miſcellanies, which may be alter'd ſo as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the beſt of thoſe verſes (as thoſe on the Idleneſs of buſineſs, on Ignorance, on Lazineſs, etc.) to make the method and numbers exact, and

* *Printed in folio, in the year 1704.*

avoid repetitions? For though (upon reading 'em on this occaſion) I believe, they might receive ſuch an alteration with advantage; yet they would not be changed ſo much, but any one would know 'em for the ſame at firſt ſight. Or if you mean to improve the worſt pieces? which are ſuch, as, to render them very good, would require great addition, and almoſt the entire new writing of them. Or, laſtly, if you mean the middle ſort, as the Songs and Love verſes? For theſe will need only to be ſhortened, to omit repetition; the words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loſs. Yet I have try'd what I could do to ſome of the ſongs, and the poems on Lazineſs and Ignorance, but can't (even in my own partial judgment) think my alterations much to the purpoſe. So that I muſt needs deſire you would apply your care wholly at preſent to thoſe which are yet unpubliſhed, of which there are more than enough to make a conſiderable volume, of full as good ones, nay, I believe, of better than Vol. I. which I could wiſh you would defer, at leaſt till you have finiſh'd theſe that are yet unprinted.

I ſend you a ſample of ſome few of theſe: namely, the verſes to Mr. Waller in his old age; your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: ſome I have contracted, as we do ſun-beams, to improve their energy and force: ſome I have taken quite away, as we take branches from a tree, to add to the fruit; others I have entirely new expreſs'd, and turn'd more into poetry. Donne (like one of his ſucceſſors) had infinitely more wit than he wanted verſification; for the great dealers of wit, like thoſe in trade, *take leaſt pains to* ſet off their goods; while the haber-

ers of ſmall wit, ſpare for no decorations or orna-
ts. You have commiſſion'd me to paint your ſhop,
I have done my beſt to bruſh you up like your
hbours *. But I can no more pretend to the merit
ıe production, than a midwife to the virtues and
l qualities of the child ſhe helps into the light.
he few things I have entirely added, you will ex-
; you may take them lawfully for your own, be-
: they are no more than ſparks lighted up by your
and you may omit them at laſt, if you think
ı but ſquibs in your triumphs.

LETTER XII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 11, 1707.

eceived yours of the 9th yeſterday, which has (like
ıe reſt of your letters) at once pleas'd and inſtructed
ſo that, I aſſure you, you can no more write too
h to your abſent friends, than ſpeak too much to
›reſent. This is a truth that all men own who
either ſeen your writings, or heard your diſcourſe;
gh to make others ſhow their judgment, in ceaſing
rite or talk, eſpecially to you, or in your com-
. However, I ſpeak or write to you, not to pleaſe
but myſelf; ſince I provoke your anſwers; which
ſt they humble me, give me vanity; tho' I am leſſen'd
ou even when you commend me: ſince you com-
d my little ſenſe with ſo much more of yours, that
put me out of countenance, whilſt you would keep
n it. So that you have found a way (againſt the

*Several of Mr. Pope's lines, very eaſy to be diſtinguiſh'd, may
ınd in the Poſthumous Editions of Wycherley's Poems; par-
rly thoſe *on Solitude*, *the Public*, and *on the Mixed Life*.

cuſtom of great wits) to ſhew even a great deal of good nature with a great deal of good ſenſe.

I thank you for the book you promis'd me, by which I find you would not only correct my lines, but my life.

As to the damn'd verſes I entruſted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your purgatory, to ſave them from the people's damning them: ſince the critics, who are generally the firſt damn'd in this life, like the damn'd below, never leave to bring thoſe above them under their own circumſtances. I beg you to peruſe my papers, and ſelect what you think beſt or moſt tolerable, and look over them again; for I reſolve ſuddenly to print ſome of them, as a harden'd old gameſter will (in ſpite of all former ill uſage by fortune) puſh on an ill hand in expectation of recovering himſelf; eſpecially ſince I have ſuch a *Croupier* or Second to ſtand by me as Mr. Pope.

LETTER XIII.

Nov. 20, 1707.

MR. Englefyld being upon his journey to London, tells me I muſt write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his deſire, than to gratify my own; tho' I did it ſo lately by the meſſenger you ſent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of ſending you the fair copy of the poem * on Dulneſs, which was not then finiſh'd, and which I ſhould not care to hazard by the common poſt. Mr. Englefyld is ignorant of the contents, and I hope your prudence will let him remain ſo, for my ſake no leſs than your own: ſince if you

* The original of it in blots, and with figures of the References from copy to copy, in Mr. Pope's hand, is yet extant among other ſuch Brouillons of Mr. Wycherley's poems, corrected by him.

ſhould reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder reports ſhould be rais'd, and there are thoſe (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my diſadvantage. I am ſorry you told the great man, whom you met in the court of requeſts, that your papers were in my hands: no man alive ſhall ever know any ſuch thing from me; and I give you this warning beſides, that tho' yourſelf ſhould ſay I had any ways aſſiſted you, I am notwithſtanding reſolv'd to deny it.

The method of the copy I ſend you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: for the better help of your memory, I deſire you to compare it by the figures in the margin, anſwering to the ſame in this letter. The poem is now divided into four parts, mark'd with the literal figures 1. 2. 3. 4. The firſt contains the Praiſe of Dulneſs, and ſhews how upon ſeveral ſuppoſitions it paſſes for 1. religion, 2. philoſophy, 3. example. 4. wit, and 5. the cauſe of wit, and the end of it. The ſecond part contains the Advantages of Dulneſs; 1ſt, in buſineſs; and 2dly, at Court; where the ſimilitudes of the Byaſs of a bowl, and the Weights of a clock, are directly tending to the ſubject, tho' introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of thoſe advantages (which was your only objection to my adding them.) The third contains the Happineſs of Dulneſs in all ſtations, and ſhews in a great many particulars, that it is ſo fortunate as to be eſteem'd ſome good quality or other in all ſorts of people; that it is thought quiet, ſenſe, caution, policy, prudence, majeſty, valour, circumſpection, honeſty, etc. The fourth part I have wholly added, as a climax which ſums up all the praiſe, advantage, and happineſs of Dulneſs in a few words, and ſtrengthens them by the

oppoſition of the diſgrace, diſadvantage, and unhappineſs of Wit, with which it concludes *.

Tho' the whole be as ſhort again as at firſt, there is not one thought omitted, but what is a repetition of ſomething in your firſt volume, or in this very paper: ſome thoughts are contracted, where they ſeem'd encompaſs'd with too many words; and ſome new expreſs'd, or added, where I thought there wanted heightning (as you'll ſee particularly in the Simile of the clock-weights †) and the verſification throughout is, I believe, ſuch as no body can be ſhock'd at. The repeated permiſſions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuſe what I have done: for if I have not ſpar'd you when I thought ſeverity would do you a kindneſs, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no abſolute need of amputation. As to particulars, I can ſatisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time pray write to me when you can, you cannot too often.

* This is totally omitted in the preſent Edition: Some of the lines are theſe:

" Thus Dulneſs, the ſafe opiate of the mind,
" The laſt kind refuge weary Wit can find;
" Fit for all ſtations, and in each content,
" Is ſatisfy'd, ſecure, and innocent;
" No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
" Unfear'd, unhated, undiſturb'd it lives," etc.

It was originally thus expreſs'd:

" As Clocks run faſteſt when moſt lead is on."

in a Letter of Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley, dated April 3, 1705, and in a paper of verſes of his, To the Author of a poem called Succeſſio, which got out in a miſcellany in 1712, three years before Mr. Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aſide the whole deſign of publiſhing any poems.

† Theſe two ſimiles of the *Biaſs of a Bowl*, and the *Weights of a Clock*, were at length put into the firſt book of the *Dunciad*. And thus we have the hiſtory of their birth, fortunes, and final eſtabliſhment.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 22, 1707.

YOU may ſee by my ſtyle, I had the happineſs and ſatisfaction to receive yeſterday by the hands of ſir. Englefyld, your extreme kind and obliging letter f the 20th of this month; which, like all the reſt of ours, did at once mortify me, and make me vain; nce it tells me with ſo much more wit, ſenſe, and kind-ſs than mine can expreſs, that my letters are always elcome to you. So that even while your kindneſs in-tes me to write to you, your wit and judgment forbid e; ſince I may return you a letter, but never an anſwer.

Now, as for my owning your aſſiſtance to me, in over-oking my unmuſical numbers, and harſher ſenſe, and rrecting them both with your genius, or judgment; muſt tell you I always own it (in ſpite of your un-ɔetic modeſty) who would do with your friendſhip as ɔur charity; conceal your bounty to magnify the ob-gation; and even whilſt you lay on your friend the vour, acquit him of the debt: but that ſhall not ſerve ɔur turn; I will always own, 'tis my infallible Pope is, or would redeem me from a poetical damning, e ſecond time; and ſave my rhimes from being con-mn'd to the critics flames to all eternity; but (by e faith you profeſs) you know your works of ſupere-gation, transferr'd upon an humble, acknowledging ner, may ſave even him: having good works enough your own beſides, to enſure yours, and their im-ortality.

And now for the pains you have taken to recom-end my Dulneſs, by making it more methodical, I ve you a thouſand thanks; ſince true and natural Dul-

neſs is ſhewn more by its pretence to form and method, as the ſprightlineſs of wit by its deſpiſing both. I thank you a thouſand times for your repeated invitations to come to Binfield: You will find, it will be as hard for you to get quit of my mercenary kindneſs to you, as it would for me to deſerve, or return yours; however it ſhall be the endeavour of my future life, as it will be to demonſtrate myſelf

Yours, etc.

LETTER XV.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE compliments you make me, in regard of any inconſiderable ſervice I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my friend has ſo mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles: which upon my faith I ſhall equally take amiſs, whether made to myſelf, or to any other. For God's ſake (my dear friend) think better of me, and believe I deſire no ſort of favour ſo much, as that of ſerving you more conſiderably than I have been yet able to do.

I ſhall proceed in this manner with ſome others of your pieces; but ſince you deſire I would not deface your copy for the future, and only mark the repetitions; I muſt, as ſoon as I've mark'd theſe, tranſcribe what is left on another paper; and in that, blot, alter, and add all I can deviſe, for their improvement. For you are ſenſible, the omiſſion of Repetitions is but one, and the eaſieſt part, of yours and my deſign; there remaining beſides to rectify the Method, to connect the Matter, and to mend the Expreſſion and Verſification. I will go next upon the poems of Solitude, on the Public

on the mixt Life; the bill of Fare; the praiſes of ice, and ſome others.

muſt take notice of what you ſay, of "my pains make your dulneſs methodical;" and of your hint, t the ſprightlineſs of wit deſpiſes method." This e enough, if by wit you mean no more than fancy nceit; but in the better notion of wit, conſider'd opriety, ſurely method is not only neceſſary for icuity and harmony of parts, but gives beauty even e minute and particular thoughts, which receive ditional advantage from thoſe which precede or w in their due place. You remember a ſimile Mr. en us'd in converſation, of feathers in the crowns e wild Indians, which they not only chuſe for the ty of their colours, but place them in ſuch a man- s to reflect a luſtre on each other. I will not iſe any of my ſentiments from you; to methodiſe our caſe, is full as neceſſary as to ſtrike out; other- you had better deſtroy the whole frame, and re- them into ſingle thoughts in proſe, like Roche- ult, as I have more than once hinted to you.

LETTER XVI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

ave had yours of the 23d of this inſtant, for which give you many thanks, ſince I find by it, that even ice (the uſual bane of love or friendſhip) cannot r yours, no more than mine. As to your hearing y being ill, I am glad, and ſorry for the report: e firſt place, glad that it was not true; and in the , ſorry that it ſhou'd give you any diſturbance, or ern *more than ordinary* for me; for which, as well

as your concern for my future well-being or life think myſelf moſt eternally oblig'd to you: aſſur your concern for either will make me more careful both. Yet for your ſake I love this life ſo well, I ſhall the leſs think of the other; but 'tis in power to enſure my happineſs in one and the ot both by your ſociety, and good example, ſo not contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now as to your excuſe for the plainneſs of your ſt I muſt needs tell you, that friendſhip is much acceptable to a true friend than wit, which is gener falſe reaſoning; and a friend's reprimand often ſh more friendſhip than his compliment: nay love, wh is more than friendſhip, is often ſeen by our frie correction of our follies or crimes. Upon this tes your friendſhip I intend to put you when I retur London, and thence to you at Binfield, which, I h will be within a month.

Next to the news of your good health, I am ple with the good news of your going to print ſom your Poems, and proud to be known by them to public for your friend; who intend (perhaps the ſ way) to be revenged of you for your kindneſs; taking your name in vain in ſome of my future ma gals: yet ſo as to let the world know, my love eſteem for you are no more poetic than my talen ſcribling. But of all the arts of fiction, I deſire yo believe I want that of feigning friendſhip, and th am ſincerely

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

May 13, 1708.

ive received yours of the firſt of May. Your Paſ-
ral muſe outſhines in her modeſt and natural dreſs
pollo's court-ladies, in their more artful, labour'd,
oſtly finery. Therefore I am glad to find by your
you deſign your country-beauty of a muſe ſhall
ar at court and in public: to outſhine all the fard-
wd, confident, affected Town-dowdies, who aim
ing honour'd only to their ſhame: but her artful
ence (on the contrary) will gain more honour as
ecomes publick; and, in ſpite of cuſtom, will
modeſty again into faſhion, or at leaſt make her
rivals of this age bluſh for ſpite, if not for ſhame.
r my ſtale, antiquated, poetical puſs, whom you
d keep in countenance by ſaying ſhe has once been
able, and wou'd yet paſs muſter by a little licking
; it is true that (like moſt vain antiquated jades
h have once been paſſable) ſhe yet affects youth-
ſs in her age, and wou'd ſtill gain a few admirers
the more ſhe ſeeks or labours for their liking, are
nore her contemners.) Nevertheleſs ſhe is reſolv'd
eforth to be ſo cautious as to appear very little
in the world, except it be as an Attendant on
Muſe, or as a foil, not a rival to her wit, or fame:
at let your Country gentlewoman appear when
vill in the world *, my old worn-out jade of a loſt
tation ſhall be her attendant into it, to procure

This, and what follows, is a full Confutation of John Dennis
there, who aſſerted that Mr. Pope wrote theſe verſes on him-
ho' publiſhed by Mr. Wycherley ſix years before his death.)
ind here it was a voluntary Act of his, promiſed before-hand,
ritten while Mr. Pope was abſent. The firſt Brouillon of

her admirers; as an old whore, who can get no friends of her own, bawds for others, to make spo pleasure yet, one way or other, for mankind. I prove of your making Tonson your Muse's introdu into the world, or master of the ceremonies, who been so long a pimp, or gentleman-usher to the M

I wish you good fortune; since a Man with so wit, as store of money, without the help of good tune, will never be popular; but I wish you a g many admirers, which will be some credit to my j ment as well as your wit, who always thought you a great deal, and am

Your, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

May 17, 170

I Must thank you for a book of your Miscella which Tonson sent me, I suppose, by your or and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has l been better receiv'd by the public, than your part You have only displeas'd the critics by pleasing too well; having not left them a word to say for th selves, against you and your performances; so that, your hand is in, you must persevere, till my proph of you be fulfill'd. In earnest, all the best judg good sense or poetry, are admirers of yours; and your part of the book so well, that the rest is lik'

[1] these verses, and the second Copy with corrections, are both y tant in Mr. Wycherley's own hand: In another of his lett May 18, 1708, are these words: "I have made a damn'd Co "ment in verse upon the printing your Pastorals, which yo "see when you see me."

. This is true upon my word, without compli-
; ſo that your firſt ſucceſs will make you for all
ife a poet, in ſpite of your wit; for a poet's ſuc-
t firſt, like a gameſter's fortune at firſt, is like to
him a loſer at laſt, and to be undone by his good
ie and merit.

t hitherto your Miſcellanies have ſafely run the
:t, through all the coffee-houſes; which are now
ain'd with a whimſical new news-paper, call'd the
:ER, which I ſuppoſe you have ſeen. This is the
t thing I can tell you of, except it be of the Peace
i now (moſt people ſay) is drawing to ſuch a con-
n, as all Europe is, or muſt be ſatisfy'd with; ſo
ty, you ſee, which makes peace in Weſtminſter-
makes it likewiſe in the camp or field, throughout
orld. Peace then be to you, and to me, who am
grown peaceful, and will have no conteſt with any
but him who ſays he is more your friend or hum-
:rvant, than

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

May 20, 1709.

n glad you receiv'd the * Miſcellany, if it were
ily to ſhow you that there are as bad poets in this
n as your ſervant. This modern cuſtom of appear-
n miſcellanies, is very uſeful to the poets, who,
ther thieves, eſcape by getting into a crowd, and
together like Banditti, ſafe only in their multitude.
inks Strada has given a good deſcription of theſe
of collections; *Nullus bodie mortalium aut naſcitur,*
oritur, aut proeliatur, aut ruſticatur, aut abit pe-

* *Jacob Tonſon's ſixth Vol.* of Miſcellany Poems.

regre, aut redit, aut nubit, aut eſt, aut non eſt, etiam mortuis iſti canunt) cui non illi extemplo cadun cedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epitha Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Paræneticа, N Nugas. As to the ſucceſs which, you ſay, my pa met with, it is to be attributed to what you was p to ſay of me to the world; which you do well t your prophecy, ſince whatever is ſaid in my favour, be a prediction of things that are not yet; you, true Godfather, engage on my part for much than ever I can perform. My paſtoral Muſe, other country girls, is put out of countenanc what you courtiers ſay to her; yet I hope you not deceive me too far, as knowing that a ſcribler's vanity needs no recruits from abroad nature, like an indulgent mother, kindly take to ſupply her ſons with as much of their own, neceſſary for their ſatisfaction. If my verſes meet with a few flying commendations, Virg taught me, that a young author has not too reaſon to be pleas'd with them, when he conſide the natural conſequence of praiſe is envy and calu

—Si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

When once a man has appear'd as a poet, he ma up his pretenſions to all the rich and thriving thoſe who have once made their court to thoſe mi without portions, the Muſes, are never like to for fortunes. But for my part, I ſhall be ſatis I can loſe my time agreeably this way, without my reputation: as for gaining any, I am as in ent in the matter as Falſtaffe was, and may ſay o as he did of honour, "If it comes, it comes un "for; and there's an end on't." I can be c

with a bare ſaving game, without being thought an eminent hand, (with which title Jacob has graciouſly dignify'd his adventurers and voluntiers in poetry.) Jacob creates poets, as Kings ſometimes do knights, not for their honour, but for their money. Certainly he ought to be eſteem'd a worker of miracles, who is grown rich by poetry.

What Authors loſe, their Bookſellers have won,
So Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.

I am your, etc.

LETTER XX.

From Mr. Wycherley.

May 26, 1709.

THE laſt I received from you was dated the 22d of May. I take your charitable hint to me very kindly, wherein you do like a true friend, and a true chriſtian, and I ſhall endeavour to follow your advice, as well as your example.—As for your wiſhing to ſee your friend an Hermit with you, I cannot be ſaid to leave the world, ſince I ſhall enjoy in your converſation all that I can deſire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long experience of the great, or little vulgar in it.

As to the ſucceſs of your poems in the late miſcellany, which I told you of in my laſt; upon my word I made you no compliment, for you may be aſſur'd that all ſort of readers like them, except they are writers too; but for them (I muſt needs ſay) the more they like them, they ought to be the leſs pleas'd with 'em: ſo that you do not come off with a bare ſaving game (as you call it) but have gain'd ſo much credit at firſt, that you

must needs support it to the laſt: ſince you ſet up with ſo great a ſtock of good ſenſe, judgment, and wit, that your judgment enſures all that your wit ventures at. The ſalt of your wit has been enough to give a reliſh to the whole inſipid hotch-potch it is mingled with; and you will make Jacob's Ladder raiſe you to immortality, by which others are turn'd off ſhamefully to their damnation (for poetic thieves as they are) who think to be ſav'd by others good works, how faulty ſoever their own are: but the coffee-houſe wits, or rather anti-wits the critics, prove their judgments by approving your wit; and even the news-mongers and poets will own, you have more invention than they; nay, the detracters or the envious, who never ſpeak well of any body (not even of thoſe they think well of in their abſence) yet will give you even in your abſence their good word; and the critics only hate you, for being forced to ſpeak well of you whether they will no: All this is true upon the word of Your, etc.

LETTER XXI.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

Aug. 11, 1709.

MY letters, ſo much inferior to yours, can only make up their ſcarcity of ſenſe by their number of lines; which is like the Spaniards paying a debt of gold with a load of braſs money. But to be a *plain-dealer*, I muſt tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your letters by printing them (as Dennis did mine) without your knowledge too, which would be a revenge upon your judgment for the raillery of your wit; for ſome dull rogues (that is the moſt in the *world*) might be ſuch fools as to think what you have

f me was in earnest: It is not the first time, great wits have gain'd reputation by their paral or ironical praises; your forefathers have done asmus and others. For all mankind who know ust confess, he must be no ordinary genius, or friend, who can find out any thing to commend : seriously; who have given no sign of my judg- but my opinion of yours, nor mark of my wit, y leaving off writing to the public now you are ning to shew the world what you can do by : whose wit is as spiritual as your judgment in- e; in whose judgment I have an implicit faith, nall always subscribe to it to save my works, in world, from the flames and damnation.—Pray, nt my most humble service to Sir William Trum- for whom and whose judgment I have so pro- l a respect, that his example had almost made me r, more than my Nephew's ill carriage to me; g once resolv'd to have revenged myself upon y my marriage, but now am resolv'd to make evenge greater upon him by His marriage.

LETTER XXII.

From Mr WYCHERLEY.

April 1, 1710.

ve had yours of the 30th of the last month, which kinder than I desire it should be, since it tells me ould be better pleas'd to be sick again in Town in mpany, than to be well in the Country without nd that you are more impatient to be depriv'd of ness than of health: Yet, my dear friend, set rail- : compliment *aside, I can* bear your absence (which *res your health* and ease) better than I can your

company when you are in pain: for I cannot fee
without being ſo too. Your love to the Count
not doubt, nor do you (I hope) my love to it
ſince there I can enjoy your company without fee
in pain to give me ſatisfaction and pleaſure; the
have you without rivals or diſturbers; without
civil, or the too rude: without the noiſe of th
or the cenſure of the ſilent: and would rather h
abuſe me there with the truth, than at this
with your compliment: ſince now your buſine
friend, and kindneſs to a friend, is by findir
with his faults, and mending them by your c
ſeverity. I hope (in point of your good-natu
will have no cruel charity for thoſe papers o
you are ſo willing to be troubled with; whicl
moſt infinitely kind of you, and ſhall ackn
with gratitude, as long as I live. No friend
more for his friend than preſerving his reputatic
not by preſerving his life) ſince by preſerving
he can only make him live about threeſcore or ſc
years; but by preſerving his reputation, he c
him live as long as the world laſts; ſo ſave h
damning, when he is gone to the devil. Th
I pray, condemn me in private, as the thieves
accomplices in Newgate, to ſave them from
nation by the public. Be moſt kindly unmercif
poetical faults, and do with my papers, as you
gentlemen do with your trees, ſlaſh, cut, and lo
excreſcencies and dead parts of my wither'd ba
the little remainder may live the longer, and inc
value of them by diminiſhing the number. I ha
bled you with my papers rather to give you p
pleaſure, notwithſtanding your compliment, wl
you take the trouble kindly: ſuch is your gene
your friends, that you take it kindly to be deſired
to do them a kindneſs; and you think it don

when they give you an opportunity to do it them. Wherefore you may be ſure to be troubled with my letters out of intereſt, if not kindneſs; ſince mine to you will procure yours to me: ſo that I write to you more for my own ſake than yours; leſs to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you ſee intereſt in my kindneſs, which is like the friendſhip of the world, rather to make a friend than be a friend; but I am yours, as a true Plain-dealer.

LETTER XXIII.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 11, 1710.

IF I can do part of my buſineſs at Shrewſbury in a fortnight's time (which I propoſe to do) I will be ſoon after with you, and trouble you with my company, for the remainder of the ſummer: in the mean time I beg you to give yourſelf the pains of altering, or leaving out what you think ſuperfluous in my papers, that I may endeavour to print ſuch a number of them as you and I ſhall think fit, about Michaelmas next. In order to which (my dear friend) I beg you to be ſo kind to me, as to be ſevere to them; that the critics may be leſs ſo; for I had rather be condemn'd by my friend in private, than expos'd to my foes in public, the critics, or common judges, who are made ſuch by having been old offenders themſelves. Pray, believe I have as much faith in your friendſhip and ſincerity, as I have deference to your judgment; and as the beſt mark of a friend is telling his friend his faults in private, ſo the next is concealing them from the public, 'till they are fit to appear. In the mean time I am *not a little ſenſible of* the great kindneſs you do

me, in the trouble you take for me, in putting my Rhimes in tune, ſince good ſounds ſet off often ill ſenſe, as the Italian ſongs, whoſe good airs, with the worſt words or meaning, make the beſt muſic; ſo by your tuning my Welch-harp, my rough ſenſe may be the leſs offenſive to the nicer ears of thoſe critics, who deal more in ſound than ſenſe. Pray then take pity at once both of my readers and me, in ſhortning my barren abundance, and increaſing their patience by it, as well as the obligations I have to you: and ſince no madrigaller can entertain the head, unleſs he pleaſes the ear; and ſince the crouded Operas have left the beſt Comedies with the leaſt audiences, 'tis a ſign ſound can prevail over ſenſe; therefore ſoften my words, and ſtrengthen my ſenſe, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

LETTER XXIV.

April 15, 1710.

I Receiv'd your moſt extreme kind letter but juſt now. It found me over thoſe papers you mention, which have been my employment ever ſince Eaſter-monday: I hope before Michaelmas to have diſcharg'd my taſk; which, upon the word of a friend, is the moſt pleaſing one I could be put upon. Since you are ſo near going into Shropſhire (whether I ſhall not care to write of this matter for fear of the miſcarriage of any letters) I muſt deſire your leave to give you a plain and ſincere account of what I have found from a more ſerious application to them. Upon compariſon with the former volume, I find much more repeated than I till now imagin'd, as well as in the preſent volume, which, if (as you told me laſt) you would have me daſh over with

line, will deface the whole copy extremely, and to a egree that (I fear) may diſpleaſe you. I have every here mark'd in the margins the page and line, both n this and the other part. But if you order me not o croſs the lines, or would any way elſe limit my comniſſion, you will oblige me by doing it in your next etter; for I am at once equally fearful of ſparing you, nd of offending you by too impudent a correction. Hitherto however I have croſs'd 'em ſo as to be legiole, becauſe you bade me. When I think all the reetitions are ſtruck out in a copy, I ſometimes find nore upon dipping in the firſt volume, and the numer increaſes ſo much, that I believe more ſhortning will be requiſite than you may be willing to bear with, unleſs you are in good earneſt reſolv'd to have no thought repeated. Pray, forgive this freedom, which as I muſt be ſincere in this caſe, ſo I could not but take; and let me know if I am to go on at this rate, or if you would preſcribe any other method.

I am very glad you continue your reſolution of ſeeing me in my Hermitage this ſummer; the ſooner you return, the ſooner I ſhall be happy, which indeed my want of any company that is entertaining or eſteemable, together with frequent infirmities and pains, hinder me from being in your abſence. 'Tis (I am ſure) a real truth, that my ſickneſs cannot make me quite weary of myſelf when I have you with me; and I ſhall want no company but yours, when you are here.

You ſee how freely and with how little care I talk rather than write to you: this is one of the many advantages of friendſhip, that one can ſay to one's friend the things that ſtand in need of pardon, and at the ſame time be ſure of it. Indeed I do not know whether or no the letters of friends are the worſe for being fit *for none elſe to read*. 'Tis an argument of the

truſt repoſed in a friend's good nature, when one writes ſuch things to him as require a good portion of it, I have experienced yours ſo often and ſo long, that I can now no more doubt of the greatneſs of it, than I hope you do of the greatneſs of my affection, or of the ſinc ..ty with which

I am, etc.

LETTER XXV.

From Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 27, 1710.

YOU give me an account in your letter of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my papers you took down with you, with the old printed volume, and with one another, of that bundle you have in your hands; amongſt which (you ſay) you find numerous Repetitions of the ſame thoughts and ſubjects; all which, I muſt confeſs, my want of memory has prevented me from imagining, as well as made me capable of committing: ſince, of all figures, that of Tautology is the laſt I would uſe, or leaſt forgive myſelf for. But ſeeing is believing; wherefore I will take ſome pains to examine and compare thoſe papers in your hands with one another, as well as with the former printed copies, or books of my damn'd Miſcellanies; all which (as bad a memory as I have) with a little more pains and care I think I can remedy. Therefore I would not have you give yourſelf more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleaſure you have, and may give the world in writing upon new ſubjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain yourſelf and others. Now as to your remarks upon the whole volume of my papers; all that I deſire of you is to mark in the margin

without defacing the copy at all) either any repetition of words, matter, or ſenſe, or any thoughts, or words too much repeated; which if you will be ſo kind as to do for me, you will ſupply my want of Memory with your good one, and my deficiencies of ſenſe with the infallibility of yours; which if you do, you will moſt infinitely oblige me, who almoſt repent the trouble I have given you, ſince ſo much. Now as to what you call freedom with me, (which you deſire me to forgive) you may be aſſur'd I would not forgive you unleſs you did uſe it; for I am ſo far from thinking your plainneſs an offence to me, that I think it a charity and an obligation; which I ſhall always acknowledge, with all ſort of gratitude to you for it; who am, etc.

All the news I have to ſend you is, that poor Mr. Betterton is going to make his Exit from the ſtage of this world, the Gout being gotten up into his head, and (as the Phyſicians ſay) will certainly carry him off ſuddenly.

LETTER XXVI.

May 10, 1710.

I Am ſorry you perſiſt to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find (if I miſtake not) your exception not unmixt with ſome ſuſpicion. Be certain I ſhall moſt carefully obſerve your requeſt, not to croſs over, or deface the copy of your papers for the future, and only to mark in the margin the Repetitions. But as this can ſerve no further than to get rid of thoſe repetitions, and no way rectify the Method, nor connect the Matter, nor improve the Poetry in expreſſion or numbers, without further blotting, adding, and altering; *ſo it really is my opinion* and deſire, that you

ſhould take your papers out of my hands into your o
and that no alterations may be made but when b
of us are preſent; when you may be ſatisfied w
every blot, as well as every addition, and nothing
put upon the papers but what you ſhall give your c
ſanction and aſſent to, at the ſame time.

Do not be ſo unjuſt, as to imagine from hence t
I would decline any part of this taſk; on the contr
you know, I have been at the pains of tranſcrib
ſome pieces, at once to comply with your deſire
not defacing the copy, and yet to loſe no time in p
ceeding upon the correction. I will go on the ſa
way, if you pleaſe; tho' truly it is (as I have o
told you) my ſincere opinion, that the greater
would make a much better figure as Single Maxims,
Reflections in proſe, after the manner of your favou
Rochefoucault, than in verſe *: And this, when
thing more is done but marking the repetitions in
margin, will be an eaſy taſk to proceed upon,
withſtanding the bad Memory you complain of. I
unfeignedly, dear Sir, Your, etc.

A. Po

* Mr. Wycherley lived five years after, to December, 1715
little progreſs was made in this deſign, thro' his old age, an
increaſe of his infirmities. However, ſome of the verſes, w
had been touch'd by Mr. P. with CCCVIII of theſe Maxim
Proſe, were found among his papers, which having the misfo
to fall into the hands of a Mercenary, were publiſhed in 172
octavo, under the title of The Poſthumous Works of Wil
Wycherley, Eſq;

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

W. WALSH*, Eſq;

From the Year 1705 to 1707.

LETTER I.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. WYCHERLEY.

April 20, 1705.

I Return you the † Papers you favour'd me with, and had ſent them to you yeſterday morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you laſt night myſelf. I have read them over ſeveral times with great ſatisfaction. The Preface is very judicious and very learned; and the Verſes very tender and eaſy. The Author ſeems to have a particular genius for that kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the ancients, but what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is not inferior to what he has taken from them. 'Tis no flattery at all to ſay, that Virgil had written nothing ſo

* Of Abberley in Worceſterſhire, a Gentleman of the Horſe in Queen Anne's reign, Author of ſeveral beautiful pieces in Proſe and Verſe, and in the opinion of Mr. Dryden (in his Poſtſcript to Virgil) the beſt Critic of our Nation in his time.

† Mr. Pope's Paſtorals.

good at his age *. I ſhall take it as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him; and if he will give himſelf the trouble any morning to call at my houſe, I ſhall be very glad to read the verſes over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely than I can well do in this letter. I am, Sir, etc.

LETTER II.

Mr. WALSH to Mr. POPE.

June 24, 1706.

I Receiv'd the favour of your letter, and ſhall be very glad of the continuance of a correſpondence by which I am like to be ſo great a gainer. I hope, when I have the happineſs of ſeeing you again in London, not only to read over the verſes I have now of yours, but more that you have written ſince; for I make no doubt but any one who writes ſo well, muſt write more. Not that I think the moſt voluminous poets always the beſt: I believe the contrary is rather true. I mention'd ſomewhat to you in London of a Paſtoral Comedy, which I ſhould be glad to hear you had thought upon ſince. I find Menage in his obſervations upon Taſſo's Aminta, reckons up fourſcore paſtoral plays in Italian: and in looking over my old Italian books, I find a great many paſtoral and piſcatory plays, which, I ſuppoſe, Menage reckons together. I find alſo by Menage, that Taſſo is not the firſt that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him which he himſelf had never ſeen, nor indeed have I. But as the Aminta, Paſtor Fido, and Filli di Sciro of Bonarelli are the three beſt, ſo, I think, there is no diſpute but Aminta is the beſt of the three: not but that the diſcourſes in Paſtor Fido are more en-

* Sixteen.

tertaining and copious in ſeveral people's opinion, tho' not ſo proper for paſtoral: and the fable of Bonarelli more ſurprizing. I do not remember many in other languages, that have written in this kind with ſucceſs. Racan's *Bergeries* are much inferior to his lyric poems; and the Spaniards are all too full of conceits. Rapin will have the deſign of paſtoral plays to be taken from the Cyclops of Euripides. I am ſure there is nothing of this kind in Engliſh worth mentioning, and therefore you have that field open to yourſelf. You ſee I write to you without any ſort of conſtraint or method, as things come into my head, and therefore uſe the ſame freedom with me, who am, etc.

LETTER III.

To Mr. WALSH.

Windſor Foreſt, July 2, 1706.

I Cannot omit the firſt opportunity of making you my acknowledgments for reviewing thoſe papers of mine. You have no leſs right to correct me, than the ſame hand that rais'd a tree has to prune it. I am convinced as well as you, that one may correct too much; for in poetry, as in painting, a man may lay colours one upon another, till they ſtiffen and deaden the piece. Beſides, to beſtow heightening on every part is monſtrous: ſome parts ought to be lower than the reſt; and nothing looks more ridiculous than a work, where the thoughts, however different in their own nature, ſeem all on a level: 'tis like a meadow newly mown, where weeds, graſs, and flowers, are all laid even, and appear undiſtinguiſh'd. I believe too that ſometimes our firſt thoughts are the beſt, as the firſt ſqueezing of the grapes makes the fineſt and richeſt wine.

I have not attempted any thing of a Paſtoral comedy, becauſe, I think, the taſte of our age will not reliſh a poem of that ſort. People ſeek for what they call wit, on all ſubjects, and in all places; not conſidering that nature loves truth ſo well, that it hardly ever admits of flouriſhing: Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needleſs, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majeſty in ſimplicity, which is far above all the quaintneſs of wit: inſomuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftieſt poetry, as well as the loweſt, and forbid it to the Epic no leſs than the Paſtoral. I ſhould certainly diſpleaſe all thoſe who are charm'd with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Taſſo not only in the ſimplicity of his Thoughts, but in that of the Fable too. If ſurprizing diſcoveries ſhould have place in the ſtory of a Paſtoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of deſign; intrigue not being very conſiſtent with that innocence, which ought to conſtitute a ſhepherd's character. There is nothing in all the Aminta (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unleſs it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the fountain, which is the contrivance of Daphne; and even that is the moſt ſimple in the world: the contrary is obſervable in Paſtor Fido, where Coriſca is ſo perfect a miſtreſs of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to paſs without her. I am inclined to think the Paſtoral comedy has another diſadvantage, as to the manners: its general deſign is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, ſo that to introduce ſhepherds of a vicious character muſt in ſome meaſure debaſe it; and hence it may come to paſs, that even the virtuous characters will not ſhine ſo much, for want of being oppos'd to their contraries. Theſe thoughts are purely

my own, and therefore I have reaſon to doubt them: but I hope your judgment will ſet me right.

I would beg your opinion too as to another point: it is, how far the liberty of borrowing may extend? I have defended it ſometimes by ſaying, that it ſeems not ſo much the perfection of ſenſe *, to ſay things that had never been ſaid before, as to expreſs thoſe beſt that have been ſaid oftenest; and that writers, in the caſe of borrowing from others, are like trees which of themſelves would produce only one ſort of fruit, but by being grafted upon others may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes poetry flouriſh; but then poets, like merchants, ſhould repay with ſomething of their own what they take from others; not, like pyrates, make prize of all they meet. I deſire you to tell me ſincerely, if I have not ſtretch'd this licence too far in theſe Paſtorals? I hope to become a critic by your precepts, and a poet by your example. Since I have ſeen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleas'd with my own; however you have not taken away all my vanity, ſo long as you give me leave to profeſs myſelf Yours, etc.

LETTER IV.

From Mr. WALSH.

July 20, 1706.

I Had ſooner return'd you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an account at the ſame time of my journey to Windſor; but I am now forced to put that quite off, being engaged to go to my corporation of Richmond in Yorkſhire. I think you are perfectly in the right in your notions of

* He ſhould rather have ſaid, *the perfection of* conception.

Paſtoral; but I am of opinion, that the redundan
wit you mention, tho' tis what pleaſes the con
people, is not what ever pleaſes the beſt judges. I
Fido indeed has had more admirers than Aminta;
I will venture to ſay, there is a great deal of
ference between the admirers of one and the o
Coriſca, which is a character generally admir'd b
ordinary judges, is intolerable in a Paſtoral; and
narelli's fancy of making his ſhepherdeſs in love
two men equally, is not to be defended, whatever
he has taken to do it. As for what you aſk of
liberty of Borrowing; 'tis very evident the beſt I
Poets have extended this very far; and none ſo f
Virgil, who is the beſt of them. As for the G
Poets, if we cannot trace them ſo plainly, 'tis pe
becauſe we have none before them; 'tis evident
moſt of them borrowed from Homer, and Home
been accus'd of burning thoſe that wrote before
that his thefts might not be diſcover'd. The be
the modern Poets in all languages, are thoſe that
the neareſt copied the Ancients. Indeed in all
common ſubjects of Poetry, the thoughts are ſo ob
(at leaſt if they are natural) that whoever writes
muſt write things like what have been ſaid before
they may as well applaud the Ancients for the a
eating and drinking, and accuſe the moderns of ha
ſtolen thoſe inventions from them; it being evide
all ſuch caſes, that whoever liv'd firſt, muſt firſt
them out. 'Tis true, indeed, when

unus et alter
Aſſuitur pannus,

when there are one or two bright thoughts ſtolen,
all the reſt is quite different from it, a poem mad
very fooliſh figure: But when 'tis all melted dow
gether, and the Gold of the Ancients ſo mix'd with

of the Moderns, that none can diſtinguiſh the one from the other, I can never find fault with it. I cannot however but own to you, that there are others of a different opinion, and that I have ſhewn your verſes to ſome who have made that objection to them. I have ſo much company round me while I write this, and ſuch a noiſe in my ears, that 'tis impoſſible I ſhould write any thing but nonſenſe, ſo muſt break off abruptly. I am, Sir,

Your moſt affectionate,
and moſt humble Servant.

LETTER V.

From Mr. WALSH.

Sept. 9, 1706.

AT my return from the North I received the favour of your letter, which had lain there till then. Having been abſent about ſix weeks, I read over your Paſtorals again, with a great deal of pleaſure, and to judge the better read Virgil's Eclogues, and Spenſer's Calendar, at the ſame time; and, I aſſure you, I continue the ſame opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occaſions to improve them, 'tis probable you will make them yet better againſt winter; tho' there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a man may correct his verſes till he takes away the true ſpirit of them; eſpecially if he ſubmits to the correction of ſome who paſs for great Critics, by mechanical rules, and never enter into the true deſign and Genius of an author. I have ſeen ſome of theſe, that would hardly allow any one good Ode in Horace, who cry Virgil wants fancy, and that Homer is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above *the common* rate of mortals; but generally

they are great admirers of Ovid and Lucan; and when they write themſelves, we find out all the myſtery. They ſcan their verſes upon their fingers; run after Conceits and glaring thoughts; their poems are all made up of Couplets, of which the firſt may be laſt, or the laſt firſt, without any ſort of prejudice to their works; in which there is no deſign, or method, or any thing natural or juſt. For you are certainly in the right, that in all writings whatſoever (not poetry only) nature is to be followed; and we ſhould be jealous of ourſelves for being fond of Similes, Conceits, and what they call ſaying fine Things. When we were in the North, my Lord Wharton ſhew'd me a letter he had receiv'd from a certain great General in Spain*; I told him I would by all means have that General recall'd, and ſet to writing here at home, for it was impoſſible that a man with ſo much Wit as he ſhew'd, could be fit to command an Army, or do any other buſineſs †. As for what you ſay of Expreſſion; 'tis indeed the ſame thing to Wit, as Dreſs is to Beauty: I have ſeen many women over-dreſs'd, and ſeveral look better in a careleſs night-gown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiſelle Spanheim dreſs'd for a ball. I do not deſign to be in London till towards the parliament: then I ſhall certainly be there; and hope by that time you will have finiſh'd your Paſtorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third, of Autumn, which I have not yet ſeen. Your laſt Eclogue being upon the ſame ſubject as that of mine on Mrs. Tempeſt's Death, I ſhould take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to

* The Earl of Peterborow.

† Mr. Walſh's remark will be thought very innocent, when the reader is informed that it was made on the earl of Peterborow, juſt before the glorious campaigns of Barcelona and Valentia.

e Memory of the ſame Lady, if they were not written r ſome particular Woman whom you would make mmortal. You may take occaſion to ſhew the differ- ice between Poets Miſtreſſes, and other mens. I only int this, which you may either do, or let alone juſt you think fit. I ſhall be very much plea'd to ſee ou again in Town, and to hear from you in the mean me. I am, with very much eſteem,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

Oct. 22, 1706.

AFTER the thoughts I have already ſent you on the ſubject of Engliſh Verſification, you deſire my pinion as to ſome farther particulars. There are in- eed certain Niceties, which, tho' not much obſerved ven by correct verſifiers, I cannot but think, deſerve be better regarded.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the ear, but good Poet will adapt the very Sounds, as well as ords, to the thing he treats of. So that there is (if e may expreſs it ſo) a Style of Sound. As in deſcri- ng a gliding ſtream, the numbers ſhould run eaſy d flowing; in deſcribing a rough torrent or deluge, morous and ſwelling; and ſo of the reſt. This is ident every where in Homer and Virgil, and no here elſe, that I know of, to any obſervable degree. he following examples will make this plain, which I ave taken from *Vida*,

Molle viam tacito lapſu per levia radit.
Incedit tardo molimine ſubſidendo.
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras.
Immenſo cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.

Telum imbelle ſine ictu, conjecit.
Tolle moras, cape ſaxe manu, cape robora, Paſti
Ferte citi flammas, date tela, repellite peſtem.

This, I think, is what very few obſerve in pract and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprin the image on the reader: We have one excellent ex ple of it in our language, Mr. Dryden's Ode on Cæcilia's day, entitled *Alexander's Feaſt.*

2. Every nice ear muſt (I believe) have obſer that in any ſmooth Engliſh verſe of ten ſyllables, t is naturally a *Pauſe* at the fourth, fifth, or ſixth ſy ble. It is upon theſe the ear reſts, and upon the j cious change and management of which depends variety of verſification. For example,

At the fifth.
Where'er thy navy | ſpreads her canvaſs wings,
At the fourth.
Homage to thee | and peace to all ſhe brings.
At the ſixth.
Like tracks of leverets | in morning ſnow.

Now I fancy, that, to preſerve an exact Harmony Variety, the Pauſe at the 4th or 6th ſhould not be tinued above three lines together, without the inter tion of another; elſe it will be apt to weary the ear one continued tone, at leaſt it does mine: That a 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite ſo dead a wei ſo tires not ſo much, tho' it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to Expletives, w ther words or ſyllables, which are made uſe of pu to ſupply a vacancy: *Do* before verbs plural is a lutely ſuch; and it is not improbable but future r ers may explode *did* and *does* in the ſame man which are almoſt always uſed for the ſake of rh The ſame cauſe has occaſioned the promiſcuous u

you and *thou* to the ſame perſon, which can never found ſo graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would alſo object to the irruption of Alexandrine verſes, of twelve ſyllables, which, I think, ſhould never be allow'd but when ſome remarkable beauty or propriety in them atones for the liberty: Mr. Dryden has been too free of theſe, eſpecially in his latter works. I am of the ſame opinion as to Triple Rhimes.

5. I could equally object to the Repetition of the ſame Rhimes within four or ſix lines of each other, as tireſome to the ear thro' their Monotony.

6. Monoſyllable Lines, unleſs very artfully managed, are ſtiff, or languiſhing: but may be beautiful to expreſs Melancholy, Slowneſs, or Labour.

7. To come to the Hiatus, or Gap between two words, which is caus'd by two vowels opening on each other (upon which you deſire me to be particular) I think the rule in this caſe is either to uſe the Cæſura, or admit the Hiatus, juſt as the ear is leaſt ſhock'd by either: for the Cæſura ſometimes offends the ear more than the Hiatus itſelf, and our language is naturally overcharg'd with conſonants: As for example; if in this verſe,

The old have Int'reſt ever in their eye,

we ſhould ſay, to avoid the Hiatus,

But th' old have int'reſt.

The Hiatus which has the worſt effect, is when one word ends with the ſame vowel that begins the following; and next to this, thoſe vowels whoſe ſounds come neareſt to each other, are moſt to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful Sound than E, I, or Y. I know, ſome people will think theſe Obſervations trivial, and *therefore I am glad* to corroborate them by ſome

great authorities, which I have met with in T
Quintilian. In the fourth book of Rhetoric to
nius, are theſe words: *Fugiemus crebras vocali
curſiones, quae vaſtam atque hiantem reddunt ora
ut hoc eſt, Baccae aeneae amoeniſſimae impendeban*
Quintilian, l. ix. cap. 4. *Vocalium concurſus cum
hiat et interſiſtit, et quaſi laborat oratio. Peſſim
quae eaſdem inter ſe literas committunt, ſonabunt:
puus tamen erit hiatus earum quae cavo aut patulo
runtur.* E *plenior litera eſt*, I *anguſtior*. But
on to reprove the exceſs on the other hand o
too ſolicitous in this matter, and ſays adr
Neſcio an negligentia in hoc, aut ſolicitudo ſit pe
likewiſe Tully *(Orat. ad Brut.) Theopompu
hendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etſi i
giſter ejus Socrates:* which laſt author, as Turn
Quintilian obſerves, has hardly one Hiatus ir
works. Quintilian tells us, that Tully and
henes did not much obſerve this nicety, thoug
himſelf ſays in the Orator, *Crebra iſta vocum
quam magna ex parte vitioſam, fugit Demoſthene*
am not miſtaken, Malherbe of all the mode
been the moſt ſcrupulous in this point; and
Menage in his obſervations upon him ſays,
not one in his poems. To conclude, I bel
Hiatus ſhould be avoided with more care ir
than in Oratory; and I would conſtantly try to
it, unleſs where the cutting it off is more pr
to the ſound than the Hiatus itſelf.

I am, etc. A. P.

Mr. Walſh died at forty-nine years old, in the year
year before the Eſſay on Criticiſm was printed, which
with his Elogy.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

CROMWELL, Eſq;

From the Year 1708 to 1711.

LETTER I.

March 18, 1708.

elieve it was with me when I left the Town, as it is with a great many men when they leave the d, whoſe loſs itſelf they do not ſo much regret, as of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For not know one thing for which I can envy London, or your continuing there. Yet I gueſs you will ct me to recant this expreſſion, when I tell you Sappho (by which heatheniſh name you have ten'd a very orthodox Lady) did not accompany nto the Country. Well, you have your Lady in Town ſtill, and I have my Heart in the Country which being wholly unemploy'd as yet, has the e room in it for my friends, and does not want a er at your ſervice. You have extremely obliged by your frankneſs and kindneſs; and if I have 'd it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you attribute it to the natural openneſs of my temper, h hardly knows how to ſhow Reſpect, where it

feels Affection. I would love my Friend, as my miſtreſs, without ceremony; and hope a little rough uſage ſometimes may not be more diſpleaſing to the one, than it is to the other.

If you have any curioſity to know in what manner I live, or rather loſe a life, Martial will inform you in one line:

Prandeo. poto, cano, ludo, lego, cœno, quieſco.

Every day with me is literally another yeſterday, for it is exactly the ſame: it has the ſame buſineſs, which is Poetry; and the ſame pleaſure, which is Idleneſs. A man might indeed paſs his time much better, but I queſtion if any man could paſs it much eaſier. If you will viſit our ſhades this ſpring, which I very much deſire, you may perhaps inſtruct me to manage my game more wiſely; but at preſent I am ſatisfy'd to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it ſtick by me; as ſhop-keepers are glad to be rid of thoſe goods at any rate, which would otherwiſe always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me ſometimes with your letters, it will be a great ſatisfaction to me on ſeveral accounts; and on this in particular, that it will ſhew me (to my comfort) that even a wiſe man is ſometimes very idle; for ſo you needs muſt be when you can find leiſure to write to

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

April 27, 1708.

I Have nothing to ſay to you in this letter; but I was reſolv'd to write to tell you ſo. Why ſhould not I content myſelf with ſo many great Examples, of deep

ıes, profound Caſuiſts, grave Philoſophers; who written, not letters only, but whole Tomes and ninous Treatiſes about Nothing? Why ſhould a v like me, who all his life does nothing, be a-'d to write nothing? and that to one who has no- ; to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll ſay, the e world has ſomething to do, ſomething to talk omething to wiſh for, ſomething to be employed t: But pray, Sir, caſt up the account, put all ſomethings together, and what is the ſum total u't nothing? I have no more to ſay, but to deſire o give my ſervice (that is nothing to your friends, :o believe that I am nothing more than Your, etc.

Ex nihilo nil fit. LUCR.

LETTER III.

May 10, 1708.

)U talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of Antiquity: Pray tell me, what are all your dead men, but ſo many little living letters? What : reward is here for all the ink waſted by Writers, ıll the blood ſpilt by Princes? There was in old one Severus a Roman Emperor. I dare ſay you · called him by any other name in your life: and ı his days he was ſtyled Lucius, Septimius, Seve- Pius, Pertinax, Auguſtus, Parthicus, Adiabeni- Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a pro- us waſte of letters has time made! what a number here dropt off, and left the poor ſurviving ſeven ended! For my own part, four are all I have to for; and i'll be judg'd by you if any man cou'd n leſs compaſs? Well, for the future I'll drown gh thoughts in the Lethe of cowſlip-wine; as for ', Renown, Reputation, take 'em, Critics!

Tradam protervis in Mare Criticum
Ventis.

If ever I ſeek for Immortality here, may I be da
for there is not ſo much danger in a Poet's being da

Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes again.

LETTER IV.

Nov. 1, 17

I Have been ſo well ſatisfy'd with the Countr
ſince I ſaw you, that I have not once thought
Town, nor enquir'd of any one in it beſides Mr.
cherley and yourſelf. And from him I underſt
your journey this ſummer into Leiceſterſhire;
whence I gueſs you are return'd by this time, to
old apartment in the widow's corner, to your old
neſs of comparing Critics, and reconciling Com
tators, and to your old diverſions of loſing a ga
piquet with the ladies, and half a play, or quart
play, at the theatre: where you are none of the
cious audience, but the chief of amorous ſpect
and for the infirmity of one * ſenſe, which ther
the moſt part, could only ſerve to diſguſt you,
the vigour of another, which raviſhes you.

[† *You know, when one ſenſe is ſuppreſs'd,*
It but retires into the reſt.

according to the poetical, not the learned, Doc
who has done one thing worthy of eternal me
wrote two lines in his life that are not nonſenſe
you have the advantage of being entertain'd w

* His hearing.
† Omitted by the Author in his own edition.

the beauty of the boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulneſs of the ſtage. You are ſo good a critic, that 'tis the greateſt happineſs of the modern Poets that you do not hear their works: and next, that you are not ſo arrant a critic, as to damn them (like the reſt) without hearing. But now I talk of thoſe critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myſelf, for which I expect you ſhould congratulate with me: It is that, beyond all my expectations, and far above my demerits, I have been moſt mercifully repriev'd by the ſovereign power of Jacob Tonſon, from being brought forth to public puniſhment; and reſpited from time to time from the hands of thoſe barbarous executioners of the Muſes, whom I was juſt now ſpeaking of. It often happens, that guilty Poets, like other guilty Criminals, when once they are known and proclaim'd, deliver themſelves into the hands of juſtice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their diſadvantage; and not out of any ambition to ſpread their fame, by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of ſhort continuance. That Poet were a happy man who could but obtain a grant to preſerve his for ninety-nine years; for thoſe names very rarely laſt ſo many days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonſon's, or the Ordinary of Newgate's Miſcellanies.

I have an hundred things to ſay to you, which ſhall be deferr'd till I have the happineſs of ſeeing you in town, for the ſeaſon now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you paſs'd your time the laſt ſeaſon: So much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleaſure you could deſire from the country, and your own thoughts the beſt company in it. But nothing could allure Mr. *Wycherley to our foreſt*, he continued (as you told me

long ſince he would) an obſtinate lover of the town, in ſpite of friendſhip and fair weather. Therefore hence forward, to all thoſe conſiderable qualities I know you poſſeſs'd of, I ſhall add that of Prophecy. But I ſtill believe Mr. Wycherley's intentions were good, and am ſatisfy'd that he promiſes nothing, but with a real deſign to perform it: how much ſoever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his ſincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmoſt that I am,

Sir, etc.

LETTER V.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I Had ſent you the inclos'd * papers before this time, but that I intended to have brought them myſelf, and afterwards could find no opportunity of ſending them without ſuſpicion of their miſcarrying; not that they are of the leaſt value, but for fear ſomebody might be fooliſh enough to imagine them ſo, and inquiſitive enough to diſcover thoſe faults which I (by your help) would correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the tranſlation; which I have not had time to compare with its original. And I deſire you to be the more ſevere, as it is much more criminal for me to make another ſpeak nonſenſe, than to do it in my own proper perſon. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you that this is not an entire verſion of the firſt book. There

* This was a tranſlation of the firſt book of Statius, done when the author was but fourteen years old, as appears by an advertiſement before the firſt edition of it in a miſcellany publiſhed by B. *Lintot*, 8vo, 1711.

is an omiſſion from the 168th line—*Jam murmura ſerpunt Plebis Agenoreæ*—to the 312th—*Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris*—(between theſe * two Statius has a deſcription of the council of the Gods, and a ſpeech of Jupiter; which contains a peculiar beauty and majeſty, and were left out for no other reaſon, but becauſe the conſequence of this machine appears not till the ſecond book.) The tranſlation goes on from thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam*, where there is an odd account of a battle at ſilly-cuffs, between two Princes on a very ſlight occaſion, and at a time when, one would think, the fatigue of their journey, in ſo tempeſtuous a night, might have render'd them very unfit for ſuch a ſcuffle. This I had actually tranſlated, but was very ill ſatisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of conſcience; it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines farther, at the words—*Hic primum luſtrare oculis*, etc.—to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was none of the diſcreeteſt Poets, tho' he was the beſt verſifier next Virgil: In the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of Poetry (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he aſks his Muſe where to begin his Thebaid, and ſeems to doubt whether it ſhould not be *ab ovo Ledæo*. When he comes to the ſcene of his Poem, and the prize in diſpute between the brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it—— *Pugna eſt de paupere regno*. —— Very different from the conduct of his maſter, Virgil, who at the entrance of his Poem informs his reader of the greatneſs of its ſubject.—*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem*. [Boſſu on Epic Poetry.] There are innumerable little faults

* Theſe he ſince tranſlated, and they are extant in the printed verſion.

in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where ſpeaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he ſays, *the whole world would be too ſmall a prize to repay ſo much impiety.*

Quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eoo
Cardine, quem porta vergens proſpectat Ibera?

This was pretty well, one would think, already, but he goes on.

Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſydere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti?

After all this, what could a Poet think of but Heaven itſelf for the prize: but what follows is aſtoniſhing.

Quid ſi Tyriæ Phrygiæve ſub unum
Convectentur opes?

I do not remember to have met with ſo great a fall in any ancient author whatſoever. I ſhould not have inſiſted ſo much on the faults of this Poet, if I did not hope you would take the ſame freedom with, and revenge it upon his Tranſlator. I ſhall be extremely glad if the reading this can be any amuſement to you, the rather becauſe I had the diſſatisfaction to hear you have been confin'd to your chamber by an illneſs, which, I fear, was as troubleſome a companion as I have ſometimes been in the ſame place; where, if ever you found any pleaſure in my company, it muſt ſurely have been that, which moſt men take in obſerving the faults and follies of another; a pleaſure, which, you ſee, I take care to give you even in my abſence.

If you will oblige me at your leiſure with the confirmation of your recovery, under your own hand, it will be extremely grateful to me, for next to the pleaſure of

seeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular I am beyond all acknowledgments obliged to our friend Mr. Wycherley. I know I need no apology to you for speaking of him, whose example, as I am proud of following in all things, so in nothing more than in professing myself, like him,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

March 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this time been troubled with a letter from me, but that I deferred it till I could send you either the * Miscellany, or my continuation of the version of Statius. The first I imagin'd you might have had before now, but since the contrary has happen'd, you may draw this moral from it, That authors in general are more ready to write nonsense than booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhime upon me for three days together, in which time all the verses you see added, have been written; which I tell you, that you may more freely be severe upon them. 'Tis a mercy I do not assault you with a number of original Sonnets and Epigrams, which our modern bards put forth in the spring-time, in as great abundance, as trees do blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be fruit, and please no longer than just in their birth. They make no less haste to bring their flowers of wit to the press, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which if they can't get off their hands in the morning are sure

* Jacob Tonson's sixth volume of Poetical Miscellanies, in which Mr. Pope's Pastorals, and some versions of Homer and Chaucer were *first printed.*

to die before night. Thus the ſame reaſon that furniſhes Covent-garden with thoſe noſegays you ſo delight in, ſupplies the *Muſes Mercury* and *Britiſh Apollo* (not to ſay *Jacob*'s Miſcellanies) with verſes. And it is the happineſs of this age, that the modern invention of printing poems for pence apiece, has brought the noſegays of Parnaſſus to bear the ſame price; whereby the public-ſpirited Mr. Henry Hills of Black-friars has been the cauſe of great eaſe and ſingular comfort to all the learned, who never over-abounding in tranſitory coin, ſhould not be diſcontented (methinks) even though poems were diſtributed gratis about the ſtreets, like Bunyan's ſermons and other pious treatiſes, uſually publiſhed in a like volume and character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you uſe with Sappho to croſs the water in an evening to Spring-garden, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of raviſhing her:——I mean only as (Old-fox in the Plain-dealer ſays) through the ear, with your well-penn'd verſes. I wiſh you all the pleaſures which the ſeaſon and the nymph can afford; the beſt company, the beſt coffee, and the beſt news you can deſire: and what more to wiſh you than this, I do not know; unleſs it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the verſes I ſend you: I promiſe you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your ſentiments for the future, (to which, you know, I have been ſometimes a little refractory.) If you will pleaſe to begin where you left off laſt, and mark the margin, as you have done in the pages immediately before (which you will find corrected to your ſenſe ſince your laſt peruſal) you will extremely oblige me, and improve my tranſlation. Beſides thoſe places which may deviate from the ſenſe of the author, it would *be very* kind in you to obſerve any deficiencies in the

ction or numbers. The Hiatus in particular I would oid as much as poſſible, to which you are certainly in e right to be a profeſs'd enemy: tho', I confeſs, I uld not think it poſſible at all times to be avoided by y writer, till I found by reading Malherbe lately, at there is ſcarce any throughout his poems. I thought ur obſervation true enough to be paſs'd into a rule, it not a rule without exceptions, nor that it ever had en reduced to practice: But this example of one of e moſt correct and beſt of their Poets has undeceived e, and confirms your opinion very ſtrongly, and much ore than Mr. Dryden's authority, who, tho' he made a rule, ſeldom obſerv'd it.

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

June 10, 1709.

Have received part of the verſion of Statius, and return you my thanks for your remarks, which I think be juſt, except where you cry out (like one in Hoce's art of Poetry) *pulchre, bene, recte!* There I have me fears you are often, if not always, in the wrong. One of your objections, namely on that paſſage,

The reſt revolving years ſhall ripen into fate,

ay be well grounded, in relation to its not being the act ſenſe of the words——* *Certo reliqua ordine ducam.* it the duration of the Action of Statius's poem may as ell be excepted againſt, as many things beſides in m: (which I wonder Boſſu has not obſerv'd) for inead of confining his narration to *one year*, it is maniſtly exceeded in the very firſt two books: the narraon begins with Oedipus's prayer to the Fury to pro-

* See the firſt book of Statius, v. 302.

mote diſcord betwixt his ſons; afterward the Poet ex preſsly deſcribes their entring into the agreement o reigning a year by turns; and Polynices takes hi flight from Thebes on his brother's refuſal to reſig the throne. All this is in the firſt book; in the nex Tydeus is ſent ambaſſador to Eteocles, and demand his reſignation in theſe terms,

Aſtriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torſit, et amiſſae redierunt montibus umbrae,
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida triſtes
Exul agit caſus.

But Boſſu himſelf is miſtaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the action; ſaying in book ii chap. 8. that Statius opens it with Europa's rape whereas the Poet at moſt only deliberates whether he ſhould or not.

Unde jubetis
Ire, Deae? gentiſne canam primordia dirae,
Sidonios raptus? etc.

but then expreſly paſſes all this with a *longa retro ſeries* ——and ſays

lineet mihi carminis ordo
Oedipodae confuſa domus.

Indeed there are numberleſs particulars blame-worthy in our author, which I have try'd to ſoften in the verſion:

dubiamque jugo fregere impulit Oeten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obſtitit Iſthmus,

is moſt extravagantly hyperbolical. Nor did I ever read a greater piece of tautology than

Vacua cum ſolus in aula
Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores,
Et nuſquam par *ſtare* caput.

In the journey of Polynices is ſome geographical ror,

In mediis audit duo litora campis

uld hardly be; for the Iſthmus of Corinth is full five iles over: And *caligantes abrupto ſole Mycenas*, is not nſiſtent with what he tells us, in lib. iv. lin. 305. that thoſe of Mycenæ came not to the war at this time, becauſe they were then in confuſion by the diviſions of the brothers, Atreus and Thyeſtes" Now om the raiſing the Greek army againſt Thebes, back the time of this journey of Polynices, is (according Statius's own account) three years.

Yours, etc.

LETTER VIII.

July 17, 1709.

THE morning after I parted from you, I found myſelf (as I had propheſied) all alone, in an uneaſy age-coach; a doleful change from that agreeable comany I enjoy'd the night before! without the leaſt hope entertainment but from my laſt recourſe in ſuch caſes, book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with our Moraliſts, and had juſt receiv'd from them ſome old conſolation for the inconveniencies of this life, id the uncertainty of human affairs; when I perceiv'd y vehicle to ſtop, and heard from the ſide of it the readful news of a ſick woman preparing to enter it. is not eaſy to gueſs at my mortification, but being well fortify'd with philoſophy, I ſtood reſign'd with ſtoical conſtancy to endure the worſt of evils, a ſick oman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by er voice and dreſs, that ſhe was young and a gentle-

woman; but no ſooner was her hood remov'd, but I ſaw one of the fineſt faces I ever beheld, and, to increaſe my ſurprize, heard her ſalute me by my name. I never had more reaſon to accuſe nature for making me ſhort-ſighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever ſeen thoſe fair eyes which knew me ſo well, and was utterly at a loſs how to addreſs myſelf; till with a great deal of ſimplicity and innocence ſhe let me know (even before I diſcover'd my ignorance) that ſhe was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately marry'd, who having been conſulting her phyſicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a huſband could do to recover her. My father, you muſt know, has ſometimes recommended the ſtudy of phyſic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this inſtant. I ventur'd to preſcribe ſome fruit (which I happen'd to have in the coach) which being forbidden her by her doctors, ſhe had the more inclination to. In ſhort, I tempted, and ſhe eat; nor was I more like the Devil than ſhe like Eve. Having the good ſucceſs of the foreſaid Tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old ſerpent, and in ſpite of my evil form accoſted her with all the gaiety I was maſter of; which had ſo good an effect, that in leſs than an hour ſhe grew pleaſant; her colour return'd, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay my preſcription had wrought an immediate cure: In a word, I had the pleaſanteſt journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has ſomething of the air of a romance, tho' it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greateſt of truths, that I think myſelf extremely obliged by you in all points; eſpecially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmoſt concern to me, which I ſhall ever acknowledge as the higheſt proof at once of *your* friendſhip, juſtice and ſincerity. As the

ſame time be aſſur'd, that Gentleman we ſpoke of, ſhall never by any alteration in me diſcover my knowledge of his miſtake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can poſſibly make him for ſo many favours: And I may derive this pleaſure at leaſt from it, that whereas I muſt otherwiſe have been a little uneaſy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exerciſe my gratitude and friendſhip more, than himſelf either is, or perhaps ever will be ſenſible of.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulchro!

But in one thing, I muſt confeſs you have yourſelf obliged me more than any man, which is, that you have ſhew'd me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by ſo much the more are you a kind friend to me. I could be proud, in revenge, to find a few ſlips in your verſes, which I read in London, and ſince in the country, with more application and pleaſure: the thoughts are very juſt, and you are ſure not to let them ſuffer by the verſification. If you would oblige me with the truſt of any thing of yours, I ſhould be glad to execute any commiſſions you would give me concerning them. I am here ſo perfectly at leiſure, that nothing would be ſo agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at leaſt the ſatisfaction of your letters as long as we are abſent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very ſincerely Your, etc.

Having a vacant ſpace here, I will fill it with a ſhort Ode on Solitude, which I found yeſterday by great accident, and which I find, by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how

long I have continued in my paſſion for a rural and in the ſame employments of it.

Happy the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter, fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away.
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mix'd; ſweet recreation,
And innocence which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.

Thus, let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

LETTER IX.

Aug. 19, 17

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of my letters would be as bad as a rent-charge tho' the one be but too little for your good-natur other would be too much for your quiet, which i bleſſing good-nature ſhould indiſpenſably receive mankind, in return for thoſe many it gives. I

·inform'd of late, how much I am indebted to that
ity of yours, in ſpeaking well of me in my ab-
:; the only thing by which you prove yourſelf no
ıor critic; tho' indeed I have often thought, that
end will ſhow juſt as much indulgence (and no
:) to my faults when I am abſent, as he does ſeve-
to 'em when I am preſent. To be very frank with
Sir, I muſt own, that where I receiv'd ſo much
ity at firſt, I could hardly have expected ſo much
:rity afterwards. But now I have only to wiſh,
the laſt were but equal to the firſt, and that as you
: omitted nothing to oblige me, ſo you would omit
ıing to improve me.
caus'd an acquaintance of mine to enquire twice of
r welfare, by whom I have been inform'd, that you
e left your ſpeculative angle in the Widow's Coffee-
ſe, and bidding adieu for ſome time to all the Re-
ſals, Reviews, Gazettes, etc, have march'd off into
colnſhire. Thus I find you vary your life in the
ıe at leaſt, tho' not in the action; for tho' life for
moſt part, like an old play, be ſtill the ſame, yet
y and then a new ſcene may make it more entertain-
. As for myſelf, I would not have my life a very
ular play, let it be * a good merry farce, a G-d's
ne, and a fig for the critical unities! For the gene-
ty of men, a true modern life is like a true modern
y, neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce, nor one, nor
of theſe; every actor is much better known by his
ing the ſame face, than by keeping the ſame cha-
:er: for we change our minds as often as they can
ir parts, and he who was yeſterday Cæſar, is to day
John Daw. So that one might aſk the ſame que-
n of a modern life, that Rich did of a modern play;

Tolerable farce, in the Author's own Edit. *a God's name* omit-
here.

" Pray do me the favour, Sir, to inform me; Is this " your Tragedy or your Comedy?"

I have dwelt the longer upon this, becauſe I perſuade myſelf it might be uſeful, at a time when we have no theatre, to divert ourſelves at this great one. Here is a glorious ſtanding comedy of Fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himſelf an unconcern'd ſpectator. This (to our ſingular comfort) neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen herſelf can ever ſhut up, or ſilence.—* While that of Drury (alas!) lies deſolate, in the profoundeſt peace: and the melancholy proſpect of the nymphs yet lingering about its beloved avenues, appears no leſs moving than that of the Trojan dames lamenting over their ruin'd Ilium! What now can they hope, diſpoſſeſs'd of their ancient ſeats, but to ſerve as captives to the inſulting victors of the Hay-market? The afflicted ſubjects of France do not, in our Poſtman, ſo grievouſly deplore the obſtinacy of their arbitrary monarch, as theſe periſhing people of Drury, the obdurate heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, diſdains all propoſals of peace and accommodation. Several libels have been ſecretly affixed to the great gates of his imperial palace in Bridges-ſtreet: and a memorial, repreſenting the diſtreſſes of theſe perſons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly informed by a perſon of quality) out of his firſt miniſter the chief box-keeper's pocket, at a late conference of the ſaid perſon of quality and others, on the part of the Confederates, and his Theatrical Majeſty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy, as ſoon as it ſhall be tranſmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late Congreſs, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation;

* What follows to the end of this Letter, is omitted in the Author's own Edit.

yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of ſo many wretched ladies may induce this haughty prince to reaſon.

I am, etc.

LETTER X.

Oct. 19, 1709.

I May truly ſay I am more obliged to you this ſummer than to any of my acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you ſent me, I had been perfectly *oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis.* The only companions I had were thoſe Muſes of whom Tully ſays, *Adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium ac ſolatium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur:* which is indeed as much as ever I expected from them: For the Muſes, if you take them as companions, are very pleaſant and agreeable; but whoever ſhould be forced to live or depend upon 'em, would find himſelf in a very bad condition. That Quiet, which Cowley calls the *Companion of Obſcurity,* was not wanting to me, unleſs it was interrupted by thoſe fears you ſo juſtly gueſs I had for our friend's welfare. 'Tis extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have delivered me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinced by his long ſilence. However, the love of ſome things rewards itſelf, as of virtue, and Mr. Wycherley. I am ſurprized at the danger, you tell me, he has been in, and muſt agree with you, that our nation muſt have loſt in him, as much wit and probity, as would have remain'd (for ought I know) in the reſt of it. My concern for his friendſhip will excuſe me

(ſince I know you honour him ſo much, and ſince you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneaſineſs to you, and tell you that there has not been wanting one, to inſinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. Wycherley, which, I fear, may have had ſome effect upon him. If ſo, he will have a greater puniſhment for his credulity than I could wiſh him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loſs of a faithful creature is ſomething, though of ever ſo contemptible an one; and if I were to change my dog for ſuch a man as the aforeſaid, I ſhould think my dog undervalued: (who follows me about as conſtantly here in the country, as I was uſed to do Mr. Wycherley in the town.)

Now I talk of my dog, that I may not treat of a worſe ſubject, which my ſpleen tempts me to, I will give you ſome account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, ſince Montaigne (to whom I am but a dog in compariſon) has done the ſame thing of his Cat. *Dic mihi quid melius deſidioſus agam?* You are to know then, that as 'tis likeneſs begets affection, ſo my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the fineſt ſhap'd. He is not much a ſpaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate him in) a dumb ſurly ſort of kindneſs, that rather ſhews itſelf when he thinks me ill us'd by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourſelves. If it be the chief point of friendſhip to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he poſſeſſes this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I ſit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witneſs our walk a year ago in St. James's Park.—— Hiſtories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends, but I will not inſiſt upon many of them, becauſe it is poſſible ſome may be almoſt as fabulous as thoſe of Pylades and Oreſtes, etc. I will only ſay for the honour of dogs, that the two moſt an-

it and eſteemable books, ſacred and prophane, ex-
it, (viz. the Scripture and Homer) have ſhewn a
ticular regard to theſe animals. That of Toby is
more remarkable, becauſe there ſeem'd no manner
reaſon to take notice of the dog, beſides the great
nanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulyſſes's
Argus is the moſt pathetic imaginable, all the
cumſtances conſider'd, and an excellent proof of
old bard's good-nature. Ulyſſes had left him at
act when he embarked for Troy, and found him at
return after twenty years (which by the way is not
natural, as ſome critics have ſaid, ſince I remember
dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when
dy'd: May the omen of longævity prove fortunate
her ſucceſſors.) You ſhall have it in verſe.

ARGUS.

hen wiſe Ulyſſes, from his native coaſt
ng kept by wars, and long by tempeſts toſt,
riv'd at laſt, poor, old, diſguis'd, alone,
all his friends, and ev'n his Queen unknown;
ang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
rrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
his own palace forc'd to aſk his bread,
orn'd by thoſe ſlaves his former bounty fed,
rgot of all his own domeſtic crew;
e faithful dog alone his rightful maſter knew!
afed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
ke an old ſervant now caſhier'd, he lay;
ouch'd with reſentment of ungrateful man,
nd longing to behold his antient Lord again.
im when he ſaw—he roſe, and crawl'd to meet,
T was all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiſs'd his feet,
iz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his ſide,
wn'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and died!

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were to abandon Athens in the time of Themiſtocl back again out of the way of his hiſtory, p deſcribe the lamentable cries and howlings of dogs they left behind. He makes mention that follow'd his maſter acroſs the ſea to Salami he dy'd, and was honoured with a tomb by t nians, who gave the name of the Dog's Grav part of the iſland where he was buried. Th to a dog in the moſt polite people of the w very obſervable. A modern inſtance of gra a dog (tho' we have but few ſuch) is, that t order of Denmark (now injuriouſly call'd the the Elephant) was inſtituted in memory of th of a dog, nam'd Wild-brat, to one of their K had been deſerted by his ſubjects: he gave hi this motto, or to this effect (which ſtill remain *brat was faithful.* Sir William Trumbull has a ſtory * which he heard from one that was King Charles I. being with ſome of his cour his troubles, a diſcourſe aroſe what ſort of ſerv'd pre-eminence, and it being on all hand to belong either to the ſpaniel or grey-hou King gave his opinion on the part of the gre becauſe (ſaid he) it has all the Good-nature of without the Fawning. A good piece of ſatire courtiers, with which I will conclude my diſ dogs. Call me a Cynic, or what you pleaſe, in for all this impertinence, I will be contented; you will but believe me, when I ſay a bold a Chriſtian, that, of all dogs, you will find n faithful than

You

* Sir Philip Warwick tells this ſtory in his Memoir

LETTER XI.

April 10, 1710.

ad written to you ſooner, but that I made ſome
ruple of ſending profane things to you in holy
:. Beſides, our family would have been ſcandaliz'd
e me write, who take it for granted I write nothing
ngodly verſes. I aſſure you, I am look'd upon in
eighbourhood for a very well-diſpos'd perſon; no
: Hunter indeed, but a great admirer of the noble
, and only unhappy in my want of conſtitution for
and Drinking. They all ſay, 'tis pity I am ſo
y, and I think 'tis pity they are ſo healthy. But I
othing that may deſtroy their good opinion of me:
'e not quoted one Latin author ſince I came down,
ave learn'd without book a ſong of Mr. Thomas
ey's, who is your only Poet of tolerable reputa-
in this country. He makes all the merriment in
ntertainments, and but for him, there would be
iſerable a dearth of catches, that, I fear, they
d put either the Parſon or me upon making ſome
m. Any man, of any quality, is heartily wel-
to the beſt toping-table of our gentry, who can
out ſome Rhapſodies of his works: ſo that in the
manner as it was ſaid of Homer to his detrac-
; What! dares any man ſpeak againſt him who has
ı ſo many men to *eat?* (meaning the Rhapſodiſts
liv'd by repeating his verſes) thus may it be ſaid
Ir. Durfey to his detractors; Dares any one deſpiſe
, who has made ſo many men *drink?* Alas, Sir?
is a glory which neither you nor I muſt ever pre-
to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my
ius, can amuſe a board of juſtices and extraordinary
ires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of
uration. Theſe things (they would ſay) are too

ſtudious, they may do well enough with ſuch as love reading, but give us your ancient Poet Mr. Durfey! 'Tis mortifying enough, it muſt be confeſs'd; but however let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us—*Multi multa ſciunt, ſed nemo omnia*, as it is ſaid in the almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort: ſend me elegies, and you ſhall not want heroics. At preſent, I have only theſe arguments in proſe to the Thebaid, which you claim by promiſe, as I do your tranſlation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet*,—and the *Ring*; the reſt I hope for as ſoon as you can conveniently tranſcribe them, and whatſoever orders you are pleas'd to give me ſhall be punctually obey'd by

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

May 10, 1710.

I Had not ſo long omitted to expreſs my acknowledgments to you for ſo much good-nature and friendſhip as you lately ſhow'd me; but that I am but juſt returned to my own hermitage, from Mr. C*'s, who has done me ſo many favours, that I am almoſt inclin'd to think my friends infect one another, and that your converſation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourſelf. I can aſſure you, he has a ſincere reſpect for you, and this, I believe, he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon thoſe I converſe with. But I muſt now be contented to converſe only with the dead of this world, that is to ſay, the dull and obſcure, every way obſcure, in their intellects as well as their perſons: or elſe have recourſe to the living dead, the old authors with whom you are ſo well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus

Gellius, whom I do not think a critic by any means to be compar'd to Mr. Dennis: And I muſt declare poſitively to you, that I will perſiſt in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who could have imagin'd, that he, who had eſcap'd all the miſfortunes of his time, unhurt even by the proſcriptions of Antony and Auguſtus, ſhould in theſe days find an enemy more ſevere and barbarous than thoſe tyrants? and that enemy the gentleſt too, the beſt-natur'd of mortals, Mr. Cromwell, whom I muſt in this compare once more to Auguſtus: who ſeem'd not more unlike himſelf, in the ſeverity of one part of his life and the clemency of the other, than you. I leave you to reflect on this; and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of ſtiff things makes limber) will turn a reſolute critic to a gentle reader; and inſtead of this poſitive, tremendous new-faſhion'd Mr. Cromwell, reſtore unto us our old acquaintance, the ſoft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. Cromwell.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent air and tranquillity of our Foreſt, when you do me the favour to viſit it. In the mean time, it would do well by way of preparative, if you would duly and conſtantly every morning read over a paſtoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the lady Iſabella put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius ſomewhere out of your way, for a month or ſo. Who knows, but travelling and long airing in an open field, may contribute more ſucceſsfully to the cooling a critic's ſeverity, than it did to the aſſuaging of Mr. Cheek's anger, of old? In theſe fields you will be ſecure of finding no enemy, but the moſt faithful and affectionate of your friends, etc.

LETTER XIII.

May 17, 1710.

AFTER I had recover'd from a dangerous illness which was firſt contracted in town, about a fortnight after my coming hither I troubled you with a letter, and * paper inclos'd, which you had been ſo obliging as to deſire a ſight of when laſt I ſaw you, promiſing me in return ſome tranſlations of yours from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a ſyllable from your hands, ſo that 'tis to be fear'd that tho' I have eſcap'd death, I have not oblivion. I ſhould at leaſt have expected you to have finiſhed that elegy upon me, which you told me, you was upon the point of beginning when I was ſick in London; if you will but do ſo much for me firſt, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at diſcretion, and at my leiſure. But I fear I muſt be forced, like many learned authors, to write my own epitaph, if I would be remembered at all. Monſieur de la Fontaine's would fit me to a hair; but it is a kind of ſacrilege (do you think it is not?) to ſteal epitaphs. In my preſent, living dead condition, nothing would be properer than *Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis*, but that unluckily I can't forget my friends, and the civilities I received from yourſelf, and ſome others. They ſay indeed 'tis one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have conferred, and perhaps too it may be ſo to forget thoſe on whom they conferr'd 'em: Then indeed I muſt be forgotten to all intents and purpoſes! I am, it muſt be own'd, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. Bickerſtaff; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damn'd author; and dead in a

* Verſes on Silence, in imitation of the Earl of Rocheſter's poem on Nothing; done at fourteen years old.

civil capacity, as a uſeleſs member of the Commonwealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may enſue, if dead men are not civil to one another! If he who has nothing to do himſelf, will not comfort and ſupport another in his idleneſs: If thoſe who are to die themſelves, will not now and then pay the charity of viſiting a tomb and a dead friend, and ſtrowing a few flowers over him: In the ſhades where I am, the Inhabitants have a mutual compaſſion for each other; being all alike *Inanes*; we ſaunter to one another's habitations, and daily aſſiſt each other in doing nothing at all. This I mention for your edification and example, that, all alive as you are, you may not ſometimes diſdain —— *deſipere in loco.* Tho' you are no Papiſt, and have not ſo much regard to the dead as to addreſs yourſelf to them (which I plainly perceive by your ſilence) yet I hope you are not one of thoſe heterodox, who hold them to be totally inſenſible of the good offices and kind wiſhes of their living friends, and to be in a dull ſtate of ſleep, without one dream of thoſe they left behind them. If you are, let this letter convince you to the contrary, which aſſures you I am ſtill, tho' in a ſtate of ſeparation, Your, etc.

P. S. This letter of deaths puts me in mind of poor Mr. Betterton's; over whom I would have this ſentence of Tully for an epitaph, which will ſerve him as well in his Moral, as his Theatrical capacity.

Vitæ bene actæ jucundiſſima eſt recordatio.

LETTER XIV.

June 24, 1710.

'TIS very natural for a young friend, and a young lover, to think the perſons they love have no*thing to do but to pleaſe them*; when perhaps they, for

their parts, had twenty other engagements before. T
was my case, when I wonder'd I did not hear f
you; but I no sooner receiv'd your short letter, h
forgot your long silence; and so many fine thing
you said of me could not but have wrought a cur
my own sickness, if it had not been of the natur
that, which is deaf to the voice of the charmer. 'T
impossible you could have better tim'd your com
ment on my philosophy; it was certainly propere
commend me for it just when I most needed it,
when I could least be proud of it; that is, when I
in pain. 'Tis not easy to express what an exaltatic
gave to my spirits, above all the cordials of my doc
and 'tis no compliment to tell you, that your com
ments were sweeter than the sweetest of his juleps
syrups. But if you will not believe so much,

Pour le moins, votre compliment
M'a soulagé dans ce moment;
Et dès qu'on me l'eut venu faire
J'ai chassé mon apoticaire,
Et renvoyé mon lavement.

Nevertheless, I would not have you entirely lay a
the thoughts of my epitaph, any more than I do t
of the probability of my becoming (ere long) the s
ject of one. For death has of late been very fami
with some of my size; I am told my Lord Lumley
Mr. Litton are gone before me; and tho' I may n
without vanity, esteem myself the least thing like a r
in England, yet I can't but be sorry, two heroes of t
a make should die inglorious in their beds; wher
had been a fate more worthy our size, had they
with theirs from an irruption of Cranes, or other w
like animals, those ancient enemies to our Pygm
ancestors! You of a superior species little regard w
befals us *homunciones sesquipedales*; however, you h

no reaſon to be ſo unconcern'd, ſince all phyſicians agree there is no greater ſign of a plague among men, than a mortality among frogs. I was the other day in company with a lady, who rally'd my perſon ſo much, as to cauſe a total ſubverſion of my countenance: ſome days after, to be revenged on her, I preſented her, among other company, the following Rondeau on that occaſion, which I deſire you to ſhow Sappho.

You know where you did deſpiſe
(T'other day) my little eyes,
Little legs, and little thighs,
And ſome things of little ſize,
You know where.

You, 'tis true, have fine black eyes,
Taper legs, and tempting thighs,
Yet what more than all we prize
Is a thing of little ſize,
You know where.

This ſort of writing call'd the Rondeau is what I never knew practis'd in our nation, and, I verily believe, it was not in uſe with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the leaſt notice of it. 'Tis to be obſerv'd, that the vulgar ſpelling and pronouncing it round O, is a manifeſt corruption, and by no means to be allow'd of by critics. Some may miſtakenly imagine that it was a ſort of Rondeau which the Gallick ſoldiers ſung in Cæſar's triumph over Gaul —*Gallias Cæſar ſubegit*, etc. as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio, and ſo derive its original from the ancient Gauls to the modern French: but this is erroneous; the words there not being ranged according to the laws of the Rondeau, as laid down by Clement Marot. If you will ſay, that the ſong of the ſoldiers might be *only the rude beginning* of this kind of Poem, and ſo

conſequently imperfect, neither Heinſius nor I can be of that opinion; and ſo I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I aſk your pardon for all this buffoonery, which I could not addreſs to any one ſo well as to you, ſince I have found by experience, that you moſt eaſily forgive my impertinencies. 'Tis only to ſhow you that I am mindful of you at all times; that I write at all times; and as nothing I can ſay can be worth your reading, ſo I may as well throw out what comes uppermoſt, as ſtudy to be dull. I am, etc.

LETTER XV.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

July 15, 1710.

AT laſt I have prevail'd over a lazy humour to tranſcribe this elegy: I have changed the ſituation of ſome of the Latin verſes, and made ſome interpolations, but I hope they are not abſurd, and foreign to my author's ſenſe and manner; but they are referr'd to your cenſure, as a debt; whom I eſteem no leſs a critic than a poet: I expect to be treated with the ſame rigour as I have practis'd to Mr. Dryden and you.

Hanc veniam petimuſque damuſque viciſſim.

I deſire the favour of your opinion, why Priam, in his ſpeech to Pyrrhus in the ſecond Æneid, ſays this to him,

At non ille, ſatum quo te mentiris, Achilles.

He would intimate (I fancy by Pyrrhus's anſwer) only his degeneracy: but then theſe following lines of the

verſion (I ſuppoſe from Homer's hiſtory) ſeem abſurd in the mouth of Priam, viz.

He chear'd my ſorrows, and for ſums of gold
The bloodleſs carcaſe of my Hector *ſold.*

I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XVI.

I Give you thanks for the verſion you ſent me of Ovid's elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableneſs that charms us without correctneſs, like a miſtreſs, whoſe faults we ſee, but love her with them all. You have very judiciouſly alter'd his method in ſome places, and I can find nothing which I dare inſiſt upon as an error: what I have written in the margins being merely gueſſes at a little improvement, rather than criticiſms. I aſſure you I do not expect you ſhould ſubſcribe to my private notions but when you ſhall judge them agreeable to reaſon and good ſenſe. What I have done is not as a critic, but as a friend: I know too well how many qualities are requiſite to make the one, and that I want almoſt all I can reckon up; but I am ſure I do not want inclination, nor, I hope, capacity to be the other. Nor ſhall I take it at all amiſs, that another diſſents from my opinion: 'Tis no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in underſtanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himſelf, and finds ſomething or other ſtill to blame in his former notions and opinions. I could be glad to know if you have tranſlated the 11th elegy of lib. ii. *Ad amicam navigantem.* The 8th of book iii, or the

11th of book iii, which are above all others my par
cular favourites, eſpecially the laſt of theſe.

As to the paſſage of which you aſk my opinion in t
ſecond Æneid, it is either ſo plain as to require no
lution; or elſe (which is very probable) you ſee farth
into it than I can. Priam would ſay, that "Achill
"(whom ſurely you only feign to be your father, ſin
"your actions are ſo different from his) did not uſe n
"thus inhumanly. He bluſh'd at his murder of Ile
"tor, when he ſaw my ſorrows for him; and reſtore
"his dead body to me to be buried." To this the a
ſwer of Pyrrhus ſeems to be agreeable enough, "G
"then to the ſhades, and tell Achilles how I degen
"rate from him:" granting the truth of what Pria
had ſaid of the difference between them. Indeed M
Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judicious
paſſes in ſilence, the circumſtance of Achilles's ſellin
for money the body of Hector, ſeems not ſo proper;
in ſome meaſure leſſening the character of Achilles
generoſity and piety, which is the very point of whic
Priam endeavours in this place to convince his ſo
and to reproach him with the want of. But the trut
of this circumſtance is no way to be queſtion'd, bein
expreſsly taken from Homer, who repreſents Achill
weeping for Priam, yet receiving the gold, Iliad xxi
For when he gives the body, he uſes theſe words, "
"my friend Patroclus; forgive me that I quit th
"corpſe of him who kill'd thee; I have great gifts i
"ranſom for it, which I will beſtow upon thy funeral.

I am, etc.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Aug. 5, 1710.

)OKING among ſome French rhymes, I was agreeably ſurpriz'd to find in the Rondeau of * *Pour ins*—your Apoticaire and Lavement, which I took your own; ſo much is your Muſe of intelligence the wits of all languages. You have refin'd upon ure, whoſe *Où vous ſavez* is much inferior to your *know where*.—You do not only pay your club with author (as our friend ſays) but the whole reckon- who can form ſuch pretty lines from ſo trivial a

or my † Elegy; 'tis confeſs'd, that the topography ulmo in Latin makes but an aukward figure in the on. Your couplet of the dog-ſtar is very fine, but be too ſublime in this place. I laugh'd heartily our note upon Paradiſe; for to make Ovid talk of arden of Eden, is certainly moſt abſurd; but Xe- ion in his Oeconomics, ſpeaking of a garden finely ted and watered (as is here deſcribed) calls it Para- : 'Tis an interpolation indeed, and ſerves for a ation to the celeſtial orb; which expreſſes in ſome the *Sidus Caſtoris in parte cæli*—How trees can y, let the naturaliſts determine; but the poets make a ſenſitive, lovers, bachelors, and married. Virgil is Georgics, lib. ii. Horace Ode xv. lib. ii. *Pla- u cælebs evincet ulmos.* Epod ii. *Ergo aut adulta vi- propagine Altas maritat populos.* Your critique is a y *Dolcepiccante*; for after the many faults you juſtly

* In Voiture's Poems.

† Ovid's Amorum, *l. ii. el. 16.* Pars me Sulmo, etc.

find, you ſmooth your rigour: but an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who ſo much eſteems and admires you, and who ſhall ever be

Your, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

Auguſt 21, 1710.

YOUR Letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his friends but you; for ſince Mr. Wycherley left London, I have not heard a word from him; though juſt before, and once ſince, I writ to him, and tho' I know myſelf guilty of no offence but of doing ſincerely juſt what he * bid me —*Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!*—But the greateſt injury he does me is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very ſolicitous for, and very uneaſy in the fear of any indiſpoſition that may befal him. In what I ſent you ſome time ago, you have not verſe enough to be ſevere upon, in revenge for my laſt criticiſm: In one point I muſt perſiſt, that is to ſay, my diſlike of your Paradiſe, in which I take no pleaſure; I know very well that in Greek 'tis not only us'd by Xenophon, but is a common word for any garden; but in Engliſh it bears the ſignification and conveys the Idea of Eden, which alone is (I think) a reaſon againſt making Ovid uſe it; who will be thought to talk too much like a Chriſtian in your verſion at leaſt, whatever it might have been in Latin or Greek. As for all the reſt of my remarks, ſince you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be ſo civil as not to lay any ſtreſs upon them (as, I think, I told you before) and in particular in the point of

* Correcting his verſes. See the letters in 1706, and the following years, of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope.

trees enjoying, you have, I muſt own, fully ſatisfied me that the expreſſion is not only defenſible, but beautiful. I ſhall be very glad to ſee your tranſlation of the elegy, *Ad amicam navigantem*, as ſoon as you can; for (without a compliment to you) every thing you write, either in verſe or proſe, is welcome to me; and you may be confident, (if my opinion can be of any ſort of conſequence in any thing) that I will never be unſincere, tho' I may be often miſtaken. To uſe ſincerity with you is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienced ſo much of it; and I need not tell you, how much I really eſteem you, when I eſteem nothing in the world ſo much as that quality. I know, you ſometimes ſay civil things to me in your epiſtolary ſtyle, but thoſe I am to make allowance for, as particularly when you talk of *admiring*; 'tis a word you are ſo us'd to in converſation of Ladies, that it will creep into your diſcourſe, in ſpite of you, even to your friends. But as women, when they think themſelves ſecure of admiration, commit a thouſand negligences, which ſhow them ſo much at diſadvantage and off their guard, as to loſe the little real love they had before: ſo when men imagine others entertain ſome eſteem for their abilities, they often expoſe all their imperfections and fooliſh works, to the diſparagement of the little wit they were thought maſters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encouraged by ſo much indulgence) ſome verſes of my youth, or rather childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of Waller) were intended in imitation of his manner *; and are, perhaps, ſuch imitations, as thoſe you ſee in aukward country dames, of the fine and well-bred ladies of the court. If you will take them with you into Lincoln-

* One or two of theſe were ſince printed among other Imitations done in his youth.

ſhire, they may ſave you one hour from the converſat
of the country gentlemen and their tenants (who di
but in dreſs and name) which, if it be there as bad
here, is even worſe than my poetry. I hope your
there will be no longer than (as Mr. Wycherley c
it) to rob the country, and run away to London w
your money. In the mean time I beg the favour c
line from you, and am (as I will never ceaſe to be)
Your, etc

LETTER XIX.

Oct. 12, 1710

I Deferred anſwering your laſt, upon the advice I
ceiv'd, that you were leaving the town for ſc
time, and expected your return with impatience, h
ing then a deſign of ſeeing my friends there, among
firſt of which I have reaſon to account yourſelf.
my almoſt continual illneſſes prevent that, as wel
moſt other ſatisfactions of my life: However, I r
ſay one good thing of ſickneſs, that it is the beſt c
in nature for ambition, and deſigns upon the worl
fortune: It makes a man pretty indifferent for the
ture, provided he can but be eaſy, by intervals, for
preſent. He will be content to compound for his q
only, and leave all the circumſtantial part and pom
life to thoſe, who have a health vigorous enough
enjoy all the miſtreſſes of their deſires. I thank G
there is nothing out of myſelf which I would be at
trouble of ſeeking, except a friend; a happineſs I c
hop'd to have poſſeſs'd in Mr. Wycherley; but—*Q
tum mutatus ab illo!*—I have for ſome years been
ploy'd much like children that build houſes with ca
endeavouring very buſily and eagerly to raiſe a frie

hip, which the firſt breath of any ill-natur'd by-ſtander could puff away.—But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myſelf with thinking, of this ſubject.

I was mightily pleaſed to perceive by your quotation from Voiture, that you had track'd me ſo far as France. You ſee 'tis with weak heads as with weak ſtomachs, they immediately throw out what they received laſt; and what they read, floats upon the ſurface of the mind, like oil upon water, without incorporating. This, I think, however, can't be ſaid of the love-verſes I laſt troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is ſo puerile and ſo like the author, that no body will ſuſpect any thing to be borrow'd. Yet you (as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of them) it ſeems, ſearch'd in Waller, but ſearch'd in vain. Your judgment of them is (I think) very right,—for it was my own opinion before. If you think 'em not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me ſo freely, and it will ſave me a labour; if you think the contrary, you would particularly oblige me by your remarks on the ſeveral thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your verſes, and have not forgot who promis'd me Ovid's elegy *Ad Amicam navigantem*. Had Ovid been as long compoſing it, as you in ſending it, the lady might have ſail'd to Gades, and receiv'd it at her return. I have really a great itch of criticiſm upon me, but want matter here in the country; which I deſire you to furniſh me with, as I do you in the town,

Sic ſervat ſtudii fœdera quiſque ſui.

I am obliged to Mr. Caryl (whom, you tell me, you met at Epſom) for telling you truth, as a man is in theſe days to any one that will tell truth to his advantage: and I think none is more to mine, than what he told

you, and I ſhould be glad to tell all the world, have an extreme affection and eſteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini conſumere ſoles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes;
Unum opus et requiem pariter diſponimus ambo
Atque verecunda laxamus ſeria menſa.

By theſe *Epulæ*, as I take it, Perſius meant th tug'd Snuff and burnt Claret, which he took wit maſter Cornutus; and the *verecunda menſa* was, wi diſpute, ſome coffee-houſe table of the ancien will only obſerve, that theſe four lines are as el and muſical as any in Perſius, not excepting tho or ſeven which Mr. Dryden quotes as the only ſu all that author.—I could be heartily glad to repe ſatisfaction deſcrib'd in them, being truly

Your, &c

LETTER XX.

October 28, 171

I Am glad to find by your laſt letter that you wr me with the freedom of a friend. ſetting down thoughts, as they occur, and dealing plainly wit in the matter of my own trifles, which, I aſſure y never valued half ſo much as I do that ſincerity in which they were the occaſion of diſcovering to me which while I am happy in, I may be truſted with dangerous weapon, Poetry, ſince I ſhall do nothing it but after aſking and following your advice. I ſincerity the more, as I find by ſad experience, practice of it is more dangerous; writers rarely doning the executioners of their verſes, even tho' th ſelves pronounce ſentence upon them.—As to *Philips*'s Paſtorals, I take the firſt to be infinitely

:ſt, and the ſecond the worſt; the third is for the :eateſt part a tranſlation from Virgil's Daphnis. I ill not foreſtal your judgment of the reſt, only ob- :rve in that of the Nightingale theſe lines (ſpeaking f the muſicians playing on the harp)

Now lightly ſkimming o'er the ſtrings they paſs,
Like wings that gently bruſh the plying graſs,
And melting airs ariſe at their command;
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He ſinks into the cords, with ſolemn pace,
And gives the ſwelling tones a manly grace.

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for paſtoral, eſpecially being put into the mouth of a ſhepherd; as they are here; in the poet's own perſon they had been (I believe) more proper. They are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the character of paſtoral he rather ſeems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a ſmall copy of the ſame author publiſh'd in the Tatler N°. 12. on the Daniſh winter: 'Tis poetical painting, and I recommend it to your peruſal.

Dr. Garth's poem I have not ſeen, but believe I ſhall be of that critic's opinion you mention at *Will's*, who ſwore it was good: for, tho' I am very cautious of ſwearing after critics, yet I think one may do it more ſafely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your cenſure of the uſe of ſea-terms in Mr. Dryden's Virgil; not only becauſe Helenus was no great prophet in thoſe matters, but becauſe no terms of Art or cant words ſuit with the majeſty and dignity of ſtile which epic poetry requires—*Cui mens divinior atque os magna ſonaturum.*—The Tarpawlin phraſe can pleaſe none but ſuch *qui aurum habent*

Batavam; they must not expect *auribus Attic* I find by you. (I think I have brought in t of Martial here very dextrously.)

Tho' you say you did not rightly take m in the verse I quoted from Juvenal, yet I w plain it; because, though it seems you are take me for a critic, I would by no means l a commentator.—And for another reason to I have quite forgot both the verse and the a

I hope it will be no offence to give my m service to Mr. Wycherley, tho' I perceive by me, I am not to trouble him with my letter there told me he was going instantly out of t till his return was my servant, *etc.* I gues he is yet with you, and beg you to do wha with all truth and honour, that is, assure h ever borne all the respect and kindness ima him. I do not know to this hour what it i estranged him from me; but this I know, th for the future be more safely my friend, s vitation of his shall ever more make me sc him. I could not have thought any man sc tious and suspicious, as not to credit his c rience of a friend. Indeed to believe no t be a maxim of safety, but not so much o There is but one way I know of conversing s

LETTER XXI.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Nov. 5, 1710.

I Find I am obliged to the ſight of your love-verſes, for your opinion of my ſincerity; which had never been call'd in queſtion, if you had not forced me, upon ſo many other occaſions, to expreſs my eſteem.

I have juſt read and compar'd * Mr. Rowe's verſion of the ix^th of Lucan, with very great pleaſure, where I find none of thoſe abſurdities ſo frequent in that of Virgil, except in two places, for the ſake of laſhing the prieſts; one where Cato ſays—*Sortilegis egeant dubii*—and one in the ſimile of the Hæmorrhois—*fatidici Sabæi*—He is ſo errant a whig, that he ſtrains even beyond his author, in paſſion for liberty, and averſion to tyranny; and errs only in amplification. *Lucan* ix. *in initio*, deſcribing the ſeat of the *Semidei manes*, ſays,

Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus,
Semidei manes habitant.

Mr. Rowe has this line,

Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray.

Pray your opinion, if there be an Error-Sphæricus in this or no?

Your, etc.

LETTER XXII.

Nov. 11, 1710.

YOU miſtake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly us'd with my love-verſes, gave me the firſt opinion of your ſincerity: I aſſure you it

* Pieces printed in the 6th vol. of Tonſon's Miſcellanies.

only did what every good-natur'd action of yours h done ſince, confirm'd me more in that opinion. T fable of the nightingale in Philips's paſtoral, is tak from Famianus Strada's Latin poem on the ſame ſu ject, in his *Proluſiones Academicæ*; only the tomb erects at the end, is added from Virgil's concluſion the *Culex*. I can't forbear giving you a paſſage out the Latin poem I mention, by which you will find t Engliſh poet is indebted to it.

Alternat mira arte fides: dum torquet acutas,
Inciditque, graves operoſo verbere pulſat.
Jamque manu per fila volat; ſimul hos, ſimul illo
Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.—
Mox ſilet. Illa modis totidem reſpondet, et artem
Arte refert. Nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi
Præbet iter liquidem labenti e pectore voci,
Nunc cæſim variat, moduliſque canora minutis
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocat ore.

This poem was many years ſince imitated by Craſha out of whoſe verſes the following are very remarkab

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels muſic's pulſe in all its arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo ſpreads,
His fingers ſtruggle with the vocal threads.

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very gc opinion of Mr. Rowe's ix^th^ book of Lucan: Ind he amplifies too much, as well as Brebœuf, the fam French imitator. If I remember right, he ſometi takes the whole comment into the text of the verſi as particularly in lin. 808. *Utque ſolet pariter toti effundere ſignis Corycii preſſura croci.*—And in the pl you quote, he makes of thoſe two lines in the La

Vidit quanta ſub nocte jaceret
Noſtra dies, riſitque ſui ludibria trunci,

no leſs than eight in Engliſh.

hat you obſerve, ſure, cannot be an Error-Sphæ-
, ſtrictly ſpeaking, either according to the Ptole-
, or our Copernican ſyſtem; Tycho Brahe himſelf
be on the tranſlator's ſide. For Mr. Rowe here
no more, than that he look'd down on the rays
he ſun, which Pompey might do, even tho' the
of the ſun were above him.

ou can't but have remarked what a journey Lucan
makes Cato take for the ſake of his fine deſcrip-
s. From Cyrene he travels by land, for no better
on than this;

Hæc eadem ſuadebat hiems, quæ clauſerat æquor.

winter's effects on the ſea, it ſeems, were more to
dreaded than all the ſerpents, whirlwinds, ſands, etc.
land; which immediately after he paints out in his
ch to the ſoldiers: Then he fetches a compaſs a
way round about, to the Naſamones and Jupiter
mon's temple, purely to ridicule the oracles: and
ienus muſt pardon me, if I do not believe him
en he ſays—*ſors obtulit, et fortuna viæ*—either La-
nus, or the map, is very much miſtaken here.
ence he returns back to the Syrtes (which he might
ve taken firſt in his way to Utica) and ſo to Leptis
inor, where our author leaves him; who ſeems to
ve made Cato ſpeak his own mind, when he tells
army—*Ire fat eſt*—no matter whither. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE ſyſtem of Tycho Brahe (were it true, as it is novel) could have no room here: Lucan, with the reſt of *the Latin poets*, ſeems to follow Plato, whoſe

order of the ſpheres is clear in Cicero *De natura Deorum*, *De ſomnio Scipionis*, and in Macrobius. The ſeat of the *Semidei manes* is Platonic too, for Apuleius *De deo Socrates* aſſigns the ſame to the Genii, viz. the region of the Air for their intercourſe with gods and men; ſo that, I fancy, Rowe miſtook the ſituation, and I can't be reconcil'd to, *Look down on the ſun's rays.* I am glad you agree with me about the latitude he takes; and wiſh you had told me, if the *ſortilegi*, and *fatidici* could licenſe his invective againſt prieſts; but, I ſuppoſe, you think them (with Helena) undeſerving of your protection. I agree with you in Lucan's errors, and the cauſe of them, his poetic deſcriptions: For the Romans then knew the coaſt of Africa from Cyrene (to the ſouth-eaſt of which lies Ammon toward Egypt) to Leptis and Utica: but, pray remember how your Homer nodded while Ulyſſes ſlept, and waking knew not where he was, in the ſhort paſſage from Corcyra to Ithaca. I like Trapp's verſions for their juſtneſs; his Pſalm is excellent, the prodigies in the firſt Georgic judicious (whence I conclude that 'tis eaſier to turn Virgil juſtly into blank verſe, than rhyme.) The eclogue of Gallus, and fable of Phaeton pretty well; but he is very faulty in his numbers; the fate of Phaeton might run thus.

The blaſted Phaeton *with blazing hair,*
Shot gliding thro' the vaſt abyſs of air,
And tumbled headlong, like a falling ſtar.

I am, Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make uſe of that freedom and familiarity of ſtyle, which we have taken up in our correſpondence, and which is more properly talking upon paper, than writing; I will tell you without any preface, that I never took Tycho Brahe for one of the ancients, or in the leaſt an acquaintance of Lucan's: nay, 'tis a mercy on this occaſion, that I do not give you an account of his life and converſation; as how he liv'd ſome years like an inchanted knight in a certain iſland, with a tale of a King of Denmark's miſtreſs that ſhall be nameleſs—But I have compaſſion on you, and would not for the world you ſhould ſtay any longer among the Genii and Semidei Manes, you know where; for if once you get ſo near the moon, Sappho will want your preſence in the clouds and inferior regions; not to mention the great loſs Drury-lane will ſuſtain, when Mr. *C*—— is in the milky way. Theſe celeſtial thoughts put me in mind of the prieſts you mention, who are a ſort of Sortilegi in one ſenſe, becauſe in their lottery there are more blanks than prizes; the adventurers being at beſt in an uncertainty, whereas the ſetters up are ſure of ſomething. Prieſts indeed in their character, as they repreſent God, are ſacred; and ſo are conſtables as they repreſent the king; but you will own a great many of them are very odd fellows, and the devil of any likeneſs in them. Yet I can aſſure you, I honour the good as much as I deteſt the bad, and I think, that in condemning theſe, we praiſe thoſe. The tranſlations from Ovid I have not ſo good an opinion of as you; becauſe I think they have little of the main characteriſtic of this author, a graceful eaſineſs. For let the ſenſe be ever *ſo exactly render'd*, unleſs an author looks like

himſelf, in his air, habit and manner, 'tis a di
and not a tranſlation. But as to the Pſalm, I
David is much more beholden to the tranſlato
Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew
has made the Jew ſpeak like a Roman.

Your,

LETTER XXV.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Dec. 5, 1

THE ſame judgment we made on Rowe's i
Lucan will ſerve for his part of the vith, v
find this memorable line,

Parque novum Fortuna videt concurrere, bel
Atque virum.

For this he employs ſix verſes, among which is

As if on Knightly terms in liſts they ran.

Pray can you trace chivalry up higher than Phara
will you allow it an anachroniſm?—Tickel in h
ſion of the Phœnix from Claudian,

When nature ceaſes, thou ſhalt ſtill remain,
Nor ſecond Chaos bound thy endleſs reign.

Claudian thus,

Et clades te nullâ rapit, ſoluſque ſuperſtes,
Edomita tellure, manes.

which plainly refers to the deluge of Deucali
the conflagration of Phaeton; not to the final
lution. Your thought of the prieſts lottery i
fine: you play the wit, and not the critic, u
errors of your brother.

Your obſervations are all very juſt: Virgil is eminent r adjuſting his diction to his ſentiments; and, among e moderns, I find you practiſe the proſodia of your les. Your * poem ſhews you to be, what you ſay of oiture—*with books well bred*: the ſtate of the fair, o' ſatirical, is touch'd with that delicacy, and gal- ntry, that not the court of Auguſtus, not—But hold, ſhall loſe what I lately recovered, your opinion of my ncerity: yet I muſt ſay, 'tis as faultleſs as the fair to hom 'tis addreſs'd, be ſhe never ſo perfect. The M. G. (who, it ſeems had no right notion of you, as ou of him) tranſcrib'd it by lucubration: From ſome liſcourſe of yours, he thought your inclination led you o (what the men of faſhion call learning) pedantry; ut now, he ſays, he has no leſs, I aſſure you, than a eneration for you.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXVI.

Dec. 17, 1710.

IT ſeems that my late mention of Craſhaw, and my quotation from him, has mov'd your curioſity. I herefore ſend you the whole Author, who has held a lace among my other books of this nature for ſome ears; in which time having read him twice or thrice, find him one of thoſe whoſe works may juſt deſerve eading. I take this poet to have writ like a gentle- nan, that is, at leiſure hours, and more to keep out f idleneſs, than to eſtabliſh a reputation: ſo that no- hing regular or juſt can be expected from him. All hat regards deſign, form, fable (which is the ſoul of oetry) all that concerns exactneſs, or conſent of parts

* *To a Lady, with the Works of Voiture.*

(which is the body) will probably be wanti
pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glitterin
ſions, and ſomething of a neat caſt of verſe (
properly the dreſs, gems, or looſe ornaments
may be found in theſe verſes. This is indee
of moſt other poetical writers of miſcellanies
it well be otherwiſe, ſince no man can be a
who writes for diverſion only. Theſe auth
be conſider'd as verſifiers and witty men, rath
poets; and under this head will only fall the
the expreſſion, and the numbers. Theſe ar
pleaſing part of poetry, which may be judg
view, and comprehended all at once. And (
myſelf like a painter) their colouring ente
ſight, but the lines and life of the picture
be inſpected too narrowly.

This author form'd himſelf upon Petrarch
upon Marino. His thoughts, one may obſe
main, are pretty; but oftentimes far-fetch'd
often ſtrain'd and ſtiffen'd to make them
greater. For men are never ſo apt to thin
great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and
rate authors would rather be admir'd than
This ambition of ſurprizing a reader, is the
ral cauſe of all fuſtian, or bombaſt in poetry
firm what I have ſaid, you need but look i

oughts and ſuitable expreſſions, of forced and intricable conceits, and of needleſs fillers up to the reſt. om all which it is plain, this Author writ faſt, and t down what came uppermoſt. A reader may ſkim f the froth, and uſe the clear underneath; but if he es too deep will meet with a mouthful of dregs; eier the top or bottom of him are good for little, but hat he did in his own, natural, middle-way, is beſt.

To ſpeak of his numbers, is a little difficult, they are) various and irregular, and moſtly Pindaric: 'tis evient his heroic verſe (the beſt example of which is his ſufic's Duel) is carelcſsly made up; but one may imaine from what it now is, that, had he taken more are, it had been muſical and pleaſing enough, not xtremely majeſtic, but ſweet: and, the time conſier'd of his writing, he was (even as uncorrect as he) none of the worſt verſificators.

I will juſt obſerve, that the beſt pieces of this author re, a Paraphraſe on Pſal. xxiii. On Leſſius, Epitaph n Mr. Aſhton, Wiſhes to his ſuppos'd miſtreſs, and he *Dies Iræ*.

LETTER XXVII.

Dec. 30, 1710.

I Reſume my old liberty of throwing out myſelf upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float upermoſt in my head, the ſubject of a letter. They are t preſent upon laughter, which (for ought I know) nay be the cauſe you might ſometimes think me too emiſs a friend, when I was moſt entirely ſo: for I am ever ſo inclin'd to mirth as when I am moſt pleas'd nd moſt eaſy, which is in the company of a friend ike yourſelf.

As the fooling and toying with a miſtreſs is a pr
of fondneſs, not diſreſpect, ſo is raillery with a frie
I know there are prudes in friendſhip, who expect
tance, awe, and adoration, but I know you are no
them; and I for my part am no Idol-worſhipper, t
a Papiſt. If I were to addreſs Jupiter himſelf in a h
then way, I fancy I ſhould be apt to take hold of
knee, in a familiar manner, if not of his beard. I
Dionyſius; I was juſt going to ſay, of his buttons;
I think Jupiter wore none (however I won't be p
tive to ſo nice a critic as you, but his robe might
ſubnected with a Fibula.) I know ſome philoſoph
define laughter, *A recommending ourſelves to our own*
vour, by compariſon with the weakneſs of another; b
am ſure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor d
believe children have any ſuch conſideration in th
heads, when they expreſs their pleaſure this way
laugh full as innocently as they, for the moſt pa
and as fillily. There is a difference too betwixt lau
ing *about* a thing and laughing *at* a thing: one n
find the inferior man (to make a kind of caſuiſti
diſtinction) provoked to folly at the ſight or obſervat
of ſome *circumſtance of a thing*, when the *thing it*
appears ſolemn and auguſt to the ſuperior man, t
is, our judgment and reaſon. Let an ambaſſador ſp
the beſt ſenſe in the world, and deport himſelf in
moſt graceful manner before a Prince, yet if the
of his ſhirt happen (as I have known it happen t
very wiſe man) to hang out behind, more people
laugh at that than attend to the other; till they re
lect themſelves, and then they will not have a jot
leſs reſpect for the miniſter. I muſt confeſs the iniq
of my countenance before you; ſeveral muſcles of
face ſometimes take an impertinent liberty with
judgment, but then my judgment ſoon riſes, and

l right again about my mouth: and I find I value
man ſo much, as him in whoſe ſight I have been
aying the fool. I cannot be *ſub perſona* before a
an I love; and not to laugh with honeſty, when
ture prompts, or folly (which is more a ſecond nature
an any thing I know) is but a knaviſh hypocritical
y of making a maſk of one's own face.—To con-
ude, thoſe that are my friends I *laugh with*, and
oſe that are not I *laugh at*; ſo am merry in compa-
, and if ever I am wiſe, it is all by myſelf. You
ke juſt another courſe, and to thoſe that are not
ur friends, are very civil; and to thoſe that are,
ry endearing and complaiſant; thus when you and I
eet, there will be the *Riſus et Blanditiæ* united toge-
er in converſation, as they commonly are in a verſe.
ut without laughter on the one ſide, or compliment
n the other, I aſſure you I am, with real eſteem,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXVIII.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Oct. 26, 1711.

MR. Wycherley viſited me at Bath in my ſickneſs, and expreſs'd much affection to me: hearing from me how welcome his letters would be, he preſently writ to you; in which I inſerted my ſcrawl, and after, a ſecond. He went to Glouceſter in his way to Salop, but was diſappointed of a boat, and ſo return'd to the Bath; then he ſhewed me your anſwer to his letters, in which you ſpeak of my good-nature, but, I fear, you found me very froward at Reading; yet you allow for my illneſs. I could not poſſibly be in the ſame *houſe with Mr. Wycherley*, tho' I ſought it earneſtly;

nor come up to town with him, he being engaged wi
others; but, whenever we met, he talk'd of you. I
praiſes your * Poem, and even outvies me in kind e
preſſions of you. As if he had not wrote two lett
to you, he was for writing every poſt; & put him
mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong;
know not whether my talking ſo much of your gr
humanity and tenderneſs to me, and love to him;
whether the return of his natural diſpoſition to yo
was the cauſe; but certainly you are now highly
his favour: now he will come this winter to yo
houſe, and I muſt go with him; but firſt he will inv
you ſpeedily to town.—I arrived on Saturday laſt mu
wearied, yet had wrote ſooner, but was told by M
Gay (who has writ a pretty poem to Lintot, and w
gives you his ſervice) that you was gone from hon
Lewis ſhewed me your Letter, which ſet me right, a
your next Letter is impatiently expected from n
Mr. Wycherley came to town on Sunday laſt, a
kindly ſurprized me with a viſit on Monday morni
We dined and drank together; and I ſaying, *To*
Loves, he reply'd, *'Tis Mr.* Pope's *health:* He ſaid
would go to Mr. Thorold's and leave a letter for yo
Tho' I cannot anſwer for the event of all this, in
ſpect to him; yet I can aſſure you, that, when y
pleaſe to come, you will be moſt deſirable to me,
always by inclination, ſo now by duty, who ſhall e
be Your, etc.

LETTER XXIX.

Nov. 12, 1711.

I Received the entertainment of your letter the
after I had ſent you one of mine, and I am but

* Eſſay on Criticiſm.

morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath, gives me such a kind pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our friends in their mix'd adventures; for, methinks, I see you labouring thro' all your inconveniencies of the rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not? What an agreeable surprize would it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident (which I was within an ace of doing) and to have carried you off triumphantly, set you on on easier pad, and relieved the wandring knight with a night's lodging and rural repast, at our castle on the foreſt? But these are only the pleasing imaginations of a disappointed lover, who must suffer in a melancholy absence yet these two months. In the mean time, I take up with the Muses for want of your better company; the Muses, *quæ nobiscum pernoctant, peregrinantur, rusticantur*. Those aërial ladies just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me on in a wandering maze of thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those favours from them, which they confer on their more happy admirers. We grasp some more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution: like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which, while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confusion.

I am highly pleased with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's present temper, which seems so favourable to me. I shall ever have such a fund of affection *for him as to be* agreeable to myself when I am so

to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour, as the ſurface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical ſimilitude) is clearer or gloomier, juſt as the ſun is brighter or more over-caſt.—I ſhould be glad to ſee the verſes to Lintot which you mention, for, methinks, ſomething oddly agreeable may be produced from that ſubject—For what remains, I am ſo well, that nothing but the aſſurance of your being ſo, can make me better; and if you would have me live with any ſatisfaction theſe dark days in which I cannot ſee you, it muſt be by your writing ſometimes to

Your, etc.

LETTER XXX.

From Mr. CROMWELL.

Dec. 7, 1711.

MR. Wycherley has, I believe, ſent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the fair, will be long ſolicited before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the lover. He is much yours by his talk; for that unbounded genius which has rang'd at large like a libertine, now ſeems confined to you; and I ſhould take him for your miſtreſs too by your ſimile of the ſun and earth: 'Tis very fine, but inverted by the application; for the gaiety of your fancy, and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your luſtre, perſuades me it would be juſter by the reverſe. Oh happy favourite of the Muſes! how *pernoctare*, all night long with them? but alas! you do but toy, but ſkirmiſh with them, and decline a cloſe engagement. Leave Elegy and Tranſlation to the inferior claſs, on whom the Muſes only glance now and then like our winter-ſun, *and then* leave them in the dark. Think on the digni-

f Tragedy, which is of the greater poetry, as Den-ays, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have e in Criticiſm. Every one wonders that a genius yours will not ſupport the ſinking Drama: and Wilks (tho', I think, his talent is Comedy) has eſs'd a furious ambition to ſwell in your buſkins. have had a poor Comedy of Johnſon's (not Ben) ch held ſeven nights, and has got him three hundred nds. for the town is ſharp ſet on new plays. In vain ld I fire you by intereſt or ambition, when your d is not ſuſceptible of either; tho' your authority ſing from the general eſteem, like that of Pompey) t infallibly aſſure you of ſucceſs; for which in all r wiſhes you will be attended with thoſe of

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXI.

Dec. 21, 1711.

I have not writ to you ſo ſoon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infalli-do, when you know what a ſacrifice I make you at time, and that every moment my eyes are em-y'd upon this paper, they are taken off from two he fineſt faces in the univerſe. But indeed 'tis le conſolation to me to reflect, that while I but te this period, I eſcape ſome hundred fatal darts n thoſe unerring eyes, and about a thouſand deaths etter. Now you, that delight in dying, would once have dreamt of an abſent friend in theſe cir-ſtances; you that are ſo nice an admirer of beauty, 'as a Critic would ſay after Terence) *ſo elegant a lator of forms*; you muſt have a ſober diſh of cof-and a *ſolitary candle* at your ſide, to write an

epiſtle lucubratory to your friend; wherein it as well with two pair of radiant lights, ſhine the golden god of day and ſilver go night, and all the refulgent eyes of the firma You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of tapers, but it is no ſuch matter; theſe are e have more perſuaſion in one glance than all S oratory and geſture together, let her put he into what moving poſtures ſhe pleaſes. Indee deed, my friend, you could never have found proper a time to tempt me with intereſt or ambi let me but have the reputation of theſe in my kee and as for my own, let the devil, or let Dennis, ta for ever. How gladly would I give all I am wo that is to ſay, my Paſtorals, for one of them, my Eſſay for the other? I would lay out all Poetry in Love; an Original for a Lady, and Tranſlation for a Waiting-maid! Alas! what hav to do with Jane Gray, as long as Miſs Molly, M Betty, or Miſs Patty are in this world? Shall I wri of beauties murdered long ago, when there are tho at this inſtant that murder me? I'll e'en compoſe n own Tragedy, and the poet ſhall appear in his ow perſon to move compaſſion: 'Twill be far more e fectual than Bays's entering with a rope about his nec and the world will own, there never was a more m ſerable object brought upon the ſtage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me, in wh manner I may connect the foregoing part of this let with that which is to follow, according to the rules would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the vour of his poem, and in particular for his kind m tion of me; I hoped, when I heard a new Comedy I met with ſucceſs upon the ſtage, that it had been I to which I really wiſh no leſs; and (had it been

way in my power) ſhould have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verſes to *Lintot have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the oppoſite page: take it as you find it, the production of half an hour t'other morning. I deſign very ſoon to put a taſk of a more ſerious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deſerve criticiſm; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in perſon with how much fidelity I am

Your, etc.

* Theſe verſes are printed in Dr. Swift's, and our Author's Miſcellanies.

LETTERS TO SEVERAL LADIES*.

LETTER I.

MADAM, March 1, 1705.

I Send you the book of rudiments of Drawing, which you were pleas'd to command, and think myſelf obliged to inform you at the ſame time of one of the many excellencies you poſſeſs without knowing of them. You are but too good a Painter already; and no picture of Raphael's was ever ſo beautiful, as that which you have form'd in a certain heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but juſt that the fineſt lines in nature ſhould be drawn upon the moſt durable ground, and none could ever be met with, that would ſo readily receive, or ſo faithfully retain them, as this Heart. I may boldly ſay of it, that you will not find its fellow in all the parts of the body in this book. But I muſt complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your

* Moſt of theſe were printed without the Author's conſent, and no doubt are the ſame upon which the cenſure is paſſed in the Preface. "That they have too much of a juvenile ambition of Wit, "and affectation of Gaiety." And it is pleaded in Excuſe, that "they were written very young, and the folly was ſoon over."

ire from thence and from Kneller theſe three days, is done all poſſible injury to the fineſt face that was made, and to the livelieſt image that ever was n. I have imagination enough in your abſence ace ſome reſemblance of you; but I have been ng us'd to loſe my Judgment at the ſight of you, 'tis paſt my power to correct it by the life. Your ire ſeems leaſt like when placed before your eyes; contrary to all other pictures, receives a manifeſt lvantage by being ſet in the faireſt light in the ld. The Painters are a very vain generation, and a long time pretended to rival Nature; but to own truth to you, ſhe made ſuch a finiſh'd piece about e and twenty years ago (I beg your pardon, Ma-; I proteſt, I mean't but two and twenty) that 'tis ain for them any longer to contend with her. I w you indeed made one ſomething like it, betwixt and ſix years paſt: 'Twas a little girl, done with ndance of ſpirit and life, and wants nothing but to be an admirable piece: but, not to flatter r work, I don't think 'twill ever come up to what r father made. However, I would not diſcourage ; 'tis certain you have a ſtrange happineſs, in ting fine things of a ſudden and at a ſtroke, with edible eaſe and pleaſure.

I am, etc.

LETTER II.

'is too much a rule in this town, that when a lady ias once done a man a favour, he is to be rude to ever after. It becomes our ſex to take upon us twice much as yours allow us; by this method I may write you moſt impudently, becauſe you once anſwer'd

me modeſtly; and if you ſhould never do me that h
nour for the future, I am to think (like a true co
comb) that your ſilence gives conſent. Perhaps y
wonder why this is addreſs'd to you rather than
Mrs. M——, with whom I have the right of an c
acquaintance, whereas you are a fine lady, have brig
eyes, etc. Firſt, Madam, I make choice of you r
ther than of your mother, becauſe you are young
than your mother. Secondly, becauſe I fancy y
ſpell better, as having been at ſchool later. Third
becauſe you have nothing to do but to write if y
pleaſe, and poſſibly it may keep you from employi
yourſelf worſe: it may ſave ſome honeſt neighbouri
gentleman from three or four of your peſtilent glanc
Caſt your eyes upon paper, Madam, there you m
look innocently: men are ſeducing, books are da
gerous; the amorous ones ſoften you, and the god
ones give you the ſpleen: If you look upon tre
they claſp in embraces; birds and beaſts make lov
the ſun is too warm for your blood; the moon mel
you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore, I ſ
once more, caſt your eyes upon paper, and read on
ſuch letters as I write, which convey no darts, r
flames, but proceed from innocence of ſoul, and ſi
plicity of heart. Thank God I am an hundred mil
off from thoſe eyes! I would ſooner truſt your ha
than them for doing me miſchief; and tho' I dou
not ſome part of the rancour and iniquity of yo
heart will drop into your pen, yet ſince it will n
attack me on a ſudden and unprepared, ſince I m
have time while I break open your letter to croſs m
ſelf and ſay a Pater-noſter, I hope Providence w
protect me from all you can attempt at this diſtance.
am told you are at this hour as handſome as an ange
for my part I have forgot your face ſince two winte
You may be grown to a gianteſs for all I know.

can't tell in any reſpect what ſort of creature you are, only that you are a very miſchievous one, whom I ſhall ever pray to be defended from. But when your Miniſter ſends me word you have the ſmall pox, a good many freckles, or are very pale, I will deſire him to give thanks for it in your pariſh church; which as ſoon as he ſhall inform me he has done, I will make you a viſit without armour: I will eat any thing you give me without ſuſpicion of poiſon, take you by the hand without gloves, nay venture to follow you into an arbour without calling the company. This, Madam, is the top of my wiſhes, but how differently are our deſires inclined! You ſigh out, in the ardour of your heart, Oh play-houſes, parks, operas, aſſemblies, London! I cry with rapture, Oh woods, gardens, rookeries, fiſh-ponds, arbours! Mrs. M——.

LETTER III.

To a Lady.

Written on one column of a Letter, while Lady M. wrote to the Lady's Huſband on the other.

THE wits would ſay, that this muſt needs be a dull letter, becauſe it is a married one. I am afraid indeed you will find, what ſpirit there is, muſt be on the ſide of the wife, and the huſband's part, as uſual, will prove the dulleſt. What an unequal pair are put together in this ſheet? in which, though we ſin, it is you muſt do penance. When you look on both ſides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expreſſion) are as a two-edg'd ſword, whereof lady M. is the ſhining blade, and I only the handle. But I can't proceed without ſo far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that ſhe writes this purely in obedience

to me, and that it is but one of thoſe honours a huſband receives for the ſake of his wife.

It is making court but ill to one fine woman to ſhew her the regard we have for another; and yet I muſt own there is not a period of this epiſtle but ſquints towards another over-againſt it. It will be in vain to diſſemble: your penetrating eyes cannot but diſcover, how all the letters that compoſe theſe words lean forward after Lady M's letters, that ſeem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as faſt as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themſelves to another man, in the very preſence of him who will yield to no mortal in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forget myſelf, and am not writing to you; but, let me tell you, 'tis you forget yourſelf in that thought, for you are almoſt the only woman to whom one can ſafely addreſs the praiſes of another. Beſides, can you imagine a man of my importance ſo ſtupid, as to ſay fine things to you before your huſband? Let us ſee how far Lady M. herſelf dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and addreſs ſhe is miſtreſs of. If Sir Robert can be ſo ignorant (now he is left to himſelf in the country) to imagine any ſuch matter, let him know from me, that here in town every thing that lady ſays, is taken for ſatire. For my part, every body knows it is my conſtant practice to ſpeak truth, and I never do it more than when I call myſelf

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

YOU have put me into ſo much gayety of temper, that there will not be a ſerious word in this day's letter. No more, you'll ſay, there would, if I told you the *whole* ſerious buſineſs of the town. All laſt night

ıed with you, tho' your unreaſonable regularity
: out of your doors at three o'clock. I dreamed
:he evening's converſation, and ſaw the little
pite of you. In the morning I waked, very
your phantom for leaving me ſo abruptly.—I
u delight in my mortification. I dined with an
ty; ſhe appear'd at the table like a Death's
mell'd. The Egyptians, you know, had ſuch
their entertainm. nts; but do you think they
ınd patched them? However, the laſt of theſe
ıs was ſoon remov'd; for the lady had ſo
n appetite for a ſalmon, that ſhe quickly eat
ıtches off her face. She divided the fiſh into
rts; not equal, God knows; for ſhe helped
ie head, me to the middle, and making the
ı the largeſt part, took it herſelf, and cried
'ely, I'll be content with my own tail.
ɔper was as ſingular as my dinner. It was with
oet and Ode-maker (that is, a great poet out
ts, or out of his way.) He came to me very
not for want of a dinner (for that I ſhould
jeſt of) but, having forgot to dine. He fell
ɔuſly on the broil'd relics of a ſhoulder of
commonly call'd a blade-bone: he profeſſed
taſted ſo exquiſite a thing! begged me to
what joint it was, wondered he had never
: name of this joint, or ſeen it at other tables;
'd to know how he might direct his butcher
: the ſame for the future? And yet this man,
nt in modern butchery, has cut up half an
heroes, and quartered five or ſix miſerable
every tragedy he has written. I have nothing
ell you to-day.

LETTER V.

The Answer.

YOU should have my Day too, Sir, but slept it out, and so I'll give you all that my last Night's entertainment. You know the ny. I went in late in order to be better recei unluckily came in, as Deuce-ace was flingi H. would say I came in the Nick.) The I lour'd, and the men took the name of the Lord No body spoke to me, and I sat down disap then affecting a careless air, gap'd, and cried eight times, *D'ye win or lose?* I could safely s moment I had no temptation to any one of t lively sins; and in the innocent way I was, h it been for me if I had died! Moralizing sat hazard-table; I looked upon the uncertainty the decay of beauty, and the crash of world much contempt as ever Plato did. But ah! t of human nature! some ridiculous thought c my head, wakened my passions, which burst i a violent laughter: I rose from my seat, and fickering the just resentments of the losing g hurl'd a ball of paper cross the table, which dice, and turn'd up seven instead of five. all sides, and not knowing where to fly, I thr into a chair, which I demolish'd, and never word after. We went to supper, and a lady *G. looks prodigiously like a Tree.* Every body it, and I had not curiosity to ask the meanin sprightly fancy: Find it out, and let m Adieu, 'tis time to dress, and begin the b the day.

LETTER VI.

In the Style of a Lady.

PRAY what is your opinion of *Fate?* for I muſt confeſs I am one of thoſe that believe in Fate and Predeſtination.—No, I can't go ſo far as that, but I own I am of opinion one's ſtars may incline, tho' not compel one; and that is a ſort of free will; for we may be able to reſiſt inclination, but not compulſion.

Don't you think they have got in the moſt prepoſterous faſhion this winter that ever was, of flouncing the petticoat ſo very deep, that it looks like an entire coat of luteſtring?

It is a little cool indeed for this time of year, but then, my dear, you'll allow it has an extreme clean pretty look.

Ay, ſo has my muſlin apron; but I would not chuſe to make it a winter ſuit of cloaths.

Well now I'll ſwear, child, you have put me in mind of a very pretty dreſs; let me die if I don't think a muſlin flounce, made very full, would give one a very agreeable *Flirtation*-air.

Well, I ſwear it would be charming! and I ſhould like it of all things—Do you think there are any ſuch things as *Spirits?*

Do you believe there is any ſuch place as the Elyſian Fields? O Gad, that would be charming! I wiſh I were to go to the Elyſian Fields when I die! and then I ſhould not care if I were to leave the world to-morrow: But is one to meet there with what one has moſt lov'd in this world?

Now you muſt tell me this poſitively. To be ſure you can, or what do I correſpond with you for, if you won't tell me all? *You know* I abominate Reſerve.

LETTER VII.

Bath, 1714.

YOU are to underſtand, Madam, that my paſſion for your fair ſelf and your ſiſter, has been divided with the moſt wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out in the three hundred ſeventy-ſixth week of the reign of my ſovereign lady Sylvia. At the preſent writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty-ninth week of the reign of your moſt ſerene majeſty, in whoſe ſervice I was liſted ſome weeks before I beheld your ſiſter. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either ſhall happen to be Queen regent at that time.

Pray tell your ſiſter, all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations ſhe has, never gave me ſo much pleaſure in her converſation, as that one vice of her obſtinacy will give me mortification this month. Ratcliffe commands her to Bath, and ſhe refuſes! Indeed if I were in Berkſhire I ſhould honour her for this obſtinacy, and magnify her no leſs for diſobedience than we do the Barcelonians. But people change with the change of places (as we ſee of late) and virtues become vices when they ceaſe to be for one's intereſt, with me as with others.

Yet let me tell her, ſhe will never look ſo finely while ſhe is upon earth, as ſhe would here in the water. It is not here as in moſt other inſtances, for thoſe ladies that would pleaſe extremely, muſt go out of their own element. She does not make half ſo good a figure on horſeback as Chriſtina Queen of Sweden; but were ſhe once ſeen in the Bath, no man would part with her for

eſt mermaid in Chriſtendom. You know I have you often, I perfectly know how you look in black n white, I have experienced the utmoſt you can do lours; but all your movements, all your graceful , deſerve not half the glory you might here attain noving and eaſy behaviour in buckram: Some- ; between ſwimming and walking, free enough, nore modeſtly half-naked than you can appear any e elſe. You have conquer'd enough already by ; ſhow your ambition, and vanquiſh alſo by wa- The buckram I mention is a dreſs particularly l at this time, when, we are told, they are ing over the faſhion of German ruffs: You ought : yourſelves to ſome degrees of ſtiffneſs before- ; and when our ladies chins have been tickled ile with ſtarched muſlin and wire, they may poſ- bear the bruſh of a German beard and whiſker. ould tell you a delightful ſtory of Doctor P. but room to diſplay it in all its ſhining circumſtances. ad heard it was an excellent cure for love, to kiſs ıunt of the perſon beloved, who is generally of and experience enough to damp the fierceſt :: he try'd this courſe in his paſſion, and kiſſed E—— at Mr. D——'s; but he ſays it will not ınd that he loves you as much as ever.

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

To the ſame.

ou aſk how the waters agree with me, I muſt tell ı ſo very well, that I queſtion how you and I d agree if we were in a room by ourſelves. Mrs. *ıas honeſtly aſſured* me, that but for ſome whims

which ſhe can't entirely conquer, ſhe would go and ſee the world with me in man's cloaths. Even you, Madam, I fancy (if you would not partake in our adventures) would wait our coming in at the evening with ſome impatience, and be well enough pleas'd to hear them by the fire-ſide. That would be better than reading romances, unleſs lady M. would be our hiſtorian. What raiſes theſe deſires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning with my lady Sandwich, who has all the ſpirit of the laſt age, and all the gay experience of a pleaſurable life. It were as ſcandalous an omiſſion to come to the Bath and not to ſee my lady Sandwich, as it had formerly been to have travelled to Rome without viſiting the Queen of Sweden. She is, in a word, the beſt thing this country has to boaſt of; and as ſhe has been all that a woman of ſpirit could be, ſo ſhe ſtill continues that eaſy and independent creature that a ſenſible woman always will be.

I muſt tell you a truth, which is not, however, much to my credit. I never thought ſo much of yourſelf and your ſiſter, as ſince I have been fourſcore miles diſtance from you. In the Foreſt I look'd upon you as good neighbours, at London as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddeſſes, or what you will. In the ſame manner, I never knew at what rate I valued your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. —— and you will but fall very ſick every ſeaſon, I ſhall certainly die for you. Seriouſly, I value you both ſo much, that I eſteem others much the leſs for your ſakes; you have robb'd me of the pleaſure of eſteeming a thouſand pretty qualities in them, by ſhowing me ſo many finer in yourſelves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which, I believe, you are not capable of, I mean ill-nature and malice. I have ſeen enough of you, not

:o overlook any frailty you could have, and nothing leſs than a vice can make me like you leſs. I expect you ſhould diſcover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you ſhould pardon a thouſand things in me for that one diſpoſition. Expect nothing from me but truth and freedom, and I ſhall always be thought by you what I always am,

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

To the ſame.

1714.

I Return'd home as ſlow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord * retired from the Court and glory to his Country-ſeat and wife, a week ago. I found here a diſmal deſponding letter from the ſon of another great courtier who expects the ſame fate, and who tells me the great ones of the earth will now take it very kindly of the mean ones, if they will favour them with a viſit by day-light. With what joy would they lay down all their ſchemes of glory, did they but know you have the generoſity to drink their healths once a day, as ſoon as they are fallen? Thus the unhappy, by the ſole merit of their misfortunes, become the care of Heaven and you. I intended to have put this laſt into verſe, but in this age of ingratitude my beſt friends forſake me, I mean my rhymes.

I deſire Mrs. P—— to ſtay her ſtomach with theſe half hundred Plays, till I can procure her a Romance big enough to ſatisfy her great ſoul with adventures. As for Novels, I fear ſhe can depend upon none from me but that of my Life, which I am ſtill, as I have been, *contriving all poſſible* methods to ſhorten, for

the greater eaſe both of the hiſtorian and the reader. May ſhe believe all the paſſion and tenderneſs expreſs'd in theſe romances to be but a faint image of what I bear her, and may you (who read nothing take the ſame truth upon hearing it from me. You will both injure me very much, if you don't think me a truer friend, than ever any romantic lover, or an imitator of their ſtyle could be.

The days of beauty are as the days of greatneſs, and ſo long, all the world are your adorers. I am one of thoſe unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence when your eyes begin to twinkle in a re tirement, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

THE more I examine my own mind, the more ro mantic I find myſelf. Methinks it is a noble ſpi rit of contradiction to Fate and Fortune, not to give up thoſe that are ſnatched from us; but to follow them the more, the farther they are remov'd from the ſenſe of it. Sure, Flattery never travelled ſo far as three thouſand miles; it is now only for Truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this diſtance. 'Tis a generous piece of Popery, that purſues even thoſe who are to be eternally abſent into another world; whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a ſort of piety. I can't be ſatisfied with ſtrowing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing loſt: but muſt conſider you as a glorious tho' remote being, and be ſending addreſſes after you. You have carried away ſo much of me, that what re *mains is daily* languiſhing and dying over my acquain

nace here, and, I believe, in three or four months more I ſhall think *Aurat Bazar* as good a place as *Covent-Garden*. You may imagine this is raillery, but I am really ſo far gone as to take pleaſure in reveries of this kind. Let them ſay I am romantic; ſo is every one ſaid to be, that either admires a fine thing or does one. On my conſcience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: Glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other juſt debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland for immolating her lover, nor you, for conſtancy to your lord, muſt ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in ſome anger; for having, ſince you went, frequented thoſe people moſt, who ſeemed moſt in your favour. I heard nothing that concerned you talk'd of ſo often, as that you went away in a black full-bottom'd wig; which I did but aſſert to be a bob, and was anſwered, *Love is blind*. I am perſuaded your wig had never ſuffered this criticiſm, but on the ſcore of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray when you write to me, talk of yourſelf; there is nothing I ſo much deſire to hear of: talk a great deal of yourſelf; that ſhe who I always thought tal'ed beſt, may ſpeak upon the beſt ſubject. The ſhrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curioſity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to ſee one ſuch face as yours, than both St. John Baptiſt's heads. I wiſh (ſince you are grown ſo covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine ſtatues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar ſet up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The ladies with reſpect to their huſbands, ſeem to underſtand that

juſt now voided a ſtone to prove him ſubject to humaı
infirmities The utmoſt weight of affliction from miniſ
ſterial power and popular hatred, were almoſt worth
bearing, for the glory of ſuch a dauntleſs conduct as hi
has ſhewn under it.

You may ſoon have your wiſh, to enjoy the gallan
ſights of armies, incampments, ſtandards waving ove
your brother's corn-fields, and the pretty windings o
the Thames ſtained with the blood of men. Your ba
barity, which I have heard ſo long exclaim'd again
in town and country, may have its fill of deſtructior
I would not add one circumſtance uſual in all deſcrip
tions of calamity, that of the many rapes committe
or to be committed upon thoſe unfortunate women th
delight in war. But God forgive me—in this marti
age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your ſal
and Mrs. P——'s and ſome others, whom, I ha
cauſe to fear, no fair means will prevail upon.

Thoſe eyes, that care not how much miſchief
done, or how great ſlaughter committed, ſo they ha
but a fine ſhow; thoſe very female eyes will be in
nitely delighted with the camp which is ſpeedily to
formed in Hyde-park. The tents are carried thith
this morning, new regiments with new cloaths a
furniture (far exceeding the late cloth and linen d
ſigned by his Grace for the ſoldiery.) The ſight of
many gallant fellows, with all the pomp and glare
war yet undeform'd by battles, thoſe ſcenes whi
England has for many years only beheld on ſtag
may poſſibly invite your curioſity to this place.

By our lateſt account from Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſt
the converſion of T. G. Eſq; is reported in a manı
ſomewhat more particular. That upon the ſeizure
his Flanders mares, he ſeemed more than ordinarily
ſturbed for ſome hours, ſent for his ghoſtly father, a

d to bear his loſs like a Chriſtiun; till about
ırs of ſeven or eight, the coaches and horſes of
of the Nobility paſſing by his window towards
park, he could no longer endure the diſappoint-
but inſtantly went out, took the oath of Abjura-
ınd recover'd his dear horſes, which carried him
ımph to the Ring. The poor diſtreſſed Roman
lics, now unhors'd and uncharioted, cry out with
almiſt, *Some in Chariots and ſome on Horſes, but
ill invocate the name of the Lord.*

I am, etc.

LETTER XII.

H E weather is too fine for any one that loves the
country to leave it at this ſeaſon; when every ſmile
e ſun, like the ſmile of a coy lady, is as dear as
ıncommon: and I am ſo much in the taſte of rural
ures, I had rather ſee the ſun than any thing he
ſhew me, except yourſelf. I deſpiſe every fine
; in town, not excepting your new gown, till I ſee
lreſs'd in it, (which by the way I don't like the
r for the red, the leaves, I think, are very pretty,)
growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which
light of the ſun is but a ſhadow: for I doubt not
God's works here, are what come neareſt to his
ts there; and that a true reliſh of the beauties of
ıre is the moſt eaſy preparation and gentleſt tranſi-
to an enjoyment of thoſe of heaven: as on the
rary, a true town life of hurry, confuſion, noiſe,
der, and diſſention, is a ſort of apprenticeſhip to
and its furies. I'm endeavouring to put my mind
as quiet a ſituation as I can, to be ready to re-
e that ſtroke, which, I believe, is coming upon me,

and have fully reſign'd myſelf to yield to it. T
paration of my ſoul and body is what I could th
with leſs pain; for I am very ſure he that made
take care of it, and in whatever ſtate he pleaſes
be, that ſtate muſt be right: But I cannot think
out tears of being ſeparated from my friends,
their condition is ſo doubtful, that they may wa
ſuch aſſiſtance as mine. Sure, it is more merc
take from us after death all memory of what w
or purſued here: for elſe what a torment would
to a ſpirit, ſtill to love thoſe creatures it is qu
vided from? Unleſs we ſuppoſe, that in a mo
alted life, all that we eſteemed in this imperfec
will affect us no more, than what we lov'd in c
fancy concerns us now.

This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and
ſenſible, would throw me under a great deal of ri
were you to ſhow this letter among your acquain
But perhaps you may not yourſelf be quite a ſt
to this way of thinking. I heartily wiſh your lif
be ſo long and ſo happy, as never to let you
quite ſo far as I am now led to do; but, to th
little towards it, is what will make you the ha
and the eaſier at all times.

There are no pleaſures or amuſements that I
wiſh you, and therefore 'tis no ſmall grief to me
ſhall for the future be leſs able to partake with
them. But let Fortune do her worſt, whatev
makes us loſe, as long as ſhe never makes us lo
honeſty and our independance; I deſpiſe from my
whoever parts with the firſt, and I pity from m
whoever quits the latter.

I am griev'd at Mr. G——'s condition in th
reſpect of dependance. He has Merit, Good-n
and Integrity, three qualities, that I fear are too

upon great men; or at leaſt are not all three a th for that one which is oppos'd to them, Flattery. iſh it may not ſoon or late diſplace him from the ur he now poſſeſſes, and ſeems to like. I'm ſure his action deſerves eternal favour and eſteem: Lord hurſt was charm'd with it, who came hither to ſee before his journey. He aſk'd and ſpoke very parti- arly of you. To-morrow Mr. Forteſcue comes to me m London about B——'s ſuit in *forma pauperis*. at poor man looks ſtarved: he tells me you have en charitable to him. Indeed 'tis wanted: the poor ature can ſcarce ſtir or ſpeak; and I apprehend he ll die, juſt as he gets ſomething to live upon. Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

THIS is a day of wiſhes for you, and I hope you have long known, there is not one good one which do not form in your behalf. Every year that paſſes, wiſh ſome things more for my friends, and ſome things s for myſelf. Yet were I to tell you what I wiſh for ou in particular, it would be only to repeat in proſe, hat I told you laſt year in rhyme (ſo ſincere is my oetry:) I can only add, that as I then wiſh'd you a iend *, I now wiſh that friend were Mrs. ——

Abſence is a ſhort kind of death; and in either, one an only wiſh, that the friends we are ſeparated from, ay be happy with thoſe that are left them. I am erefore very ſolicitous that you may paſs much greeable time together: I am ſorry to ſay I envy ou no other companion: tho' I hope you have others

* *To Mrs.* —— *on her Birth-day.*

" O be thou bleſt with all that Heav'n can ſend,
" *Long health, long youth*, long pleaſure, and a friend."

that you like; and I am always pleas'd in that hope, when it is not attended with any fears on your own account.

I was troubled to leave you both, juſt as I fancy'd we ſhould begin to live together in the country. 'Twas a little like dying the moment one had got all one deſir'd in this world. Yet I go away with one generous ſort of ſatisfaction, that what I part with, you are to inherit.

I know you would both be pleas'd to hear ſome certain news of a friend departed; to have the adventures of his paſſage, and the new regions thro' which he travell'd, deſcribed; and, upon the whole, to know, that he is as happy where he now is, as while he liv'd among you. But indeed I (like many a poor unprepar'd ſoul) have ſeen nothing I like ſo well as what I left: No ſcenes of Paradiſe, no happy bowers equal to thoſe on the banks of the Thames. Wherever I wander, one reflection ſtrikes me; I wiſh you were as free as I; or at leaſt had a tye as tender, and as reaſonable as mine, to a relation that as well deſerved your conſtant thought, and to whom you would be always pull'd back (in ſuch a manner as I am) by the heart-ſtring. I have never been well ſince I ſet out: but don't tell my mother ſo; it will trouble her too much: And as probably the ſame reaſon may prevent her ſending a true account of her health to me, I muſt deſire you to acquaint me. I would gladly hear the country air improves your own; but don't flatter me when you are ill, that I may be the better ſatisfied when you ſay you are well: for theſe are things in which one may be ſincerer to a reaſonable friend, than to a fond and partial parent. Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

YOU can't be surpriz'd to find him a dull correspondent whom you have known so long for a dull companion. And tho' I am pretty sensible, that, if I have any wit, I may as well write to show it, as not; yet I'll content myself with giving you as plain a history of my pilgrimage, as Purchas himself, or as Mr. Bunyan could do of his *walking through the wilderness of this world*, etc.

First then I went up by water to Hampton-Court, attended by all but my own virtues; which were not so modest a nature as to keep themselves, or me, concealed: For I met the Prince with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. B* and Mrs. * took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists) and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H*. We all agreed that the life of a Maid of honour was of all things the most miserable: and wish'd that every woman who envy'd it, had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia-ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy complexion'd children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must whisper an hour and catch cold, in the Princess's apartment: from thence (as Shakespear has it) to *dinner, with what appetite they may*—and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe, no lone-house in Wales, with a

mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative th this Court; and as a proof of it, I need only tell yo Mrs. L* walked with me three or four hours by moo light, and we met no creature of any quality but t King, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, a alone, under the garden-wall.

In ſhort, I heard of no ball, aſſembly, baſſet-tabl or any place where two or three were gathered toge ther, except Madam Kilmanſegg s, to which I had th honour to be invited, and the grace to ſtay away.

I was heartily tired, and poſted to —— park: then we had an excellent diſcourſe of quackery; Dr. S* wa mentioned with honour. Lady —— walked a whol hour abroad without dying after it, at leaſt in the time I ſtay'd, tho' ſhe ſeem'd to be fainting, and had convulſive motions ſeveral times in her head.

I arrived in the Foreſt by Tueſday noon, having fled from the face (I wiſh I could ſay the horned face) of Moſes, who dined in the mid-way thither. I paſs'd the reſt of the day in thoſe woods where I have ſo often enjoy'd a book and a friend; I made a Hymn as I paſs'd thro', which ended with a ſigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of.

Your Doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to diſpoſe of an eſtate miſerably unwieldy, and ſplendidly unuſeful to him. Sir Samuel Garth ſays, that for Ratcliffe to leave a library, was as if a Eunuch ſhould found a Seraglio. Dr. S— lately told a lady, he wonder'd ſhe could be alive after him: ſhe made anſwer, ſhe wonder'd at it for two reaſons, becauſe Dr. Ratcliffe was dead, and becauſe Dr. S— was living. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

[O]thing could have more of that melancholy which once uſed to pleaſe me, than my laſt day's jour-; for after having paſs'd through my favourite ods in the foreſt, with a thouſand reveries of paſt aſures, I rid over hanging hills, whoſe tops were ed with groves, and whoſe feet water'd with wind- rivers, liſtening to the falls of cataracts below, l the murmuring of the winds above: the gloomy dure of Stonor ſucceeded to theſe; and then the des of the evening overtook me. The moon roſe the cleareſt ſky I ever ſaw, by whoſe ſolemn light I ed on ſlowly, without company, or any interruption the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I ch'd Oxford, all the bells toll'd in different notes; clocks of every college anſwer'd one another, and nded forth (ſome in a deeper, ſome a ſofter tone) t it was eleven at night. All this was no ill prepa- ion to the life I have led ſince, among thoſe old lls, venerable galleries, ſtone porticos, ſtudious lks, and ſolitary ſcenes of the Univerſity. I wanted hing but a black gown and a ſalary, to be as mere ook-worm as any there. I conform'd myſelf to the lege hours, was roll'd up in books, lay in one of moſt ancient, duſky parts of the Univerſity, and s as dead to the world as any hermit of the deſart. any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little ity, ſuch as even thoſe good men us'd to entertain, en the monks *of their own order* extoll'd their piety l abſtraction. For I found myſelf receiv'd with a t of reſpect, which this idle part of mankind, the arned, pay to their own ſpecies; who are as con- erable here, as the buſy, the gay, and the ambitious in your world.

Indeed I was treated in ſuch a manner, tha
not but ſometimes aſk myſelf in my mind, wha
I was founder of, or what library I had built
thinks, I do very ill to return to the world a
leave the only place where I make a figure, a
ſeeing myſelf ſeated with dignity on the moſt
cuous ſhelves of a library, put myſelf into th
poſture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's

I will not deny, but that, like Alexander,
midſt of my glory I am wounded, and find n
mere man. To tell you from whence the dar
is to no purpoſe, ſince neither of you will
tender care to draw it out of my heart, and ſ
poiſon with your lips.

Here, at my Lord H——'s, I ſee a creatur
an angel than a woman (tho' a woman be very
good as an angel;) I think you have formerl
me mention Mrs. T— as a credit to the Maker
gels; ſhe is a relation of his lordſhip's, and he
propos'd her to me for a wife; being tender of
tereſts, and knowing (what is a ſhame to Prov
that ſhe is leſs indebted to fortune than I.
him, 'twas what he never could have though
it had not been his misfortune to be blind; ar
I never could think of, while I had eyes to ſ
her and myſelf.

I muſt not conclude without telling you, tha
do the utmoſt in the affair you deſire. It woul
inexpreſſible joy to me if I could ſerve you, anc
always do all I can to give myſelf pleaſure. I
well for you as for myſelf; I am in love with yo
as much as I am with myſelf, for I find myſelf
with either, when I leaſt ſuſpect it.

LETTER XVI.

THE chief cauſe I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your ſiſter's ſtate of health. I really expected by every poſt to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehenſions, and I have ever ſince ſuffer'd alarms upon alarms on her account. No one can be more ſenſibly touch'd at this than I; nor any danger of any I love could affect me with more uneaſineſs. I have felt ſome weakneſſes of a tender kind, which I would not be free from; and I am glad to find my value for people ſo rightly placed, as to perceive them on this occaſion.

I cannot be ſo good a Chriſtian as to be willing to reſign my own happineſs here, for hers in another life. I do more than wiſh for her ſafety, for every wiſh I make I find immediately changed into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learn'd to make till now.

May her life be longer and happier than perhaps herſelf may deſire, that is, as long and as happy as you can wiſh: May her beauty be as great as poſſible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is. But whatever ravages a mercileſs diſtemper may commit, I dare promiſe her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of viſits and compliments dare to do: ſhe ſhall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, Madam, you have me ſo more than ever, ſince I have been a witneſs to the generous tenderneſs you have ſhewn upon this occaſion.

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

I AM not at all concerned to think that this may be leſs entertaining than ſome I have ſe know you are a friend that will think a kind let good as a diverting one. He that gives you his makes a much leſs preſent than he that gives y heart; and true friends would rather ſee ſuch thc as they communicate only to one another, thar they ſquander about to all the world. They wl ſet a right value upon any thing, will prize on der, well-meant word, above all that ever made laugh in their lives. If I did not think ſo of ſhould never have taken much pains to endeav pleaſe you, by writing, or any thing elſe. Wit ſure, I want; at leaſt in the degree that I ſee have it, who would at all ſeaſons alike be ent ing; but I would willingly have ſome qualitie may be (at ſome ſeaſons) of more comfort to r and of more ſervice to my friends. I would my own head, if it had nothing better than wit and tear out my own heart, if it had no better d tions than to love only myſelf, and laugh at neighbours.

I know you'll think it an agreeable thing t that I have done a great deal of Homer. If it lerable, the world may thank you for it: for if I have ſeen you every day, and imagin'd my co could have every day pleas'd you, I ſhould ſcarc thought it worth my while to pleaſe the world. many verſes could I gladly have left unfiniſh' turn'd into it, for people to ſay what they wo had I been permitted to paſs all thoſe hours mor ſingly? Whatever ſome may think, Fame is a am much leſs covetous of, than your friendſhi *that, I hope*, will laſt all my life; the other I

anſwer for. What if they ſhould both grow greater after my death? alas! they would both be of no advantage to me! Therefore think upon it, and love me as well as ever you can, while I live.

Now I talk of fame, I ſend you my Temple of Fame, which is juſt come out: but my ſentiments about it you will ſee better by this Epigram.

What's Fame with men, by cuſtom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only Reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

LETTER XVIII.

ALL the pleaſure or uſe of familiar letters, is to give us the aſſurance of a friend's welfare: at leaſt 'tis all I know, who am a mortal enemy and deſpiſer of what they call fine letters. In this view, I promiſe you, it will always be a ſatisfaction to me to write letters and to receive them from you; becauſe I unfeignedly have your good at my heart, and am that thing, which many people make only a ſubject to diſplay their fine ſentiments upon, a Friend: which is a character that admits of little to be ſaid, till ſomething may be done. Now let me fairly tell you, I don't like your ſtyle: 'tis very pretty, therefore I don't like it; and if you writ as well as Voiture, I would not give a farthing for ſuch letters, unleſs I were to ſell them to be printed. Methinks I have loſt the Mrs. L* I formerly knew, who writ and talked like other people (and ſometimes better.) You muſt allow me to ſay, you have not ſaid a ſenſible word in all your letter, except where you ſpeak of ſhewing kindneſs and expecting it in return: but the addition you make about your being but two and twenty, is again in the ſtyle

of wit and abomination. To ſhew you how very ſatisfactorily you write, in all your letters you've n told me how you do. Indeed I ſee 'twas abſolu neceſſary for me to write to you, before you contin to take more notice of me, for I ought to tell what you are to expect; that is to ſay, kind which I never fail'd (I hope) to return; and not which if I want, I am not much concerned, bec judgment is a better thing; and if I had, I would r uſe of it rather to play upon thoſe I deſpiſed, th trifle with thoſe I loved. You ſee, in ſhort, after manner you may moſt agreeably write to me: te you are my friend, and you can be no more at a about that article. As I have open'd my mind t this to you, it may alſo ſerve for Mr. H—, who ſee by it what manner of letters he muſt expect correſponds with me. As I am too ſeriouſly j and his ſervant to put turns upon you inſtead of wiſhes, ſo in return I ſhould have nothing but h plain How-d'ye's and Pray remember me's; w not being fit to be ſhown to any body for wit, m a proof we correſpond only for ourſelves, in friendlineſs; as doth, God is my witneſs,

Your very, e

LETTER XIX.

IT is with infinite ſatisfaction I am made acqua that your brother will at laſt prove your rel and has entertained ſuch ſentiments as became h your concern. I have been prepared for this b grees, having ſeveral times receiv'd from Mrs. which is one of the greateſt pleaſures, the know that others entered into my own ſentiments cor ing you. I ever was of opinion that you want more to be vindicated than to be known. As

often condoled with you in your adverſities, ſo I have a right, which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the proſpect of your better fortunes: and I hope, for the future, to have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Tho' you modeſtly ſay the world has left you, yet, I verily believe, it is coming to you again as faſt as it can: for, to give the world its due, it is always very fond of merit when it is paſt its power to oppoſe it. Therefore, if you can, take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it. But if you are reſolved in revenge to rob the world of ſo much example as you may afford it, I believe your deſign will be vain; for even in a monaſtery your devotions cannot carry you ſo far toward the next world as to make this loſe the ſight of you; but you'll be like a ſtar, that, while it is fixed to heaven, ſhines over all the earth.

Whereſoever Providence ſhall diſpoſe of the moſt valuable thing I know, I ſhall ever follow you with my ſincereſt wiſhes, and my beſt thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me nor them. Your own guardian angels cannot be more conſtant, nor more ſilent. I beg you will never ceaſe to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that which you never yet knew to commit, an injuſtice. As I have hitherto been ſo in ſpite of the world, ſo hereafter, if it be poſſible you ſhould ever be more oppoſed, and more deſerted, I ſhould only be ſo much the more.

Your faithful, etc.

LETTER XX.

I Can ſay little to recommend the letters I ſhall write to you, but that they will be the moſt impartial repreſentations of a free heart, and the trueſt copies you

ever ſaw, tho' of a very mean original. Not s
will be ſoftened, or any advantageous light er
to make the ugly thing a little leſs hideous;
ſhall find it, in all reſpects, moſt horribly like
will do me an injuſtice if you look upon any
ſhall ſay from this inſtant, as a compliment, e
you or to myſelf: whatever I write will be
thought of that hour; and I know you'll no r
pect it of me to perſevere till death, in every ſe
or notion I now ſet down, than you would im
man's face ſhould never change when once his
was drawn.

The freedom I ſhall uſe in this manner of
aloud, may indeed prove me a fool; but it wi
me one of the beſt ſort of fools, the honeſt ones
ſince what folly we have, will infallibly buoy
time or other in ſpite of all our art to keep it
methinks, 'tis almoſt fooliſh to take any pains
ceal it at all, and almoſt knaviſh to do it fro
that are our friends. If Momus's project had ta
having windows in our breaſts, I ſhould be for c
it further, and making thoſe windows, caſe
that while a man ſhowed his heart to all the wo
might do ſomething more for his friends; even
them, and truſt it to their handling. I think
you as well as King Herod did Herodias (tho'
had ſo much as one dance with you) and would a
give you my heart in a diſh, as he did another'
But ſince Jupiter will not have it ſo, I muſt be c
to ſhew my taſte in life, as I do my taſte in paint
loving to have as little drapery as poſſible. No
think every body naked altogether ſo fine a ſi
yourſelf and a few more would be, but becauſe 't
to uſe people to what they muſt be acquainted
and there will certainly come ſome day of judgr

other, to uncover every ſoul of us. We ſhall then ſee that the Prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being ſtraiter-laced than the reſt; and that they are naturally as arrant ſquabs as thoſe that went more looſe, nay as thoſe that never girded their loins at all.—But a particular reaſon that may engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better; for I find, when others expreſs their thoughts of you, they fall very ſhort of mine, and, I know, at the ſame time, theirs are ſuch as you would think ſufficiently in your favour.

You may eaſily imagine how deſirous I muſt be of a correſpondence with a perſon, who had taught me long ago that it was as poſſible to eſteem at firſt ſight, as to love: and who has ſince ruin'd me for all the converſation of one ſex, and almoſt all the friendſhip of the other. I am but too ſenſible thro' your means, that the company of men wants a certain ſoftneſs to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing elſe. How often have I been quietly going to take poſſeſſion of that tranquillity and indolence I had ſo long found in the country; when one evening of your converſation has ſpoil'd me for a Solitaire! Books have loſt their effect upon me, and I was convinced ſince I ſaw you, that there is one alive wiſer than all the ſages. A plague of female wiſdom! it makes a man ten times more uneaſy than his own. What is very ſtrange, Virtue herſelf (when you have the dreſſing her) is too amiable for one's repoſe. You might have done a world of good in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have ſeen you, to have converſed with you; they would have been ſtrangely bit, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair lady, and you had bewitch'd them with Reaſon.

and Virtue (two beauties that the very fops pretend to no acquaintance with.)

The unhappy diſtance at which we correſpond, removes a great many of thoſe reſtrictions and punctilious decorums, that oftentimes in nearer converſation prejudice truth, to ſave good breeding. I may now hear of my faults and you of your good qualities, without a bluſh; we converſe upon ſuch unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, ſhame, or deſign, in either of us. And, methinks, it would be as paltry a part, to impoſe (even in a ſingle thought) upon each other in this ſtate of ſeparation, as for ſpirits of a different ſphere, who have ſo little intercourſe with us, to employ that little (as ſome would make us think they do) in putting tricks and deluſions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin then, Madam, by aſking you a queſtion, that may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than moſt inſtances of my life. In what manner did I behave in the laſt hour I ſaw you? What degree of concern did I diſcover when I felt a misfortune, which, I hope, you will never feel, that of parting from what one moſt eſteems? for if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greateſt of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never ſince paſs by your houſe but with the ſame ſort of melancholy that we feel upon ſeeing the tomb of a friend, which only ſerves to put us in mind of what we have loſt. I reflect upon the circumſtances of your departure, which I was there a witneſs of (your behaviour in what I may call your laſt moments) and I indulge a gloomy kind of pleaſure in thinking that thoſe laſt moments were given to me. I would fain imagine that this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration, which, I know, you have, in finding out the truth of people's ſentiments; and that you were

willing, the laſt man that *would have* parted from you, ſhould be the laſt that *did*. I really looked upon you juſt as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero, at the inſtant when he was devoting himſelf to glory, and running to be loſt out of generoſity: I was obliged to admire your reſolution, in as great a degree as I deplored it; and had only to wiſh, that Heaven would reward ſo much virtue as was to be taken from us, with all the felicities it could enjoy elſewhere.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXI.

I Can never have too many of your letters. I am angry at every ſcrap of paper loſt, and tho' it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to a Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; tho' I have no other way of receiving them but by thoſe unfaithful meſſengers. I have had but three, and I reckon that ſhort one from D——, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.

You have contrived to ſay in your laſt the two things moſt pleaſing to me: The firſt, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the diſcharge of your conſcience. The other is, the juſtice you do me, in taking what I writ to you, in the ſerious manner it was meant; it is the point upon which I can bear no ſuſpicion, and in which, above all, I deſire to be thought ſerious. It would be vexatious indeed, if you ſhould pretend to take that for wit, which is no more than the natural overflowing of a heart improved by an eſteem for you; but ſince you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expreſſions have not been entirely unfaithful to *my thoughts*.

May your faith be encreaſed in all truths, that as great as this; and, depend upon it, to whatever gree it may extend, you never can be a bigot.

If you could ſee the heart I talk of, you would re think it a fooliſh good kind of thing, with ſome qu ties as well deſerving to be half-laughed at, and h eſteemed, as moſt hearts in the world.

Its grand *foible* in regard to you, is the moſt l reaſon of any *foible* in nature. Upon my word heart is not like a great warehouſe, ſtored only w my own goods, or with empty ſpaces to be ſuppl as faſt as intereſt or ambition can fill them: but every inch of it let out into lodgings for its frien and ſhall never want a corner where your idea always lie as warm, and as cloſe, as any idea in C ſtendom.

If this diſtance (as you are ſo kind as to ſay) larges your belief of my friendſhip, I aſſure you, has ſo extended my notion of your value, that I be to be impious upon that account, and to wiſh that e ſlaughter, ruin, and deſolation may interpoſe betw you and the place you deſign for; and that you w reſtored to us at the expence of a whole people.

Is there no expedient to return you in peace to boſom of your country? I hear you are come as far ——: do you only look back to die twice? is Eu dice one more ſnatched to the ſhades? If ever mo had reaſon to hate the King, it is I, whoſe partic misfortune it is, to be almoſt the only innocent per he has made to ſuffer; both by his governmen home, and his negotiations abroad.

If you muſt go from us, I wiſh at leaſt you mi paſs to your baniſhment by the moſt pleaſant w that all the road might be roſes and myrtles, an thouſand objects riſe round you, agreeable enough

make England leſs deſirable to you. It is not now my intereſt to wiſh England agreeable: it is highly probable it may uſe me ill enough to drive me from it. Can I think that place my country, where I cannot now call a foot of paternal *earth* my own? Yet it may ſeem ſome alleviation, that when the wiſeſt thing I can do is to leave my country, what was moſt agreeable in it ſhould firſt be ſnatched away from it.

I could overtake you with pleaſure in ——, and make that tour in your company. Every reaſonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly engaging when you partook of it. I ſhould at leaſt attend you to the ſea coaſts, and caſt a laſt look after the ſails that tranſported you. But perhaps I might care as little to ſtay behind you; and be full as uneaſy to live in a country where I ſaw others perſecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was perſecuted myſelf by the rogues of yours. And it is not impoſſible I might run into Aſia in ſearch of liberty; for who would not rather live a freeman among a nation of ſlaves, than a ſlave among a nation of freemen?

In good earneſt, if I knew your motions, and your exact time; I verily think, I ſhould be once more happy in a ſight of you next Spring.

I'll conclude with a wiſh, God ſend you with us, or me with you.

LETTER. XXII.

YOU will find me more troubleſome than ever Brutus did his evil Genius; I ſhall meet you in more places than one, and often refreſh your memory before you arrive at your Philippi. Theſe ſhadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really

ſuffered very much from you, and whom you l
robb'd of the moſt valuable of his enjoyments,
converſation. The advantage of hearing your ſ
ments by diſcovering mine, was what I always tho
a great one, and even worth the riſque I generally
of manifeſting my own indiſcretion. You then rew
ed my truſt in you the moment it was given, for
pleas'd or inform'd me the minute you anſwer'd
muſt now be contented with more ſlow returns. H
ever, 'tis ſome pleaſure, that your thoughts upon p
will be a more laſting poſſeſſion to me, and that I
no longer have cauſe to complain of a loſs I hav
often regretted, that of any thing you ſaid, whi
happen'd to forget. In earneſt, Madam, if I we
write to you as often as I think of you, it muſt be e
day of my life. I attend you in ſpirit thro' all
ways, I follow you through every ſtage in book
travels, and fear for you thro' whole folio's; you r
me ſhrink at the paſt dangers of dead travellers;
if I read of a delightful proſpect, or agreeable pla
hope it yet ſubſiſts to pleaſe you. I enquire the n
the amuſements, the company, of every town and c
try thro' which you paſs, with as much diligence
if I were to ſet out next week to overtake you.
word, no one can have you more conſtantly in m
not even your Guardian angel (if you have one)
I am willing to indulge ſo much Popery as to f
ſome Being takes care of you, who knows your v
better than you do yourſelf: I am willing to t
that heaven never gave ſo much ſelf neglect and
lution to a woman, to occaſion her calamity; bu
pious enough to believe thoſe qualities muſt be int
ed to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your firſt ſhort letter only ſerves to ſhew me yo
alive: it puts me in mind of the firſt dove tha

turn'd to Noah, and juſt made him know it had found no reſt abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleaſes me, but when you tell me you had no ſea-ſickneſs. I beg your next may give me all the pleaſure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no diſcoveries that will be half ſo valuable to me as thoſe of your own mind. Nothing that regards the ſtates or kingdoms you paſs thro', will engage ſo much of my curioſity or concern, as what relates to yourſelf: Your welfare, to ſay truth, is more at my heart than that of Chriſtendom.

I am ſure I may defend the truth, tho' perhaps not the virtue of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at beſt, of the merits of differing religions and governments: but private virtues one can be ſure of. I therefore know what particular Perſon has deſert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what Nation deſerves to conquer or oppreſs another. You will ſay, I am not *public-ſpirited*; let it be ſo, I may have too many tenderneſſes, particular regards, or narrow views; but at the ſame time I am certain that whoever wants theſe, can never have a Public ſpirit: for (as a friend of mine ſays) how is it poſſible for that man to love twenty thouſand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. C——, he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be juſt as it ought. His health and mine are now ſo good, that we wiſh with all our ſouls you were a witneſs of it. We never meet but we lament over you: we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we ſtrow flowers of rhetoric, and offer ſuch libations to your name as it would be prophane to call toaſting. The Duke of B——m is ſometimes the *High Prieſt* of your praiſes; and upon

the whole, I believe there are as few men that are ſorry at your departure, as women that are; for, I know, moſt of your ſex want good ſenſe, and theref muſt want generoſity: You have ſo much of both, th I am ſure, you pardon them: for one cannot but f give whatever one deſpiſes. For my part I hate great many women for your ſake, and undervalue the reſt. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God reven it upon you, with all thoſe bleſſings and earth proſperities, which, the divines tell us, are the ca of our perdition; for if he makes you happy in t world, I dare truſt your own virtue to do it in t other. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

To Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

On her Marriage.

YOU are by this time ſatisfied how much the te derneſs of one man of merit is to be preferred the addreſſes of a thouſand. And by this time t Gentleman you have made choice of is ſenſible, h great is the joy of having all thoſe charms and go qualities which have pleaſed ſo many, now applied pleaſe one only. It was but juſt, that the ſame Virt which gave you reputation, ſhould give you happine and I can wiſh you no greater, than that you may ceive it in as high a degree yourſelf, as ſo much go humour muſt infallibly give it to your huſband.

It may be expected, perhaps, that one who has title of Poet ſhould ſay ſomething more polite on t occaſion: But I am really more a well-wiſher to y

y, than a celebrater of your beauty. Beſides, e now a married woman, and in a way to be a many better things than a fine lady; ſuch as an ent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and t, as the conſequence of them all, a ſaint in n. You ought now to hear nothing but that, was all you ever deſired to hear (whatever others ave ſpoken to you) I mean Truth: and it is he utmoſt that I aſſure you, no friend you have ore rejoice in any good that befals you, is more ly delighted with the proſpect of your future neſs, or more unfeignedly deſires a long conti- e of it.

ope, you will think it but juſt, that a man who rtainly be ſpoken of as your admirer, after he d, may have the happineſs to be eſteemed, while living,

Your, etc.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL*

From the Year 1705 to 1716.

LETTER I.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

SIR, October 19, 1705.

I Return you the Book you were pleaſed to ſend m and with it your obliging letter, which deſerves r particular acknowledgment; for, next to the pleaſ of enjoying the company of ſo good a friend, the w comeſt thing to me is to hear from him. I expected find, what I have met with, an admirable genius thoſe Poems, not only becauſe they were Milton's or were approved by Sir Hen. Wooton, but becauſe y had commended them; and give me leave to tell y that I know no body ſo like to equal him, even at age he wrote moſt of them, as yourſelf. Only do afford more cauſe of complaints againſt you, that ſuffer nothing of yours to come abroad, which in t

* Secretary of State to King William the Third.

† L'Allegro, Il Penſeroſo, Lycidas, and the Maſque of Con

age, wherein wit and true ſenſe is more ſcarce than money, is a piece of ſuch cruelty as your beſt friends can hardly pardon. I hope you will repent and amend; I could offer many reaſons to this purpoſe, and ſuch as you cannot anſwer with any ſincerity; but that I dare not enlarge, for fear of engaging in a ſtyle of compliment, which has been ſo abuſed by fools and knaves, that it is become almoſt ſcandalous. I conclude therefore with an aſſurance which ſhall never vary, of my being ever, etc.

LETTER II.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

April 9, 1708.

I Have this moment received the favour of yours of the 8th inſtant; and will make you a true excuſe (tho' perhaps no very good one) that I deferred the troubling you with a letter, when I ſent back your papers, in hopes of ſeeing you at Binfield before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I ſhould freely now (as I have done too preſumptuouſly in converſation with you) tell you my opinion; which I have frequently ventured to give you, rather in compliance with your deſires than that I could think it reaſonable. For I am not yet ſatisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of poetry, who never have been practiſed in the art. There may poſſibly be ſome happy geniuſes, who may judge of ſome of the natural beauties of a poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read Vitruvius, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture; but this, tho' it may ſometimes be in the right, muſt be ſubject to many miſtakes, and is certainly but a ſuperficial knowledge;

without entering into the art, the methods, and particular excellencies of the whole compoſure, in the parts of it.

Beſides my want of ſkill, I have another reaſon w I ought to ſuſpect myſelf, by reaſon of the great aff tion I have for you; which might give too much b to be kind to every thing that comes from you. after all, I muſt ſay (and I do it with an old-faſhio ſincerity) that I entirely approve of your tranſlation thoſe pieces of Homer, both as to the verſification a the true ſenſe that ſhines thro' the whole: Nay I confirmed in my former application to you, and gi me leave to renew it upon this occaſion, that y would proceed in tranſlating that incomparable Po to make him ſpeak good Engliſh, to dreſs his admiral characters in your proper, ſignificant, and expreſſ conceptions, and to make his works as uſeful and i ſtructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our frie Horace, when he read him at Preneſte: *Qui, quid pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non*, etc. I bre off with that *quid non?* with which I confeſs I a charm'd.

Upon the whole matter I intreat you to ſend this pr ſently to be added to the Miſcellanies, and I hope will come time enough for that purpoſe.

I have nothing to ſay of my Nephew B's obſerv tions, for he ſent them to me ſo late, that I had n time to conſider them; I dare ſay he endeavour'd ve faithfully (though, he told me, very haſtily) to execu your commands.

All I can add is, that if your exceſs of modeſty ſhou hinder you from publiſhing this Eſſay, I ſhall only ſorry that I have no more credit with you, to perſua you to oblige the public, and very particularly, dear Si

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. POPE.

March 6. 1713.

I Think a haſty ſcribble ſhows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after Balzac's manner in ſtudied phraſes; therefore I will tell you as faſt as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th paſt, with your kind preſent of The Rape of the Lock. You have given me the trueſt ſatisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the juſt opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my Idea of your comprehenſive genius; but likewiſe in that pleaſure I take as an Engliſhman to ſee the French, even Boileau himſelf in his Lutrin, out-done in your poem: for you deſcend *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches, that your own obſervation and wit furniſh, on ſuch a ſubject as requires the fineſt ſtrokes and the livelieſt imagination. But I muſt ſay no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleaſes me ſo much: and henceforth, I hope, you will never condemn me of partiality, ſince I only ſwim with the ſtream, and approve of what all men of good taſte (notwithſtanding the jarring of Parties) muſt and do univerſally applaud. I now come to what is of vaſt moment, I mean the preſervation of your health, and beg of you earneſtly to get out of all Tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a miſery is it for you to be deſtroyed by the fooliſh kindneſs ('tis all one whether real or pretended) of thoſe who are able to bear the poiſon of bad wine, and to engage you in ſo unequal a combat? As to Homer, by all I can learn, your buſineſs is done: therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own ſake, and much more

for yours; methinks Mr. —— has ſaid to you t
than once,

Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flamm

I am Your, et

LETTER IV.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 12, 171

THOUGH any thing you write is ſure to be a
ſure to me, yet I muſt own your laſt letter
me uneaſy; you really uſe a ſtile of compliment, w
I expect as little as I deſerve it. I know 'tis a
mon opinion that a young ſcribbler is as ill pleas
hear truth as a young lady. From the momen
ſets up for an author, one muſt be treated as cer
niouſly, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a King's Favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, join'd to that natural vanity, v
firſt makes a man an author, is certainly enou
render him a coxcomb for life. But I muſt grant
juſt judgment upon poets, that they, whoſe chie
tence is Wit, ſhould be treated as they themſelves
Fools, that is, be cajol'd with praiſes. And, I be
Poets are the only poor fellows in the world who
body will flatter.

I would not be thought to ſay this, as if the obl
letter you ſent me deſerv'd this imputation, only
me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to
friend what Cæſar ſaid of his wife: "It was not
"cient that he knew her to be chaſte himſelf, b
"ſhould not be ſo much as ſuſpected."

As to the wonderful diſcoveries, and all the good
vs you are pleas'd to tell me of myſelf, I treat it, as
a who are in the ſecret, treat common news, as
undleſs reports of things at a diſtance; which I,
o look into the true ſprings of the affair, in my own
aſt, know to have no foundation at all. For Fame,
ough it be (as Milton finely calls it) *the laſt infirmity
oble minds*, is ſcarce ſo ſtrong a temptation as to war-
it our loſs of time here: it can never make us lie
wn contentedly on a death-bed, (as ſome of the An-
nts are ſaid to have done with that thought.) You,
, have yourſelf taught me, that an eaſy ſituation at
t hour can proceed from no ambition leſs noble
n that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable
the ſtrongeſt endeavours of the wit, but may be
in'd by the ſincere intentions of the heart only. As
the next world, ſo in this, the only ſolid bleſſings
e owing to the goodneſs of the mind, not the extent
the capacity: friendſhip here is an emanation from
e ſame ſource as beatitude there: the ſame benevo-
nce and grateful diſpoſition that qualifies us for the
e, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the
her. The utmoſt point of my deſires in my preſent
te terminates in the ſociety and good-will of worthy
en, which I look upon as no ill earneſt and foretaſte
f the ſociety and alliance of happy ſouls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not
nly makes me happy, but cauſes me to ſet ſome value
pon myſelf as a part of your care. The inſtances I
ily meet with of theſe agreeable awakenings of
iendſhip, are of too pleaſing a nature not to be ac-
nowledged whenever I think of you. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER V.

April 30, 1713.

I Have been almoſt every day employ'd in following your advice, and amuſing myſelf in painting, in which I am moſt particularly obliged to Mr. Jervas, who gives me daily inſtructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at preſent to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very uſual. Cato was not ſo much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and tho' all the fooliſh induſtry poſſible has been uſed to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once ſaid of another may the moſt properly in the world be apply'd to him on this occaſion.

Envy itſelf is dumb, in wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive, who ſhall applaud him moſt.

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one ſide of the theatre, were echo'd back by the Tories on the other; while the author ſweated behind the ſcenes with concern to find their applauſe proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the caſe too of the prologue writer *, who was clapp'd into a ſtanch Whig, at almoſt every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauſes of the oppoſite faction, my Lord Bolingbrooke ſent for Booth, who play'd Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and preſented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledgment (as he expreſs'd it) for defending the cauſe of liberty ſo well againſt a Perpetual Dictator. The Whigs are unwilling to be diſtanc'd this way, and therefore deſign a preſent to the ſame Cato very ſpeedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a ſen-

* Himſelf.

ice as the former on their ſide: ſo betwixt them, s probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expreſs'd it) may ve ſomething to live upon, after he dies. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Eaſthamſtead, Feb. 22, 1714-15.

AM ſenſibly oblig'd, dear Sir, by your kind preſent of the *Temple of Fame*, into which you are already ter'd, and I dare prophecy for once (tho' I am not uch given to it) that you will continue there, with loſe,

Who, ever new, not ſubject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.

here was nothing wanting to compleat your obliging membrance of me, but your accompanying it with our poem; your long abſence being much the ſevereſt art of the winter. I am truly ſorry that your time, hich you can employ ſo much better, ſhould be ſpent the drudgery of correcting the printers; for as to hat you have done yourſelf, there will nothing of ut nature be neceſſary. I wiſh you could find a few inutes leiſure to let me hear from you ſometimes, id to acquaint me how your Homer draws on towards publication, and all things relating thereunto.

I intreat you to return my humble ſervice to Mr. rvas. I ſtill flatter myſelf that he will take an oppormity, in a proper ſeaſon to ſee us, and review his picre, and then to alter ſome things, ſo as to pleaſe himlf; which I *know will not* be, till every thing in it is

perfect; no more than I can be, till you believe: be with that ſincerity and eſteem, that I am and ever continue, your moſt faithful friend.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 16, 171

IT was one of the Enigma's of Pythagoras, "W "the winds riſe, worſhip the Echo." A mo writer explains this to ſignify, "When popular tu "begin, retire to ſolitudes, or ſuch places where E "are commonly found, rocks, woods, etc." I ra ther of opinion it ſhould be interpreted, "Whe "mours increaſe, and when there is abundan "noiſe and clamour, believe the ſecond report:" I think agrees more exactly with the echo, and is more natural application of the ſymbol. Howev be, either of theſe precepts is extremely proper followed at this ſeaſon; and I cannot but applaud reſolution of continuing in what you call your ca the foreſt, this winter; and preferring the noi breaking ice to that of breaking ſtateſmen, the of ſtorms to that of parties, the fury and ravag floods and tempeſts, to the precipitancy of ſome, the ruin of others, which, I fear, will be our proſpects in London.

I ſincerely wiſh myſelf with you, to contemplat wonders of God in the firmament, rather than madneſs of man on the earth. But I never ha much cauſe as now to complain of my poetical that fixes me, at this tumultuous time, to atten gingling of rhymes and the meaſuring of ſyllables be almoſt the only trifler in the nation; and as culous as the poet in Petronius, who, while al reſt in the ſhip were either labouring or prayin

was ſcratching his head in a little room, to write
e deſcription of the tempeſt.
ou tell me, you like the ſound of no arms but thoſe
chilles: for my part I like them as little as any
r arms. I lifted myſelf in the battles of Homer,
I am no ſooner in war, but, like moſt other folks,
ſh myſelf out again.
heartily join with you in wiſhing Quiet to our na-
country: Quiet in the ſtate, which, like Charity
eligion, is too much the perfection and happineſs of
er, to be broken or violated on any pretence or
pect whatſoever. Fire and ſword, and fire and
ot, are equally my averſion. I can pray for oppo-
parties, and for oppoſite religions, with great ſin-
ty. I think to be a lover of one's country is a
ious elogy, but I do not think it ſo great a one
o be a lover of mankind.
ſometimes celebrate you under theſe denominations,
join your health with that of the whole world; a
y catholic health, which far excels the poor narrow-
ited, ridiculous healths now in faſhion, to this
ch, or that church. Whatever our teachers may
they muſt give us leave at leaſt to wiſh generouſly.
ſe, dear Sir, are my general diſpoſitions; but
never I pray or wiſh for particulars, you are one
he firſt in the thoughts and affections of

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

From Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Jan. 19, 1715-16.

ihould be aſham'd of my long idleneſs, in not ac-
knowledging your kind advice about Echo, and

your moſt ingenious explanation of it relating t
lar tumults; which I own to be very uſeful: a
give me leave to tell you, that I keep myſelf to
ter receipt of the ſame Pythagoras, which is Si
and this I ſhall obſerve, if not the whole time
diſcipline, yet at leaſt till your return into this
try. I am obliged further to this method, by the
ſevere weather I ever felt; when, tho' I keep as
by the fire-ſide as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit fr*
ſanguis; and often I apprehend the circulation of
blood begins to be ſtopp'd. I have further great lo
(to a poor farmer) of my poor oxen.—*Intereunt pecu*
ſtant circumfuſa pruinis Corpora magna boum, etc.

Pray comfort me, if you can, by telling me th
your ſecond volume of Homer is not frozen; for
muſt be expreſs'd very poetically, to ſay now, that th
preſſes ſweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have
been guilty of, on occaſion of my being obliged to
congratulate the birth-day of a friend of mine; when
finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly
ſent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on *An-*
tonius Primus *. This has been applauded ſo much,
that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps
laureat, (pray deſire my good friend Mr. Rowe to ente

* *Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, etc.*

At length my Friend (while Time with ſtill career
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his paſt days ſafe out of Fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the ſtrict ſurvey
Finds not one moment he could wiſh away,
Pleas'd with the ſeries of each happy day.
Such, ſuch a man extends his life's ſhort ſpace,
And from the goal again renews the race;
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The preſent well, and even the paſt enjoy.

a caveat) provided you will further increaſe my ſtock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my eſtate, and as honeſtly, as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little fearful, as young beginners often are, I offer to you, (for I have conceal'd the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the father of this fine child or not? Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen and ink are ſo frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSON

From the Year 1711 to 1714.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. J. C. Eſq;

June 15, 17

I Send you Dennis's remarks on the * Eſſay; v
equally abound in juſt criticiſms and fine raill
The few obſervations in my hand in the margins
what a morning's leiſure permitted me to make p
for your peruſal. For I am of opinion that ſuch
tic, as you will find him by the latter part of his l
is but one way to be properly anſwer'd, and tha
I would not take after what he informs me in his
face, that he is at this time perſecuted by for
This I knew not before; if I had, his name had
ſpared in the Eſſay, for that only reaſon. I can't
ceive what ground he has for ſo exceſſive a re

* On Criticiſm.

nent; nor imagine how theſe * three lines can be called a reflection on his perſon, which only deſcribe him ſubject a little to anger on ſome occaſions. I have heard of combatants ſo very furious, as to fall down themſelves with that very blow which they deſign'd to lay heavy on their antagoniſts. But if Mr. Dennis's rage proceeds only from a zeal to diſcourage young and unexperienced writers from ſcribling, he ſhould frighten us with his verſe, not proſe: for I have often known, that, when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a ſinner, ſome very ſad example has done the buſineſs. Yet, to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reaſon, and I will alter them in caſe of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindneſs where he meant an injury, and ſo ſerve inſtead of a friend. What he obſerves at the bottom of page 20 of his reflections, was objected to by yourſelf, and had been mended but for the haſte of the preſs: I confeſs it what the Engliſh call a Bull, in the expreſſion, tho' the ſenſe be manifeſt enough: Mr. Dennis's Bulls are ſeldom in the expreſſion, they are generally in the ſenſe.

I ſhall certainly never make the leaſt reply to him; not only becauſe you adviſe me, but becauſe I have ever been of opinion, that, if a book can't anſwer for itſelf to the public, 'tis to no ſort of purpoſe for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any ſentiment of that Eſſay, I proteſt ſincerely, I don't deſire all the world ſhould be deceived (which would be of very ill conſequence) merely that I myſelf may be thought right (which is of very little conſequence.) I would be the firſt to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory

* But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.

of myſelf; for (as I take it) when a man owns himſelf to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiſer than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publiſhing that book, which otherwiſe I ſhould never have known; it has been the occaſion of making me friends and open abettors, of ſeveral gentlemen of known ſenſe and wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken ſome notice of by the world, or I ſhould never be attacked thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a cuſtom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in triumph, to have the common ſoldiers in the ſtreets that railed at him and reproached him; to put him in mind, that tho' his ſervices were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You will ſee by this, that whoever ſets up for wit in theſe days ought to have the conſtancy of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer martyrdom in the cauſe of it. But ſure this is the firſt time that a Wit was attacked for his *Religion*, as you'll find, I am moſt zealouſly in this treatiſe; and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the * oppoſite ſide on this account. Have I not reaſon to cry out with the poor fellow in *Virgil*,

Quid jam miſero mihi denique reſtat?
Cui neque apud Danaos *uſquam locus, et ſuper ipſæ*
Dardanidæ *infenſi pœnas cum ſanguine poſcunt!*

'Tis however my happineſs that you, Sir, are impartial,

Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian,
For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion.

* See the enſuing Letter.

The manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces ſeveral particular lines, detached from their natural places, may ſhew how eaſy it is to a caviller to give a new ſenſe, or a new nonſenſe to any thing. And indeed his conſtructions are not more wreſted from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they called them.

Our friend the Abbe is not of that ſort, who with the utmoſt candour and freedom has modeſtly told me what others thought, and ſhewn himſelf one (as he very well expreſſes it) rather of a number than a party. The only difference between us in relation to the Monks, is that he thinks moſt ſorts of learning flouriſhed among them, and I am of opinion, that only ſome ſort of learning was barely kept alive by them: he believes that in the moſt natural and obvious ſenſe, that line (A ſecond deluge learning over-run) will be underſtood of learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be underſtood only (as 'tis meant) of polite learning, criticiſm, poetry, etc. which is the only learning concerned in the ſubject of the Eſſay. It is true, that the monks did preſerve what learning there was, about Nicholas the fifth's time; but thoſe who ſucceeded fell into the depth of barbariſm, or at leaſt ſtood at a ſtay while others aroſe from thence, in ſo much that even Eraſmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly obliged to the Abbe's zeal in my commendation, and goodneſs in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his teſtifying ſome eſteem for the book juſt at a time when his brethren rais'd a clamour againſt it, is an inſtance of great generoſity and candour, which I ſhall ever acknowledge.

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

To the ſame.

June 18, 1711.

IN your laſt you informed me of the miſtaken zeal ſome people, who ſeem to make it no leſs their b ſineſs to perſuade men they are erroneous, than doct do that they are ſick; only that they may magni their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary d temper. The ſimile objected to in my Eſſay,

(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.)

plainly concludes at this ſecond line, where ſtands full ſtop: and what follows *(Meanly they ſeek, etc* ſpeaks only of wit (which is meant by that bleſſing, a that ſun) for how can the ſun of faith be ſaid to ſublir the ſouthern wits, and to ripen the geniuſes of nort ern climates? I fear, theſe gentlemen underſta grammar as little as they do criticiſm: and, perhaj out of good nature to the monks, are willing to ta from them the cenſure of ignorance, and to have it themſelves. The word *they* refers (as I am ſure, meant, and as I thought every one muſt have know to thoſe Critics there ſpoken of, who are partial ſome particular ſet of writers, to the prejudice of others. And the very ſimile itſelf, if twice read, m convince them, that the cenſure here of damning, l not on our church at all, unleſs they call our chur *one ſmall ſect:* and the cautious words *(by each ma* manifeſtly ſhew it a general reflection on all ſuch (wh ever they are) who entertain thoſe narrow and limit notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the formed miniſters and preſbyterians are as guilty of any people living.

Yet after all, I promiſe you, Sir, if the alteration of
vord or two will gratify any man of ſound faith tho'
ak underſtanding, I will (though it were from no
ıer principle than that of common good-nature)
mply with it. And if you pleaſe but to particularize
e ſpot where their objection lies (for it is in a very
rrow compaſs) that ſtumbling-block, tho' it be but
ittle pebble, ſhall be removed out of their way. If
e heat of theſe good diſputants (who, I am afraid,
ing bred up to wrangle in the ſchools, cannot get
l of the humour all their lives) ſhould proceed ſo
r as to perſonal reflections upon me, I aſſure you,
twithſtanding, I will do or ſay nothing, however
ovok'd (for ſome people can no more provoke than
lige) that is unbecoming the true character of a Ca-
olic. I will ſet before me the example of that great
ın, and great ſaint, Eraſmus; who in the midſt of
lumny proceeded with all the calmneſs of innocence,
d the unrevenging ſpirit of primitive Chriſtianity.
owever, I would adviſe them to ſuffer the mention
him to paſs unregarded, leſt I ſhould be forced to
that for his reputation which I would never do for
y own; I mean, to vindicate ſo great a light of our
urch from the malice of paſt times, and the igno-
ıce of the preſent, in a language which may extend
ther than that in which the trifle about criticiſm is
itten. I wiſh theſe gentlemen would be contented
th finding fault with me only, who will ſubmit to
em right or wrong, as far as I only am concerned;
ıave a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than
diſturb it for things of ſo little conſequence as my
edit and my ſenſe. A little humility can do a poet
hurt, and a little charity would do a prieſt none:
, as St. Auſtin finely ſays, *Ubi charitas, ibi humili-*
; ubi humilitas, ibi pax.

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than ſeem to be affected with for my reputation, by the ſeveral accounts you have ſo obligingly given of what reports and cenſures the holy Vandals have thought fit to paſs upon me, makes me deſirous of telling ſo good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of ſetting before you, in a clear light, the true ſtate of it.

I have ever believed the beſt piece of ſervice one could do to our religion, was openly to expreſs our deteſtation and ſcorn of all thoſe mean artifices and *pia fraudes*, which it ſtands ſo little in need of, and which have laid it under ſo great a ſcandal among its enemies.

Nothing has been ſo much a ſcarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable aſſertion of an utter impoſſibility of ſalvation to all but ourſelves: invincible ignorance excepted, which indeed ſome people define under ſo great limitations, and with ſuch excluſions, that it ſeems, as if that word were rather invented as a ſalvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God, (which are hurled about ſo freely on almoſt all mankind by the hands of eccleſiaſtics) than as a real exception to almoſt univerſal damnation. For beſides the ſmall number of the truly faithful in our Church, we muſt again ſubdivide; the Janſeniſt is damned by the Jeſuit, the Jeſuit by the Janſeniſt, the Scotiſt by the Thomiſt, and ſo forth.

There may be Errors, I grant, but I can't think them of ſuch conſequence as to deſtroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greateſt bond in which we are ingaged by God to one another: therefore,

wn to you, I was glad of any opportunity to expreſs ay diſlike of ſo ſhocking a ſentiment as thoſe of the eligion I profeſs are commonly charged with; and I oped, a ſlight inſinuation, introduced ſo eaſily by a ſual ſimilitude only, could never have given offence; ut on the contrary muſt needs have done good; in a ation and time, wherein we are the ſmaller party, nd conſequently moſt miſrepreſented, and moſt in eed of vindication.

For the ſame reaſon, I took occaſion to mention the perſtition of ſome ages after the ſubverſion of the oman Empire, which is too manifeſt a truth to be enied, and does in no ſort reflect upon the preſent rofeſſors of our faith, who are free from it. Our ſi-ence in theſe points may, with ſome reaſon, make our dverſaries think we allow and perſiſt in thoſe bigot-ies; which yet in reality all good and ſenſible men deſpiſe, tho' they are perſuaded not to ſpeak againſt them, I can't tell why, ſince now 'tis no way the in-tereſt even of the worſt of our prieſthood (as it might have been then) to have them ſmothered in ſilence: For, as the oppoſite ſects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our church from being ſlander'd; 'tis our buſineſs now to vindicate ourſelves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This can't ſo well be brought about with ſerious faces; we muſt laugh with them at what deſerves it, or be con-tent to be laughed at, with ſuch as deſerve it.

As to particulars: you cannot but have obſerved, that at firſt the whole objection againſt the ſimile of Wit and Faith lay to the word They: when that was be-yond contradiction removed (the very grammar ſerving o confute them) then the objection was againſt the ſi-ile itſelf; or if that ſimile will not be objected to enſe and common reaſon being indeed a little ſtub-

born, and not apt to give way to every
the mention of Superſtition muſt become
if Religion and ſhe were ſiſters, or that it
upon the family of Chriſt, to ſay a word
devil's baſtard. Afterwards, more miſch
ver'd in a place that ſeemed innocent at f
lines about *Schiſmatics*. An ordinary
imagine the author plainly declared againſ
tics, for quitting the true faith out of a
the underſtanding of ſome few of its bel
theſe believers are called *dull*, and becau
thoſe ſchiſmatics think ſome believers du
theſe charitable interpreters of my meani
it that I think all believers dull. I was
Mr. * * theſe objections: who aſſured m
nothing which a Catholic need to diſown;
cauſe to know that gentleman's fault (if
is not want of zeal: He put a notion in
which, I confeſs, I can't but acquieſce in
a ſet of people are piqued at any truth
think to their own diſadvantage, their m
venge on the truth-ſpeaker is to attack h
a by-way, and not openly to object to th
are really galled by: what theſe therefore
nion) are in earneſt angry at, is, that Era
their tribe oppreſſed and perſecuted, ſhou
cated after an age of obloquy by one
people, willing to utter an honeſt truth
the dead, whom no man ſure will flatter,
few will do juſtice. Others, you know, w
that I mentioned Mr. Walſh with honour
never refuſed to any one of merit of a
praiſe due to him, ſo honeſtly deſerved
others, tho' of ever ſo different intereſts o
May I be ever guilty of this ſort of libe

tude of principle! which gives us the hardineſs of ſpeaking well of thoſe whom envy oppreſſes even after death. As I would always ſpeak well of my living friends when they are abſent, nay becauſe they are abſent, ſo would I much more of the dead, in that eternal abſence; and the rather becauſe I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you ſee I do in my conſcience perſiſt in what I have written; yet in my friendſhip will recant and alter whatever you pleaſe, in caſe of a ſecond edition (which I think the book will not ſo ſoon arrive at, for Tonſon's printer told me he drew off a thouſand copies in this firſt impreſſion, and, I fancy, a treatiſe of this nature, which not one gentleman in threeſcore even of a liberal education can underſtand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number.) You ſhall find me a true Trojan in my faith and friendſhip, in both which I will perſevere to the end.

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

To my Lord LANSDOWN.

Binfield, Jan. 10, 1712.

I Thank you for having given my poem of Windſor Foreſt its greateſt ornament, that of bearing your name in the front of it. 'Tis one thing when a perſon of true merit permits us to have the honour of drawing him as like as we can; and another, when we make a fine thing at random, and perſuade the next vain creature we can find that 'tis his own likeneſs; which is the caſe every day of my fellow ſcribblers. Yet, my Lord, this honour has given me no more pride than your honours have given you; but it affords me a great deal of pleaſure, which is much better than a great deal of pride; and it indeed would give me

ſome pain, if I was not ſure of one advanta
whereas others are offended if they have n
than juſtice done them, you would be diſpleaſ
had ſo much: therefore I may ſafely do you
injury in my word, as you do yourſelf in y
thoughts. I am ſo vain as to think I have ſh
a favour, in ſparing your modeſty, and you
but make me ſome return for prejudicing the
gratify you: This I beg may be the free corr
theſe verſes, which will have few beauties, b
may be made by your blots. I am in the
ſtance of an ordinary painter drawing Sir
Kneller, who by a few touches of his own con
the piece very valuable. I might then ho
many years hence the world might read, in
tion with your name, that of

Your Lordſhip'

LETTER V.

The Hon. J. C. to Mr. Pope.

May 23,

I AM very glad for the ſake of the widow, the credit of the deceaſed, that * Better mains are fallen into ſuch hands as may rend reputable to the one, and beneficial to the oth ſides the public acquaintance I long had with t man, I alſo had a fleader knowledge of his p capacity by private converſation, and ever th pity he was neceſſitated by the ſtraitneſs of his

* A Tranſlation of ſome part of Chaucer's Canterbi the Prologues, etc. printed in a Miſcellany with ſome Mr. Pope, in 2 vol. 12°, by B. Lintot.

to act (and eſpecially to his lateſt hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himſelf, and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your deſign of giving us an imitation of Pollio; I am ſatiſfy'd 'twill be doubly divine, and I ſhall long to ſee it. I ever thought church-muſic the moſt raviſhing of all harmonious compoſitions, and muſt alſo believe ſacred ſubjects, well-handled, the moſt inſpiring of all poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (tho' I know, that rather than draw any juſt reflection upon yourſelf of the leaſt ſhadow of ill-nature, you would freely have ſuppreſs'd one of the beſt of poems.) I hear no more of it—will it come out in Lintot's Miſcellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the ſubject of the Lock, ſome time ſince, but have as yet had no anſwer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in London. I have, ſince I ſaw you, correſponded with Mrs. W. I hope ſhe is now with her Aunt, and that her journey thither was ſomething facilitated by my writing to that lady as preſſingly as poſſible, not to let any thing whatſoever obſtruct it. I ſent her obliging anſwer to the party it moſt concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady to urge as much as poſſible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her niece eaſy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am

Your, &c.

LETTER VI.

The Anſwer.

May 28, 17

IT is not only the diſpoſition I always have of verſing with you, that makes me ſo ſpeedily a your obliging letter, but the apprehenſion leſt charitable intent of writing to my Lady A. or W.'s affair ſhould be fruſtrated, by the ſhort ſt makes there. She went thither on the 25th wit mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which uſually go into unknown or half diſcover'd cou utterly ignorant of the diſpoſitions of the inhabi and the treatment they are to meet with. The tunate of all people are the moſt unfit to be left yet, we ſee, the world generally takes care they be ſo: whereas, if we took a conſiderate proſp the world, the buſineſs and ſtudy of the happy an ſhould be to divert and humour, as well as co and pity, the diſtreſſed. I cannot therefore ſome near Allies of mine for their conduct o towards this Lady, which has given me a grea of anger as well as ſorrow; all I ſhall ſay to y them at preſent is, that they have not been my tions theſe two months. The conſent of opini our minds, is certainly a nearer tye than can b tracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am of finding I have ſomething congenial with you. you permit me to confeſs to you, that all the f and kind offices you have ſhewn towards me, not ſo ſtrongly cemented me yours, as the diſc of that generous and manly compaſſion you man in the caſe of this unhappy Lady? I am afr inſinuate to you how much I eſteem you: Fla

ve taken up the ſtyle which was once peculiar to ends, and an honeſt man has now no way left to preſs himſelf beſides the common one of knaves: that true friends now-a-days differ in their addreſs om flatterers, much as right maſtiffs do from ſpa-els, and ſhow themſelves by a dumb ſurly ſort of lelity, rather than by a complaiſant and open kindneſs. -Will you never leave commending my poetry? In ir truth, Sir, I like it but too well myſelf already: poſe me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of uity, (the rock of all men, but moſt of young men) ld be kindly content for the future, when you would eaſe me thoroughly, to ſay only you like what I rite.

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

Dec. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length complied with the requeſt I have often made you, for you have ſhown me, muſt confeſs, ſeveral of my faults in the ſight of oſe letters. Upon a review of them, I find many ings that would give me ſhame, if I were not more ſirous to be thought honeſt than prudent; ſo many ings freely thrown out, ſuch lengths of unreſerved endſhip, thoughts juſt warm from the brain without y poliſhing or dreſs, the very diſhabille of the un-rſtanding. You have proved yourſelf more tender another's embryos than the fondeſt mothers are of eir own, for you have preſerved every thing that I ſcarried of. Since I know this, I ſhall in one ſpect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at is careleſs rate, becauſe I ſee my evil works may

again riſe in judgment againſt me; yet in another reſpect I ſhall be leſs afraid, ſince this has given me ſuch a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my ſlighteſt thoughts. The reviſal of theſe letters has been a kind of examination of conſcience to me; ſo fairly and faithfully have I ſet down in them from time to time the true and undiſguiſed ſtate of my mind. But I find, that theſe which were intended as ſketches of my friendſhip, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landſcapes we commonly ſee in black and white do of a beautiful country; they can repreſent but a very ſmall part of it, and that deprived of the life and luſtre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavour'd to render manifeſt the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by repreſenting leſs and leſs of it: as glaſſes which are deſign'd to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing firſt upon their own knowledge, the leaſt traces of it ſerve to refreſh the remembrance, and are not diſpleaſing on that ſcore; ſo, I hope, the foreknowledge you had of my eſteem for you, is the reaſon that you do not diſlike my letters.

They will not be of any great ſervice (I find) in the deſign I mentioned to you: I believe I had better ſteal from a richer man, and plunder your letters (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patents, ſince they intitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have ſome cauſe to apprehend this uſage from me, if what ſome ſay be true, that I am a great borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challenged me for it: and thoſe who ſay it are ſuch, whoſe writings no man ever borrow'd from, ſo have the leaſt reaſon to complain and whoſe works are granted on all hands to be but *too much* their own. Another has been pleas'd to de-

are, that my verſes are corrected by other men: I erily believe theirs were never corrected by any man: at indeed if mine have not, 'twas not my fault; I ave endeavour'd my utmoſt that they ſhould. But eſe things are only whiſper'd, and I will not encroach upon Bays's province and *pen-whiſpers*, ſo haſten to conclude

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

From my Lord LANSDOWN.

Oct. 21, 1713.

I AM pleas'd beyond meaſure with your deſign of tranſlating Homer. The trials which you have already made and publiſhed on ſome parts of that author ave ſhewn that you are equal to ſo great a taſk: and ou may therefore depend upon the utmoſt ſervices I an do you in promoting this work, or any thing that ay be for your ſervice.

I hope Mr. Stafford, for whom you was pleaſed to oncern yourſelf, has had the good effects of the ueen's grace to him. I had notice the night before began my journey, that her Majeſty had not only irected his pardon, but order'd a writ for reverſing is outlawry.

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

To General ANTHONY HAMILTON *.

Upon his having tranſlated into French Verſe the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*.

Oct. 10, 1713.

IF I could as well expreſs, or (if you will allow me t ſay it) tranſlate the ſentiments of my heart as yo have done thoſe of my head, in your excellent verſio of my Eſſay; I ſhould not only appear the beſt writ in the world, but, what I much more deſire to b thought, the moſt your ſervant of any man living 'Tis an advantage very rarely known, to receive a once a great honour and a great improvement. This Sir, you have afforded me, having at the ſame tim made others take my ſenſe, and taught me to under ſtand my own; if I may call that my own which i indeed more properly yours. Your verſes are no mor a tranſlation of mine, than Virgil's are of Homer's but are, like his, the juſteſt imitation, and the noble Commentary.

In putting me into a French dreſs, you have no only adorned my outſide, but mended my ſhape; and if I am now a good figure, I muſt conſider you hav naturaliz'd me into a country which is famous fo making every man a fine gentleman. It is by you means, that (contrary to moſt young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wiſh we had a bill of commerce fo tranſlation eſtabliſhed the next parliament; we coul not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making our ſelves amends for any thing we have loſt by the war

* Author of the Memoirs of the *Count de Grammont*, *Conte* and other pieces of note in French.

ıy, tho' we ſhould inſiſt upon the demoliſhing of ileau's works, the French, as long as they have iters of your form, might have as good an equiva- ıt.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our miniſ- rs ought to be, of the terms I have gain'd from ıroad; and I deſign, like them, to publiſh ſpeedily the world the benefits accruing from them; for I ınnot reſiſt the temptation of printing your admir- ıle tranſlation here *; to which if you will be ſo ob- ging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be ıe only addition you can make to the honour already one me. I am

Your, etc.

* This was never done, for the two printed French verſions are ither of this hand. The one was done by Monſieur Roboton, ivate ſecretary to King George the firſt, printed in quarto at Am- erdam, and at London 1717. The other by the Abbé Reſnel, in 8vo, with a large preface and notes, at Paris, 1730.

LETTER

TO AND FROM

Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDIS Mr. CONGREVE, etc.

From the Year 1712 to 1715.

LETTER I.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

June 1, 1

I AM at a ſolitude, an houſe between Han and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedle This circumſtance ſet me a thinking and rumi upon the employments in which men of wit e themſelves. It was ſaid of Sir Charles, who bi his laſt in this room,

Sedley *has that prevailing gentle art,*
Which can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart;
Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire
Between declining Virtue and Deſire,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away
In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all a

This was a happy talent to a man of the town, but, I dare ſay, without preſuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's preſent condition, he would rather have had it ſaid of him that he had pray'd,

Oh thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

I have turn'd to every verſe and chapter, and think you have preſerv'd the ſublime heavenly ſpirit throughout the whole, eſpecially at—*Hark a glad voice*—and —*The lamb with wolves ſhall graze.*—There is but one line which I think below the original,

He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expreſs'd it with a good and pious, but not ſo exalted and poetical a ſpirit as the prophet, *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphraſe or otherwiſe, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your poem is already better than the Pollio. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

The Anſwer.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mix'd ſtate which wiſe men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moraliſts and philoſophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either ſolitude, or public life. In the former, men for

the moſt part grow uſeleſs by too much reſt, and the latter are deſtroy'd by too much precipitation; waters lying ſtill, putrify, and are good for nothin and running violently on do but the more miſchief their paſſage to others, and are ſwallow'd up and l the ſooner themſelves. Thoſe indeed who can be uſ ful to all ſtates, ſhould be like gentle ſtreams, that n only glide thro' lonely valleys, and foreſts amidſt tl flocks and the ſhepherds, but viſit populous towns their courſe, and are at once of ornament and ſervi to them. But there are another ſort of people wh ſeem deſign'd for ſolitude, ſuch I mean, as have mo to hide than to ſhow. As for my own part, I am on of thoſe whom Seneca ſays, *Tam umbratiles ſunt, a putent in turbido eſſe quicquid in luce eſt.* Some me like ſome pictures, are fitter for a corner than a fu light; and, I believe, ſuch as have a natural bent t ſolitude (to carry on the former ſimilitude) are like wa ters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalte into a great height, may make a noble figure and louder noiſe, but after all they would run more ſmooth ly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural courſ upon the ground *. The conſideration of this woul make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion onl of that Quiet which Cowley calls the companion o Obſcurity. But whoever has the Muſes too for hi companions, can never be idle enough, to be uneaſy. Thus, Sir, you ſee, I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch juſt now told me, that 'tis in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wiſh for the higheſt caſt, but, if his

* The foregoing ſimilitudes our Author had put into verſe ſome years before, and inſerted into Mr. Wycherley's poem on *Mix'd Life*. We find them in the verſification very diſtinct from the reſt of that poem. See his poſthumous works, octavo, page 3 and 4.

chance be otherwiſe, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the beſt of it. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

To Mr. STEELE.

July 15, 1712.

YOU formerly obſerved to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well: thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and, I hope, have receiv'd ſome advantage by it, if what Waller ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependance upon our outworks. Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: 'tis like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes

it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks, 'tis a ſhame to be concern'd at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they were us'd to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expreſs'd in the Book of Wiſdom) paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt that tarrieth but one day. There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. "For honourable age "is not that which ſtandeth in length of time, or

" is measur'd by number of years. But wisdom is the " grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. " He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should " alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul," etc. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

To Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I Was the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of its departure; in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca!

" Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this " body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it! " whither art thou flying? to what unknown scene? " all trembling, fearful, and pensive! what now is " become of thy former wit and humour? thou shalt " jest and be gay no more."

I confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the tr in all this: 'tis the moſt natural and obvious refl imaginable to a dying man: and if we conſide Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concernin future fate of his ſoul will ſeem ſo far from beir effect of want of thought, that 'twas ſcarce reaſc he ſhould think otherwiſe; not to mention that h a plain confeſſion included of his belief in its in tality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *bla* and the reſt, appear not to me as expreſſions of l but rather of endearment and concern; ſuch as w in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* him, where they are uſed to expreſs the utmo and tenderneſs for their miſtreſſes.—If you thi right in my notion of the laſt words of Adria pleas'd to inſert it in the Spectator: if not, to ſu it. I am,

ADRIANI morientis ad ANIMAM

TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire,
That long haſt warm'd my tender breaſt,
Muſt thou no more this frame inſpire?
No more a pleaſing chearful gueſt?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiſcover'd ſhore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

LETTER V.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

ave read over your Temple of Fame twice, and innot find any thing amiſs, of weight enough to . fault, but ſee in it a thouſand thouſand beauties. Addiſon ſhall ſee it to-morrow: after his peruſal I will let you know his thoughts. I deſire you d let me know whither you are at leiſure or not? re a deſign which I ſhall open a month or two e, with the aſſiſtance of the few like yourſelf. If thoughts are unengaged, I ſhall explain myſelf ier. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

The Anſwer.

Nov. 16, 1712.

O U oblige me by the indulgence you have ſhewn to the poem I ſent you, but will oblige me much e by the kind ſeverity I hope for from you. No rs are ſo trivial, but they deſerve to be mended. ſince you ſay you ſee nothing that may be call'd a t, can you but think it ſo, that I have confin'd the ndance of * Guardian ſpirits to Heaven's favourites ? I could point you to ſeveral, but it is my buſi- to be informed of thoſe faults I do not know; and or thoſe I do, not to talk of them, but to correct n. You ſpeak of that poem in a ſtyle I neither

* This is not now to be found in the *Temple of Fame*, which was Poem here ſpoken of.

merit, nor expect; but, I assure you, if you freely mar or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be i greatest beauties: I mean, if Mr. Addison and yourse should like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble c correction is what I would not take, for I was reall so diffident of it as to let it lie by me these † two year just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so muc as to impose any thing on the world which is unworth of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be ver ready and glad to contribute to any design that tend to the advantage of mankind, which, I am sure, al yours do. I wish I had but as much capacity as lei sure, for I am perfectly idle: (a sign I have not muc capacity)

If you will entertain the best opinion of me, b pleas'd to think me your friend. Assure Mr. Addiso of my most faithful service, of every one's esteem h must be assur'd already. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

To Mr. STEELE.

November 29, 1712.

I AM sorry you published that notion about Adrian' verses as mine: had I imagined you would use m name, I should have express'd my sentiments with mo modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have yo opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distruste But I think the supposition you draw from the notic of Adrian's being addicted to magic, is a little unch

† Hence it appears this Poem was writ when the Author w twenty-two years old.

ritable, ("that he might fear no ſort of deity, good or bad") ſince in the third verſe he plainly teſtifies his apprehenſion of a future ſtate, by being ſolicitous whither his ſoul was going. As to what you mention of his uſing gay and ludicrous expreſſions, I have own'd my opinion to be, that the expreſſions are not ſo, but that diminutives are as often, in the Latin tongue, uſed as marks of tenderneſs and concern.

Anima is no more than my ſoul, *animula* has the force of my dear ſoul. To ſay *virgo bella* is not half ſo endearing as *virguncula bellula*; and had Auguſtus only call'd Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleaſant fellow: 'twas the *homunciolum* that expreſs'd the love and tenderneſs that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I ſhould myſelf be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a great genius, or an eminent hand, as Jacob does all his authors. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. STEELE.

Dec 4, 1712.

THIS is to deſire of you that you would pleaſe to make an ode as of a chearful dying ſpirit, that is to ſay, the Emperor *Adrian*'s *Animula vagula* put into two or three ſtanza's for muſic. If you comply with this, and ſend me word ſo, you will very particularly oblige

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

I Do not ſend you word I will do, but have alre done the thing you deſire of me. You have it Cowley calls it) juſt warm from the brain. It c to me the firſt moment I waked this morning: you'll ſee, it was not ſo abſolutely inſpiration, that I had in my head not only the verſes of Adr but the fine fragment of Sappho, etc.

The dying Chriſtian to his SOUL.

ODE.

I.

Vital ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

LETTER X.

To Mr. ADDISON.

July 20, 1713.

more joy'd at your return than I ſhou'd be at
t of the ſun, ſo much as I wiſh for him this
ıoly wet ſeaſon; but 'tis his fate too, like yours,
iſpleaſing to Owls and obſcene animals, who
bear his luſtre. What put me in mind of theſe
irds was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are
enged upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon
ıts and beaſtly birds above-mentioned, only by
ɯ. I am ſo far from eſteeming it any misfor-
hat I congratulate you upon having your ſhare
, which all the great men and all the good men
:r lived have had their part of, Envy and Ca-

To be uncenſured and to be obſcure, is the
ing. You may conclude from what I here ſay,
'as never in my thoughts to have offered you
in any direct reply to ſuch a Critic, but only
little raillery; not in defence of you, but in
ɔt of him *. But indeed your opinion, that
rely to be neglected, would have been my own
ɛen my own caſe: but I felt more warmth here
lid when firſt I ſaw his book againſt myſelf,
leed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.)
written againſt every thing the world has ap-
:heſe many years. I apprehend but one danger
ennis's diſliking our ſenſe, that it may make us
› very well of it, as to become proud and con-
upon his diſapprobation.

* relates to the paper occaſion'd by Dennis's Remarks upon
l'd Dr. Norris's *Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis*.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the Critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them look'd upon no better than themselves. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XI.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. POPE.

Oct. 26, 1713.

I Was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The * Work you mention, will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the Proposals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me, than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of shewing it by this, or any other instance. I question not but your Translation will enrich our Tongue, and do honour to our Country; for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal

* The Translation of the Iliad.

of time, and, unleſs you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at leaſt I know none of this age that is equal to it beſide yourſelf.

I am at preſent wholly immerſed in country buſineſs, and begin to take delight in it. I wiſh I might hope to ſee you here ſome time, and will not deſpair of it, when you engage in a work that will require ſolitude and retirement. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.

Nov. 2, 1713.

I Have receiv'd your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid ſo good a ſcheme for your great undertaking. I queſtion not but the Proſe * will require as much care as the Poetry, but the variety will give yourſelf ſome relief, and more pleaſure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in adviſing you not to content yourſelf with one half of the Nation for your admirers when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occaſion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You ſee how I preſume on your friendſhip in taking all this freedom with you: But I already fancy, that we have lived many years together in an unreſerved converſation, and that we may do ſo many more, is the ſincere wiſh of Your, etc.

* The Notes to his Tranſlation of Homer.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. ADDISON.

YOUR laſt is the more obliging, as it hints at ſom little niceties in my conduct, which your candor and affection prompts you to recommend to me, an which (ſo trivial as things of this nature ſeem) are y of no ſlight conſequence, to people whom every bod talks of, and every body as he pleaſes. 'Tis a ſort tax that attends an eſtate in Parnaſſus, which is ofte rated much higher than in proportion to the ſmall po ſeſſion an author holds. For indeed an author, who once come upon the town, is enjoy'd without bein thanked for the pleaſure, and ſometimes ill-treated b thoſe very perſons who firſt debauched him. Ye to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way di pleaſed that I have offended the violent of all parti already; and at the ſame time I aſſure you conſcien tiouſly, I feel not the leaſt malevolence or reſentmen againſt any of thoſe who miſrepreſent me, or are diſſ tisfied with me. This frame of mind is ſo eaſy, that am perfectly content with my condition.

As I hope, and would flatter myſelf, that you kno me and my thoughts ſo entirely as never to be miſtak in either, ſo 'tis a pleaſure to me that you gueſs'd right in regard to the author of that Guardian y mentioned. But I am ſorry to find it has taken a that I have ſome hand in thoſe papers, becauſe I w ſo very few as neither to deſerve the credit of ſuch report with ſome people, nor the diſrepute of it w others. An honeſt Jacobite ſpoke to me the ſenſe nonſenſe of the weak part of his party very fairly, t the good people took it ill of me, that I writ w Steele, tho' upon never ſo indifferent ſubjects. Th

know, you will laugh at as well as I do; yet I doubt ot but many little calumniators and perſons of ſour iſpoſitions will take occaſion hence to beſpatter me. confeſs I ſcorn narrow ſouls of all parties, and if I enounce my reaſon in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to paſs, that the few Guardians I have written are ſo generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never diſcovered to any man but the publiſher, till very lately: yet almoſt every body told me of it.

As to his taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that ſecret, nor have I been let into it any more than into the reſt of his politics. Tho' 'tis ſaid, he will take into theſe papers alſo ſeveral ſubjects of the politer kind, as before: But, I aſſure you, as to myſelf, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great reſpect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has render'd me a ſuſpected Whig to ſome of the violent; but (as old Dryden ſaid before me) 'tis not the violent I deſign to pleaſe.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas *, and the evenings in the converſation of ſuch as I think can moſt improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are. I ever muſt ſet the higheſt value upon men of truly great, that is honeſt principles, with equal capacities. The beſt way I know of overcoming calumny and miſconſtruction, is by a vigorous perſeverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can enſue from it. 'Tis partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendſhip, becauſe I believe it will do juſtice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no ſmall aſſurance I repoſe in you. I am Your, etc.

* See the *Epiſtle to him* in verſe, writ about this time.

LETTER XIV.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination this week and more, and watching what thought came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling head can produce nothing of that ſort; ſo I muſt e'en be contented with telling you the old ſtory, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature and truth, tho never ſo low or vulgar, are yet pleaſing when openly and artleſsly repreſented: it would be diverting to me to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconſiſtencies and tautologies juſt as it thought them. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conſcious I write with more unreſervedneſs than ever man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I truſt your good-nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you ſo well that I would rather you ſhould pardon me than eſteem me; ſince one is an act of goodneſs and benevolence the other a kind of conſtrained deference.

You can't wonder my thoughts are ſcarce conſiſtent when I tell you how they are diſtracted. Every hour of my life my mind is ſtrangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the ſtars, with a thouſand ſyſtems round about me, looking forward into a vaſt abyſs, and loſing my whole comprehenſion in the boundleſs ſpace of Creation, in dialogues with Whiſton and the Aſtronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles groveling with T* in the very centre of nonſenſe: Now I am recreated with the briſk ſallies and quick turns of wit

hich Mr. Steele in his liveliest and freest humours arts about him; and now levelling my application to he insignificant observations and quirks of Grammar of C* and D*.

Good God! what an incongruous animal is man! how unsettled in his best part, his soul; and how changing and variable in his frame of body? the constancy of the one shook by every notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blast of wind! What is he altogether but one mighty inconsistency: sickness and pain is the lot of one half of him, doubt and fear the portion of the other! What a bustle we make about passing our time, when all our space is but a point? what aims and ambitions are crowded into this little instant of our life, which (as Shakespear finely words it) is rounded with a sleep? Our whole extent of being is no more, in the eye of him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible moment of duration. Those animals whose circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the naturalists tell us, are yet as long-lived, and possess as wide a scene of action as man, if we consider him with a view to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what plots, what atchievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of dust, within his life of some minutes; and of how much less consideration than even this, is the life of man in the sight of God, who is from ever, and for ever?

Who that thinks in this train, but must see the world, and its contemptible grandeurs, lessen before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain stupify'd in a poize of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships.

But we must return (thro' our very condition of being) to our narrow selves, and those things that affect ourselves: our passions, our interests flow in upon us,

and unphiloſophize us into mere mortals. For my
I never return ſo much into myſelf, as when I
of you, whoſe friendſhip is one of the beſt cor
I have for the inſignificancy of myſelf. I am

Your, &c

LETTER XV.

To Mr. Addison.

Jan. 30, 1713-

YOUR letter found me very buſy in my grand
dertaking, to which I muſt wholly give up m
for ſome time, unleſs when I ſnatch an hour to p
myſelf with a diſtant converſation with you and
others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable proſpe
be reflecting, that ſo long a ſiege as that of Troy
upon my hands, and the campaign above half
before I have made any progreſs. Indeed the G
fortification upon a nearer approach does not ap
ſo formidable as it did, and I am almoſt apt to fl
myſelf, that Homer ſecretly ſeems inclined to a c
ſpondence with me, in letting me into a good pa
his intentions. There are indeed a ſort of unde
auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, called Comm
tators and Critics, who would frighten many peop
their number and bulk, and perplex our progreſs u
pretence of fortifying their author. Theſe lie
low in the trenches and ditches they themſelves
digged, encompaſſed with dirt of their own hea
up: but, I think, there may be found a metho
coming at the main works by a more ſpeedy and
lant way than by mining under ground, that is
uſing the poetical engines, wings, and flying
their heads.

hile I am engaged in the fight, I find you are con-
d how I ſhall be paid, and are ſolicitous that I
not have the ill fate of many diſcarded Generals,
firſt envied and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd,
aſtly neglected. The former (the conſtant atten-
upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have
ly experienced. Some have ſaid I am not a ma-
the Greek, who either are ſo themſelves or are
if they are not, they can't tell; and if they are,
can't without having catechiz'd me. But if they
ead (for, I know, ſome critics can and others
it) there are fairly lying before them ſome ſpeci-
of my tranſlation from this Author in the Miſ-
ies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have
ith as much malignity another way, ſome call-
e a Tory, becauſe the heads of that party have
diſtinguiſhingly favourable to me; ſome a Whig,
ſe I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Con-
's, and Mr. Craggs's friendſhip, and of late with
ord Halifax's patronage. How much more natu-
concluſion might be formed, by any good-natured
that a perſon who has been well uſed by all ſides,
en offenſive to none. This miſerable age is ſo
between animoſities of Party and thoſe of Reli-
that I begin to fear, moſt men have Politics
h to make (thro' violence) the beſt ſcheme of
nment a bad one: and Belief enough to hinder
own ſalvation. I hope for my own part never to
more of either than what is conſiſtent with com-
uſtice and Charity, and always as much as be-
a Chriſtian and honeſt man. Tho' I find it an
unate thing to be bred a Papiſt here, where one
oxious to four parts in five as being ſo too much
little; I ſhall yet be eaſy under both their miſ-
and be what I more than ſeem to be, for I ſuffer

for it. God is my witneſs that I no more en
Proteſtants your places and poſſeſſions, than I
Prieſts, their charity or learning. I am ambi
nothing but the good opinion of good men,
ſides; for I know that one virtue of a free
worth more than all the virtues put together o
narrow-ſoul'd people in the world. I am Y

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Oct. 10,

I Have been acquainted by * one of my frie
omits no opportunities of gratifying me,
have lately been pleas'd to ſpeak of me in
which nothing but the real reſpect I have for
deſerve. May I hope that ſome late malevolen
loſt their effect? indeed it is neither for me
enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I
friend or not? but if you would judge by prol
I beg to know which of your poetical acquain
ſo little intereſt in pretending to be ſo? Me
man ſhould queſtion the real friendſhip of
deſires no real ſervice. I am only to get
from the Whigs, as I got from the Tories,
ſay, Civility; being neither ſo proud as to be i
of any good office, nor ſo humble, as not
heartily to deſpiſe any man who does me an

I will not value myſelf upon having ever
all the degrees of reſpect for you: for (to ſay t
all the world ſpeaks well of you, and I ſhould
a neceſſity of doing the ſame, whether I car
or not.

* See a Letter from Mr. Jervas, and the Anſwer to i

As to what you have ſaid of me, I ſhall never believe that the author of Cato can ſpeak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you ſincere, I beg a favour of you: it is, that you would look over the two firſt books of my tranſlation of Homer, which are in the hands of my Lord Hallifax. I am ſenſible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: 'tis therefore ſome evidence of the truſt I repoſe in your good-will, when I give you this opportunity of ſpeaking ill of me with juſtice; and yet expect you will tell me your trueſt thoughts, at the ſame time that you tell others your moſt favourable ones.

I have a farther requeſt, which I muſt preſs with earneſtneſs. My bookſeller is reprinting the Eſſay on Criticiſm, to which you have done too much honour in our Spectator of No 253. The period in that paper, where you ſay, "I have admitted ſome ſtrokes of ill-nature into that Eſſay," is the only one I could wiſh omitted of all you have written; but I would not deſire it ſhould be ſo, unleſs I had the merit of removing our objection. I beg you but to point out thoſe ſtrokes to me, and, you may be aſſured, they ſhall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of ſincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another paſſage in the ſame Spectator, which I wiſh you would alter. It is where you mention an obſervation upon Homer's Verſes of Siſyphus's Stone, as * never having been made before by any of the Critics: I happened to find the ſame in Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus's Treatiſe, Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων, who treats very largely upon theſe

* Theſe words are ſince left out in Mr. Tickel's edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addiſon's life.

verſes. I know you will think fit to ſoften you preſſion, when you ſee the paſſage; which you needs have read, though it be ſince ſlipt out of memory. I am, with the utmoſt eſteem,

Your, e

LETTER XVII.

To the Honourable ———

June 8, 171

THE queſtion you aſk in relation to Mr. Ad and Philips, I ſhall anſwer in a few words. Philips did expreſs himſelf with much indignati gainſt me one evening at Button's Coffee-houſe was told) ſaying, that I was enter'd into a cabal Dean Swift and others to write againſt the Whi tereſt, and in particular to undermine his own tation, and that of his friends Steele and Add but Mr. Philips never opened his lips to my face this or any like occaſion, tho' I was almoſt every in the ſame room with him, nor ever offer'd me indecorum. Mr. Addiſon came to me a night o after Philips had talk'd in this idle manner, an ſur'd me of his diſbelief of what had been ſaid, c friendſhip we ſhould always maintain, and deſi would ſay nothing further of it. My Lord Ha did me the honour to ſtir in this matter, by ſpe to ſeveral people to obviate a falſe aſperſion, might have done me no ſmall prejudice with party. However Philips did all he could ſecre continue the report with the Hanover Club, and in his hands the ſubſcriptions paid for me to as Secretary to that Club. The heads of it ſince given him to underſtand, that they take i *but* (upon the terms I ought to be with ſuch a

I would not aſk him for this money, but commiſſion'd one of the Flayers, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter: but as to the ſecret grounds of this malignity, they will make a very pleaſant hiſtory when we meet. Mr. Congreve and ſome others have been much diverted with it, and moſt of the gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the ſubject of their ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this management of Philips, that the world owes Mr. Gay's Paſtorals. The ingenious author is extremely your ſervant, and would have complied with your kind invitation, but that he is juſt now appointed Secretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his embaſſy to Hanover.

I am ſenſible of the zeal and friendſhip with which, I am ſure, you will always defend your friend in his abſence, from all thoſe little tales and calumnies, which a man of any genius or merit is born to. I ſhall never complain while I am happy in ſuch noble defenders, and in ſuch contemptible opponents. May their envy and ill-nature ever increaſe, to the glory and pleaſure of thoſe they would injure; may they repreſent me what they will, as long as you think me what I am,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you ſome time ago of the things which Philips ſaid in his fooliſhneſs: but I can't tell from any thing in your letter, whether you received a long one from me about a fortnight ſince. It was principally intended to thank you for the laſt obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reaſon you *paſs it in* ſilence. I there launch'd

into ſome account of my temporal affairs, and inten
now to give you ſome hints of my ſpiritual. The con
cluſion of your letter draws this upon you, where yo
tell me you prayed for me. Your proceeding, Sir,
contrary to that of moſt other friends, who never tal
of praying for a man after they have done him a ſe
vice, but only when they will do him none. Nothin
can be more kind than the hint you give me of the v
nity of human ſciences, which, I aſſure you, I a
daily more convinced of; and indeed I have, for ſom
years paſt, look'd upon all of them no better th
amuſements. To make them the ultimate end of o
purſuit, is a miſerable and ſhort ambition, which w
drop from us at every little diſappointment here, a
even, in caſe of no diſappointments here, will infa
libly deſert us hereafter. The utmoſt fame they a
capable of beſtowing, is never worth the pains th
coſt us, and the time they loſe us. If you attain t
top of your deſires that way, all thoſe who envy y
will do you harm; and of thoſe who admire you, fi
will do you good. The unſucceſsful writers are yo
declared enemies, and probably the ſucceſsful your
creatures: for thoſe hate not more to be excelled, th
theſe to be rival'd: And at the upſhot, after a life
perpetual application, you reflect that you have be
doing nothing for yourſelf, and that the ſame or l
induſtry might have gain'd you a friendſhip that c
never deceive or end, a ſatisfaction, which praiſe cann
beſtow nor vanity feel, and a glory, which (tho' in o
reſpect like fame, not to be had till after death)
ſhall be felt and enjoy'd to eternity. Theſe, dear S
are unfeignedly my ſentiments, whenever I think
all: for half the things that employ our heads deſe
not the name of thoughts, they are only ſtron
dreams of impreſſions upon the imagination;
ſchemes of government, our ſyſtems of philoſophy,

den worlds of poetry, are all but ſo many ſhadowy ages, and airy proſpects, which ariſe to us but ſo ch the livelier and more frequent, as we are more rcaſt with the darkneſs, and diſturbed with the nes, of human vanity.

The ſame thing that makes old men willing to leave s world, makes me willing to leave poetry, long bit and wearineſs of the ſame track. Homer will rk a cure upon me; fifteen thouſand verſes are equilent to fourſcore years, to make one old in rhyme: d I ſhould be ſorry and aſhamed, to go on jingling the laſt ſtep, like a waggoner's horſe, in the ſame ad, and ſo leave my bells to the next ſilly animal at will be proud of them. That man makes a meanure in the eyes of reaſon, who is meaſuring ſyllables d coupling rhymes, when he ſhould be mending his n ſoul, and ſecuring his own immortality. If I had t this opinion, I ſhould be unworthy even of thoſe all and limited parts which God has given me; and worthy of the friendſhip of ſuch a man as you. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

July 25, 1714.

Have no better excuſe to offer you, that I have omitted a taſk naturally ſo pleaſing to me as converſing on paper with you, but that my time and eyes have en wholly employ'd upon Homer, whom, I almoſt ar, I ſhall find but one way of imitating, which is, his blindneſs. I am perpetually afflicted with headhs that very much affect my ſight, and indeed ſince y coming hither I have ſcarce paſt an hour agreeably,

except that in which I read your letter. I would ſeriouſly have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendſhip, than he who leaſt deſerves it on all other accounts than his due ſenſe of it. But, let me tell you, you can hardly gueſs what a taſk you undertake, when you profeſs yourſelf my friend; there are ſome Tories who will take you for a Whig, ſome Whigs who will take you for a Tory, ſome Proteſtants who will eſteem you a rank Papiſt, and ſome Papiſts, who will account you a Heretic.

I find by dear experience, we live in an age, where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be juſt to all men. The notions of right and wrong are ſo far ſtrain'd, that perhaps to be in the right ſo very violently, may be of worſe conſequence than to be eaſily and quietly in the wrong. I really wiſh all men ſo well, that, I am ſatisfied, but few can wiſh me ſo; but if thoſe few are ſuch as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the beſt people I know. While you believe me what I profeſs as to religion, I can bear any thing the bigotted may ſay; while Mr. Congreve likes my poetry, I can endure Dennis, and a thouſand more like him; while the moſt honeſt and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can eaſily bear that the moſt violent and mad of all parties riſe up to throw dirt at me.

I muſt expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my Homer. Whoever in our times would be a profeſſor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very firſt to enter the world with the conſtancy and reſolution of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer all ſort of public perſecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to diſtinguiſh himſelf or gratify others by his ſtudies,

he is immediately treated as a common enemy, inſtead of being looked upon as a common friend; and aſſaulted as generally as if his whole deſign were to prejudice the State or ruin the Public. I will venture to ſay, no man ever roſe to any degree of perfection in writing, but thro' obſtinacy, and an inveterate reſolution againſt the ſtream of mankind: So that if the world has received any benefit from the labours of the learned, it was in its own deſpite. For when firſt they eſſay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced againſt new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then ſome particular perſons, who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are ſworn foes to them, only becauſe they ſucceed.—Upon the whole, one may ſay of the beſt writers, that they pay a ſevere fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the moſt worthleſs part of mankind to levy upon them when they pleaſe.

I am, etc.

LETTER XX.

To Mr. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I AM juſt enter'd upon the old way of life again, ſleep and muſing. It is my employment to revive the old of paſt ages to the preſent, as it is yours to tranſmit the young of the preſent, to the future. I am copying the great maſter in one art, with the ſame love and diligence with which the Painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus, I ſhould begin my epiſtle to you, if it were a Dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mention'd in your own praiſe but what

one only in the world is witneſs to, your part good-natur'd offices to me.

I am cut out from any thing but common acl ledgments, or common diſcourſe: The firſt you take ill, though I told but half what I ought: ſhort the laſt only remains.

And as for the laſt, what can you expect from who has not talk'd theſe five days? who is with ing his thoughts as far as he can, from all the p world, its cuſtoms, and its manners, to be full ſeſs'd and abſorpt in the paſt? When people t going to Church, I think of ſacrifices and liba when I ſee the parſon, I addreſs him as Chryſes of Apollo; and inſtead of the Lord's prayer, I

God of the ſilver Bow, etc.

While you in the world are concern'd about th teſtant Succeſſion, I conſider only how Menela recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a concluſion. I never inquire if the Queen be not, but heartily wiſh to be at Hector's funeral only things I regard in this life, are whether my are well? whether my Tranſlation go well on? w Dennis be writing criticiſms? whether any bo anſwer him, ſince I don't? and whether Lintot yet broke?

I am,

LETTER XXI.

To the ſame.

Aug. 16, 1

I Thank you for your good offices, which ar berleſs. Homer advances ſo faſt, that he be

look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modiſh modern author,

Picture in the front,
With boys and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greateſt proof in nature at preſent of the amuſing power of Poetry, for it takes me up ſo entirely, that I ſcarce ſee what paſſes under my noſe, and hear nothing that is ſaid about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one muſt forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My reverie has been ſo deep, that I have ſcarce had an interval to think myſelf uneaſy in the want of your company. I now and then juſt miſs you as I ſtep into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to ſee you, the next I ſhall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briſeis.

I fancy no friendſhip is ſo likely to prove laſting as ours, becauſe, I am pretty ſure, there never was a friendſhip of ſo eaſy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an Artiſt you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but 'tis from the world abroad we hope, (piouſly hope) to hear theſe things. At home we follow our buſineſs, when we have any; and think and talk moſt of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy friendſhip of a ſtay'd man and his wife, who are ſeldom ſo fond as to hinder the buſineſs of the houſe from going on all day, or ſo indolent as not to find conſolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the laſt, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantic friendſhips, like violent loves, begin with diſquiets, proceed to jealouſies, and conclude in animoſities. I have lived to ſee the fierce advancement, the ſudden

turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of theſe enormous friendſhips, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders the conſtant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity; a ſecret inſiſting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of ſuch an over-meaſure of deference and regard, as anſwers to their own extravagant falſe ſcale; and which no body can pay, becauſe none but themſelves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXII.

Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I Have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleaſes me ſo much, that you muſt expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in ſuſpenſe for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addiſon and I have had a converſation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainſcot, or behind ſome half-length picture, to have heard. He aſſur'd me, that he would make uſe not only of his intereſt, but of his art to do you ſome ſervice; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is ſenſible that nothing can have a better air for himſelf than moving in your favour, eſpecially ſince inſinuations were ſpread, that he did not care you ſhould proſper too much as a poet. He proteſts that it ſhall not be his fault. if there is not the beſt intelligence in the world, and the moſt hearty friendſhip, etc. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among

ie enemy, during the heat of the animoſity; but now l is ſafe, and you are eſcap'd even in his opinion. I omis'd in your name, like a good Godfather, not iat you ſhould renounce the devil and all his works, ut that you would be delighted to find him your iend merely for his own ſake; therefore prepare ourſelf for ſome civilities.

I have done Homer's head, ſhadow'd and heighten'd arefully; and I incloſe the out-line of the ſame ſize, hat you may determine whether you would have it ſo arge, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the ſquare of the buſto? perhaps there is ſomething more ſolemn in the image itſelf, if I can get it well perform'd.

If I have been inſtrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addiſon together with all ſincerity, I value myſelf upon it as an acceptable piece of ſervice to ſuch a one as I know you to be.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. POPE's Anſwer.

Aug. 27, 1714.

I AM juſt arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertain'd there. Every one is much concern'd for the Queen's death. No panegyrics ready yet for the King.

I admire your Whig-principles of reſiſtance exceedingly. in the ſpirit of the Barcelonians: I join in your viſh for them. Mr. Addiſon's verſes on Liberty, in is letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer n my opinion, *O Liberty! thou Goddeſs heavenly right!* etc.

What you mention of the friendly office you endea vour'd to do betwixt Mr. Addiſon and me, deſerves ac knowledgments on my part. You thoroughly knov my regard to his character, and my propenſity to teſtif it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly knov the ſcandalous meanneſs of that proceeding which wa uſed by Philips, to make a man I ſo highly value, ſuſ pect my diſpoſitions toward him. But as, after all Mr. Addiſon muſt be the judge in what regards him ſelf, and has ſeem'd to be no very juſt one to me; ſo, I muſt own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his friendſhip. As for any offices of real kindneſs or ſervice which it is in his power to do me, I ſhould be aſhamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my Morals, than to think me a Party-man; nor of my Temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to ſhew him the ſhallow depths of thoſe half-witted creatures who miſ informed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to leſſen a perſon whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore aſham'd to flatter. In a word Mr. Addiſon is ſure of my reſpect at all times, and o my real friendſhip whenever he ſhall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that paſs'd betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole (without reſerve) of our correſpon dence. The engagements I had to him were ſuch a the actual ſervices he had done me, in relation to th ſubſcription for Homer obliged me to. I muſt hav leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who ſerv me, let him be never ſo obnoxious to any party: no did the Tory-party ever put me to the hardſhip of aſk ing this leave, which is the greateſt obligation I ow

to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party than the same liberty.—A curse on the word Party, which I have been forc'd to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of Honest and Knave, Fool and Man of sense; these two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Earl of HALLIFAX.

MY LORD, Dec. 1, 1714.

I AM obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert your some few hours: but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am)

Yours, etc.

*LETTER XXV.

Dr. PARNELLE to Mr. POPE.

I AM writing you a long letter, but all the tediouſneſs I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy, if I were with you, I could remove ſome of the uneaſineſs which you may have felt from the oppoſition of the world, and which you ſhould be aſhamed to feel, ſince it is but the teſtimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unqueſtionable. What would you have otherwiſe, from ignorance, envy, or thoſe tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exaſperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we ſpeak ill of happier ſtudies, and ſighing condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.——

My † Zoilus, which you us'd to write about, I finiſh'd laſt ſpring, and left in town. I waited till I came up to ſend it you, but not arriving here before your book was out, imagin'd it a loſt piece of labour. If you will ſtill have it, you need only write me word.

I have here ſeen the Firſt Book of Homer ‡, which came out at a time when it could not but appear as a kind of ſetting up againſt you. My opinion is, that you may, if you pleaſe, give them thanks who writ it. Neither the numbers nor the ſpirit have an equal maſ-

* This, and the three Extracts following, concerning the Tranſlation of the firſt Iliad, ſet on foot by Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Pope has omitted in his firſt Edition.

† Printed for B. Lintot, 1715, 8°, and afterwards added to the laſt edition of his poems.

‡ Written by Mr. Addiſon, and publiſhed in the name of Mr. Tickell.

ry with yours; but what ſurprizes me more is, that ſcholar being concerned, there ſhould happen to be me miſtakes in the author's ſenſe; ſuch as putting ne light of Pallas's eyes into the eyes of Achilles, aking the taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon (that he ould have ſpoils when Troy ſhould be taken) to be cool and ſerious propoſal; the tranſlating what you all *Ablution* by the word *offals*, and ſo leaving Water ut of the rite of luſtration, etc. but you muſt have aken notice of all this before. I write not to inform ou, but to ſhew I always have you at heart.

I am, etc.

Extract from a LETTER of the

Rev. Dr. BERKLEY, Dean of London-derry.

July 7, 1715.

—Some days ago, three or four gentleman and myelf, exerting that right which all readers pretend to ver authors, ſat in judgment upon the two new Tranlations of the firſt Iliad. Without partiality to my ountrymen, I aſſure you, they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimouſly of opinion, that ours was equally juſt to the ſenſe with Mr. ——'s, nd without compariſon more eaſy, more poetical, and nore ſublime. But I will ſay no more on ſuch a threadare ſubject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, etc.

Extract from a LETTER of Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

July 8, 1715.

——I have juſt ſet down Sir Samuel Garth at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleas'd with your tranſlation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addiſon ſaid the other tranſlation was the beſt that ever was in any language *. He treated me with extreme civility, and out of kindneſs gave me a ſqueeze by the fore finger. —I am inform'd that at Button's your character is made very free with as to Morals, etc. and Mr. Addiſon ſays, that your tranſlation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.

I am; etc.

Extract from a LETTER of Dr. ARBUTHNOT to Mr. POPE.

July 9, 1715.

——I congratulate you upon Mr. T——'s firſt book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was ſtrangely diſappointed in my expectation of a tranſlation nicely true to the Original; whereas in thoſe parts where the greateſt exactneſs ſeems to be demanded, he has been the leaſt careful, I mean the hiſtory of ancient ceremonies and rites, etc. in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, etc.

* Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his Preface to an Edition of the Drummer, a Comedy by Mr. Addiſon, ſhews it to be his opinion, that "Mr. Addiſon himſelf was the perſon who tranſlated "this book."

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. POPE to the Hon. JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewſbury, to aſſure you of the continuance of that eſteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of ſo many agreeable converſations as we have paſs'd together. I wiſh it were a compliment to ſay, ſuch converſations as are not to be found on this ſide of the water: for the Spirit of diſcention is gone forth among us: nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's, when old England is no longer old England, that region of hoſpitality, ſociety, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, tho' they gain as little by politics, as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine ſenſe, refin'd ſenſe, and exalted ſenſe; but for uſe and happineſs, give me a little common ſenſe. I ſay this in regard to ſome gentlemen, profeſs'd Wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of conſequence at this time of day, in the midſt of this raging fit of Politicks. For they tell me, the buſy part of the nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than theſe idle fellows of the feather about Mr. T*'s and my Tranſlation. I (like the Tories) have the town in general, that is, the mob, on my ſide; but it is uſual with the ſmaller party to make up in induſtry what they want in number, and that is the caſe with the little ſenate of Cato. However, if our principles be well conſidered, I muſt appear a brave Whig, and Mr. T. a rank Tory; I tranſlated Homer for the public in general, he to gratify the inordinate deſires of one man only. We have, it ſeems, a great Turk in poe-

try, who can never bear a brother on the throne; and has his mutes too, a ſet of nodders, winkers, and whiſperers, whoſe buſineſs is to ſtrangle all other offſprings of wit in their birth. The new tranſlator of Homer is the humbleſt ſlave he has, that is to ſay, his firſt Miniſter; let him receive the honours he gives me, but receive them with fear and trembling; let him be proud of the approbation of his abſolute Lord, I appeal to the people, as my rightful judges and maſters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceeding from the ſmall Court-faction at Button's. But after all I have ſaid of this great man, there is no rupture between us. We are each of us ſo civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged: And I, for my part, treat with him, as we do with the Grand Monarch; who has too many great qualities not to be reſpected, though we know he watches any occaſion to oppreſs us.

When I talk of Homer, I muſt not forget the early preſent you made me of Monſieur de la Motte's book: And I can't conclude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news, which affects our very entrails, L* is dead, and ſoupes are no more! You ſee I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the "miniſter, but to the friend †." However, it is ſome mark of uncommon regard to the miniſter, that I ſteal an expreſſion from a Secretary of State.

I am, etc.

† Alluding to St. John's Letter to Prior, publiſhed in the *Report of the Secret Committee.*

LETTER XXVII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

METhinks when I write to you, I am making a confeſſion; I have got (I can't tell how) ſuch a cuſtom of throwing myſelf out upon paper without reſerve. You were not miſtaken in what you judged of my temper of mind when I writ laſt. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no diſpraiſe to me that they will not: the cleanneſs and purity of one's mind is never better proved, than in diſcovering its own fault at firſt view; as when a ſtream ſhews the dirt at its bottom, it ſhews alſo the tranſparency of the water.

My ſpleen was not occaſioned, however, by any thing an abuſive angry critic could write of me. I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this ſcandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the ſame fate with all the great and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envied and cenſured by bad writers.

You do no more than anſwer my expectation of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom, in ſometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your letters ſo ſoon as I ought. Thoſe who have a right taſte of the ſubſtantial part of friendſhip, can wave the ceremonial: a friend is the only one that will bear the omiſſion; and one may find who is not ſo, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my Homer, the care is over with me: the world muſt be the judge, and I ſhall be the firſt to conſent to the juſtice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not ſo ar-

rant an Author as even to deſire, that if I am wrong, all mankind ſhould be ſo.

I am mightily pleaſed with a ſaying of Mo Tourreil: "When a man writes, he ought to an "himſelf with the thoughts of pleaſing all the w "but he is to renounce that deſire or hope th "moment the book goes out of his hands."

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yeſt having paſs'd a few days in my way with my Bolingbroke; I go to London in three days tim will not fail to pay a viſit to Mr. M——, whon not long ſince at my Lord Hallifax's. I hope thence he had ſome hopes of advantage from th ſent adminiſtration: for few people (I think) but reſpects to great men without any proſpects. I the faireſt way in the world of being not worth a being born both a Papiſt and a Poet. This p in mind of re-acknowledging your continued vours to enrich me. But, I can tell you, 'tis to poſe, for without the *Opes, æquum mi animum ipſe*

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714

THE Farce of the What-d'ye-call-it * has oc ed many different ſpeculations in the town look'd upon it as a mere jeſt upon the Tragic others as a ſatire upon the late War. Mr. C hearing none of the words, and ſeeing the actio tragical, was much aſtoniſhed to find the a laugh; and ſays the Prince and Princeſs muſt his be under no leſs amazement on the ſame a

* Written by Gay.

Several Templars and others of the more vociferous kind of critics, went with a reſolution to hiſs, and confeſs'd they were forced to laugh ſo much, that they forgot the deſign they came with. The court in general has in a very particular manner come into the jeſt, and the three firſt nights (notwithſtanding two of them were court-nights) were diſtinguiſhed by very full audiences of the firſt quality. The common people of the pit and gallery received it at firſt with great gravity and ſedateneſs, ſome few with tears; but after the third day they alſo took the hint, and have ever ſince been very loud in their claps. There are ſtill ſome ſober men who cannot be of the general opinion; but the laughers are ſo much the majority, that one or two critics ſeem determined to undeceive the town at their proper coſt, by writing grave diſſertations againſt it: to encourage them in which laudable deſign, it is reſolved a preface ſhall be prefix'd to the Farce, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yeſterday Mr. Steele's affair was decided: I am ſorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been puniſhed by others, but ſuffered much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) received any amends in that of intereſt, as yet, whatever may be his proſpects for the future.

This gentleman, among a thouſand others, is a great inſtance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-ſpirit, of any ſide. I wiſh all violence may ſucceed as ill: but am really amazed that ſo much of that ſour and pernicious quality ſhould be joined with ſo much natural good humour as, I think, Mr. Steele is poſſeſſed of.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXIX.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

April 7, 171

MR. Pope is going to Mr. Jervas's, where Mr. diſon is ſitting for his picture; in the mean amidſt clouds of Tobacco at a coffee-houſe I write letter. There is a grand revolution at Will's; Mo has quitted for a coffee-houſe in the city, and comb is reſtored, to the great joy of Cromwell was at a great loſs for a perſon to converſe with t the fathers and church hiſtory; the knowledge I from him, is entirely in painting and poetry; and Pope owes all his ſkill in aſtronomy to him and Whiſton, ſo celebrated of late for his diſcovery o longitude in an extraordinary copy of verſes *. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be play'd in Eaſter-week, v Mrs. Oldfield is to perſonate a character directly o ſite to female nature; for what woman ever deſ Sovereignty? You know Chaucer has a tale wh knight ſaves his head by diſcovering it was the t which all women moſt coveted. Mr. Pope's H is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of which cauſes the ſheets to be long a drying: this Mr. Lintot great uneaſineſs, who is now endeavo to corrupt the Curate of his pariſh to pray for weather, that his work may go on. There is a penny Criticiſm lately publiſhed upon the trage the What-d'ye-call-it, wherein he with much judg and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. P knave. His grand charge is againſt the Pilgrim's greſs being read, which, he ſays, is directly level

* Call'd, *An Ode on the Longitude*, in Swift and Pope's M anies.

ato's reading Plato; to back this cenſure, he goes on
tell you, that the Pilgrim's Progreſs being mention-
d to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evi-
ent, the Tragedy of Cato having juſt eight times (as
e quaintly expreſſes it) viſited the preſs. He has alſo
ndeavoured to ſhow, that every particular paſſage of
he play alludes to ſome fine part of tragedy, which
ie ſays, I have injudiciouſly and profanely abuſed *.
ir Samuel Garth's poem upon my Lord Clare's houſe,
believe, will be publiſh'd in the Eaſter-week.

Thus far Mr. Gay, who has in his letter foreſtall'd
ll the ſubjects of diverſion; unleſs it ſhould be one to
ou to ſay, that I ſit up till two a clock over Burgundy
nd Champagne; and am become ſo much a rake, that I
hall be aſhamed in a ſhort time to be thought to do any
ort of buſineſs. I fear I muſt get the gout by drinking;
urely for a faſhionable pretence to ſit ſtill long enough
o tranſlate four books of Homer. I hope you'll by
hat time be up again, and I may ſucceed to the bed
nd couch of my predeceſſor: pray cauſe the ſtuffing
o be repaired, and the crutches ſhorten'd for me.
The calamity of your gout is what all your friends,
that is to ſay, all that know you, muſt ſhare in; we
deſire you in your turn to condole with us, who are
under a perſecution, and much afflicted with a diſtem-
per which proves mortal to many poets, a Criticiſm.
We have indeed ſome relieving intervals of laughter
(as you know there are in ſome diſeaſes) and it is the
opinion of divers good gueſſers, that the laſt fit will
not be more violent than advantageous; for poets aſ-
ſail'd by critics, are like men bitten by Tarantula's,
they dance on ſo much the faſter.

* This curious piece was intitled, A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call-it, *written by one* Griffin a Player, aſſiſted by Lewis *Theobald.*

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath play'd the precurſor t coming of Homer, in a treatiſe call'd Homeride has ſince riſen very much in his criticiſm, and, aſſaulting Homer, made a daring attack upo *. What-d'ye-call-it. Yet there is not a Proclam iſſued for the burning of Homer and the Pope b common hangman; nor is the What-d'ye-call-i ſilenced by the Lord Chamberlain.

Your, e

LETTER XXX.

Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. POPE.

May

I Have the pleaſure of your very kind letter. I always been obliged to you for your friendſhi concern for me, and am more affected with it, t will take upon me to expreſs in this letter. I do a you there is no return wanting on my part, an very ſorry I had not the good luck to ſee the before I left the town: it is a great pleaſure to me not a little vanity to think that he miſſes me. my health, which you are ſo kind to enquire aft is not worſe than in London: I am almoſt afraid ſay that it is better, for I cannot reaſonably e much effect from theſe waters in ſo ſhort a time; in the main they ſeem to agree with me. Here i one creature that I know, which, next to the would chuſe, contributes very much to my ſatisfa At the ſame time that I regret the want of your verſation, I pleaſe myſelf with thinking that yo where you firſt ought to be, and engaged where cannot do too much. Pray give my humble ſer

* In one of his papers call'd The Grumbler.

l beſt wiſhes to your good mother. I am ſorry you n't tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I ſhould ve been glad to have heard he was better. My ung Amanuenſis, as you call him, I am afraid, will ve but a wooden one: and you know *ex quovis ligno*, etc. You will pardon Mrs. R——'s pedantry, d believe me to be

Your, etc.

P. S. By the incloſed you will ſee I am like to be ipreſs'd, and enroll'd in the liſt of Mr. Curll's Auors; but, I thank God! I ſhall have your compa-. I believe it high time you ſhould think of admiſtering another Emetic.

LETTER

TO AND FROM

SEVERAL PERSON

From the Year 1714 to 1721.

LETTER I.

The Rev. Dean BERKLEY to Mr. POPE

Leghorn, May 1, 171

AS I take ingratitude to be a greater crime tha pertinence, I chuſe rather to run the riſq being thought guilty of the latter, than not to r you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainmen juſt now gave me. I have accidentally met with Rape of the Lock here, having never ſeen it b Style, painting, judgment, ſpirit, I had already a red in other of your writings; but in this I am cha with the magic of your invention, with all thoſe ges, alluſions, and inexplicable beauties, which raiſe ſo ſurpriſingly, and at the ſame time ſo natur out of a trifle. And yet I cannot ſay that I was pleas'd with the reading of it, than I am with the text it gives me to renew in your thoughts, th

ıembrance of one who values no happineſs beyond the ıendſhip of men of wit, learning, and good-nature.

I remember to have heard you mention ſome half-ırm'd deſign of coming to Italy. What might we ɔt expect from a muſe that ſings ſo well in the bleak imate of England, if ſhe felt the ſame warm ſun, ıd breathed the ſame air with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible number of Poets, that ve all the inclination, but want the genius, or per-ps the art of the Ancients. Some among them, ıo underſtand Engliſh, begin to reliſh our Authors; d I am informed, that at Florence they have tranſ-ed Milton into Italian verſe. If one who knows ſo ll how to write like the old Latin poets, came a-ong them, it would probably be a means to retrieve em from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation their predeceſſors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleaſure, etc. ve all different views in travelling; I know not whe-r it might not be worth a Poet's while to travel, in ler to ſtore his mind with ſtrong images of Nature. Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purl-g ſtreams are no where in ſuch perfection as in Eng-ıd: but if you would know lightſome days, warm ıs, and blue ſkies, you muſt come to Italy; and to able a man to deſcribe rocks and precipices, it is ſolutely neceſſary that he paſs the Alps.

You will eaſily perceive that it is ſelf-intereſt makes ſo fond of giving advice to one who has no need of

If you came into theſe parts I ſhould fly to ſee you. ım here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean St. Patrick's) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of ſterborough; who about three months ſince left the eateſt part of his family in this town. God knows ɔw long *we ſhall ſtay here*. I am

LETTER II.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JERVAS in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THO', as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you ſhall ſee by this letter upon the neck of my laſt, that I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this ſide of the ſea are under terrible apprehenſions from your long ſtay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (ſince the great ſucceſs of ſuch a play as the Non-juror) that politeneſs is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the ſame time with Frogs, and with equal ſucceſs. Poor Poetry! the little that is left of it here longs to croſs the ſeas, and leave Euſden in full and peaceable poſſeſſion of the Britiſh laurel: and we begin to wiſh you had the ſinging of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourſelves, *in ſæcula ſæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your Swans would come hither, eſpecially that Swan, who, like a true modern one, does not ſing at all, Dr. Swift. I am (like the reſt of the world) a ſufferer by his idleneſs. Indeed I hate that any man ſhould be idle, while I muſt tranſlate and comment; and I may the more ſincerely wiſh for good poetry from others, becauſe I am become a perſon out of the queſtion; for a Tranſlator is no more a poet, than a Taylor is a man.

You are, doubtleſs, perſuaded of the validity of that famous verſe,

'Tis Expectation makes a Bleſſing dear:

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need of it. We

egin to expect you no more than Anti-chriſt; a man hat hath abſented himſelf ſo long from his friends ught to be put into the Gazette.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces ave died for want of your pencil, and blooming La-ies have wither'd in expecting your return. Even rank and Betty (that conſtant pair) cannot conſole hemſelves for your abſence; I fancy they will be for-ed to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before ou come home: 'twill be a noble ſubject for a family iece. Come then, and having peopled Ireland with world of beautiful ſhadows, come to us, and ſee with hat eye (which, like the eye of the world, creates eauties by looking on them) ſee, I ſay, how England as alter'd the airs of all its heads in your abſence: nd with what ſneaking city attitudes our moſt cele-rated perſonages appear, in the mere mortal works f our painters.

Mr. Forteſcue is much yours; Gay commemorates ou; and laſtly (to climb by juſt ſteps and degrees) my ord Burlington deſires you may be put in mind of im. His gardens flouriſh, his ſtructures riſe, his pic-ures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) is own good qualities daily extend themſelves to all bout him: of whom I the meaneſt (next to ſome Ita-ian Fiddlers, and Engliſh Bricklayers) am a living aſtance. Adieu.

LETTER III.

To the ſame.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done *my* utmoſt to lead my life ſo plea-*ſantly as to forget all* misfortunes, I ſhould tell you

I reckoned your abſence no ſmall one; but I hope you have alſo had many good and pleaſant reaſons to forget your friends on this ſide the world. If a wiſh could tranſport me to you and your preſent companions, I could do the ſame. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a chearful hoſt at his own table: I ſuppoſe he has perfectly learnt himſelf, what he has taught ſo many others, *rupta non inſanire lagena:* elſe he would not make a proper hoſt for your humble ſervant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a glaſs as ſeldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a conſolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms, in all friendly lazineſs, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will; I ſhould reproach you for ſo long a ſilence. The beſt amends you can make for ſaying nothing to me is by ſaying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and eſteem the Dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His ſpirit is awakened very much in the caſe of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore: He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely aſſigns no other reaſon, than that the ſaid Sir Richard has abuſed Dr. Swift. I have alſo ſuffered in the like cauſe, and ſhall ſuffer more: unleſs Parnelle ſends me his Zoilus and Book-worm (which the Biſhop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols) it will be ſhortly, *concurrere Bellum atque Virum*—I love you all, as much as I deſpiſe moſt wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I'll be as proud as Scipio, and ſay (ſince I am reduced to *ſkin* and bone) *Ingrata patria, ne oſſa quidem habeas.*

LETTER IV.

To the ſame.

Nov. 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, aſcribe not to the uſual lazineſs of your correſpondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the converſation of Doctor Clarke: He entertain'd me with ſeveral drawings, and particularly with the original deſigns of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there ſaw and reverenced ſome of your firſt pieces; which future painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the Culex of Virgil and Batrochom. of Homer.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to aſk what is become of Dr Parnelle and his frogs*? *Oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis*, might be Horace's wiſh, but will never be mine while I have ſuch *meorums* as Dr. Parnelle and Dr. Swift. I hope the Spring will reſtore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleaſure you muſt take in being admir'd in your own country, which ſo ſeldom happens to Prophets and Poets: but in this you have the advantage of Poets; you are maſter of an art that muſt proſper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themſelves, or their own perſons. However, you have ſtay'd long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberleſs Hiſtories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be hiſtorical, I recommend to your hand the ſtory which every pious Iriſhman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick; to the end you

* He tranſlated the Batrochom. of Homer, which is printed amongſt his *Poems*.

may be obliged (as Dr. P. was, when he tranſlated the Batrachomuomachia) to come into England, to copy the Frogs, and ſuch other vermine as were never ſeen in that land ſince the time of that Confeſſor.

I long to ſee you a Hiſtory painter. You have already done enough for the private, do ſomething for the public; and be not confined, like the reſt, to draw only ſuch ſilly ſtories as our own faces tell of us. The Ancients too expect you ſhould do them right; thoſe Statues from which you learned your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their Characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that deſign.

As to your enquiry about your houſe, when I come within the walls, they put me in mind of thoſe of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandering Trojan,

animum Pictura paſcit inani.

For the ſpacious manſion, like a Turkiſh Caravanſerah, entertains the vagabonds with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to have a poet in your houſe! Frank indeed does all he can in ſuch a circumſtance; for, conſidering he has a wild beaſt in it, he conſtantly keeps the door chain'd: Every time it is open'd, the links rattle, the ruſty hinges roar. The houſe ſeems ſo ſenſible that you are its ſupport, that it is ready to drop in your abſence; but I ſtill truſt myſelf under its roof, as depending that Providence will preſerve ſo many Raphael's, Titian's, and Guido's, as are lodged in your Cabinet. Surely the ſins of one Poet can hardly be ſo heavy, as to bring an old houſe over the heads of ſo many pain-

ters. In a word, your houſe is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger *.

LETTER V.

The Hon. Mr. CRAGGS to Mr. POPE.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.

LAST poſt brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th Aug. O. S. It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that it was a witty one; I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleaſes me, and can aſſure you, it was a very agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my ſincerity in this opinion is, that I hope and deſire you would not ſtop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where pleaſure is continually flowing. The Princes ſet the example, and the ſubjects follow at a diſtance. The Ladies are of all parties †, by which means the converſation of the men is very much ſoftened and faſhioned from thoſe blunt diſputes on Politics, and rough jeſts, we are ſo guilty of; while the freedom of the women takes away all formality and conſtraint. I muſt own, at the ſame time, theſe beauties are a little too artificial for my taſte: you have ſeen a French picture, the Original is more painted, and ſuch a cruſt of powder and eſſence in their hair, that you can ſee no difference between black and red. By diſuſing Stays and indulging themſelves at table, they run out of all ſhape; but as to that, they may give a good reaſon, they prefer conveniency to parade, and are, by this means, as ready, as they are generally willing, to be charitable.

* Alluding to the ſtory of the Iriſhman.

† *i. e.* In all companies.

I am ſurpriz'd to find I have wrote ſo much ſcandal; I fancy I am either ſetting up for a wit, or imagine I muſt write in this ſtyle to a wit; I hope you'll prove a good-natur'd one, and not only let me hear from you ſometimes, but forgive the ſmall encouragement you meet with. I won't trouble myſelf to finiſh finely; a true compliment is better than a good one, and I can aſſure you without any, that I am very ſincerely,

Sir, Yours, etc.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. FENTON.

SIR, May 5.

I Had not omitted anſwering yours of the 18th of laſt month, but out of a deſire to give you ſome certain and ſatisfactory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commiſſioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the riſing of the parliament, which will be as ſoon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leiſure. I dare ſay your way of life (which, in my taſte, will be the beſt in the world, and with one of the beſt men in the world) muſt prove highly to your contentment. And, I muſt add, it will be ſtill the more a joy to me, as I ſhall reap a particular advantage from the good I ſhall have done in bringing you together, by ſeeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a houſe cloſe by mine, whither he propoſes to come in three weeks: In the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me; where a frugal and philoſophical diet, for a time, may give you a higher reliſh of that elegant way of life you will enter

into after. I desire to know by the first post how soon I may hope for you.

I am a little scandalized at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the Muses have put so many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your question, What I am doing? I answer, Just what I have been doing some years, my duty; secondly, relieving myself with necessary amusements, or exercises, which shall serve me instead of physic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and lastly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honest men, who think me not quite undeserving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myself. I will add the sincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undesigning men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

Rev. Dean BERKLEY *, to Mr. POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something

* Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous, the Minute Philosopher, etc.

that I could think worth ſending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is ſuch an exhauſted ſubject, that, I dare ſay, you'd eaſily forgive my ſaying nothing of it; and the imagination of a Poet is a thing ſo nice and delicate, that it is no eaſy matter to find out images capable of giving pleaſure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheleſs lately returned from an iſland, where I paſſed three or four months; which, were it ſet out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuſe you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The Iſland Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compaſs of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a moſt romantic confuſion. The air is in the hotteſt ſeaſon conſtantly refreſhed by cool breezes from the ſea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are moſtly covered with vineyards, intermix'd with fruit-trees. Beſides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, etc. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the paſſenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, ſome with cheſnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiſcus. The fields in the northern ſide are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landſcape, which is likewiſe ſet off by the variety of ſome barren ſpots, and naked rocks. But that which crowns the ſcene is a large mountain, riſing out of the middle of the Iſland (once a terrible Vulcano, by the ancients called Mons Epomeus) its lower parts are adorned with vines, and other fruits; the middle affords paſture to flocks of goats and ſheep;

, the top is a ſandy pointed rock, from which you
e the fineſt proſpect in the world, ſurveying at one
v, beſides ſeveral pleaſant iſlands lying at your feet,
act of Italy about three hundred miles in length,
n the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinu-
: the greater part of which hath been ſung by Ho-
and Virgil, as making a conſiderable part of the
'els and adventures of their two Heroes. The
ads Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together
h Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miſeno, the habitations
Circe, the Syrens, and the Læſtrigones, the bay of
ples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole
npagnia felice, make but a part of this noble land-
e; which would demand an imagination as warm,
numbers as flowing as your own, to deſcribe it.
e inhabitants of this delicious iſle, as they are with-
riches and honours, ſo are they without the vices
follies that attend them; and were they but as
ch ſtrangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and
bition, they might in fact anſwer the poetical no-
ns of the golden age. But they have got, as an
y to their happineſs, an ill habit of murdering one
ther on ſlight offences. We had an inſtance of
the ſecond night after our arrival, a youth of
hteen being ſhot dead by our door: and yet by the
ſecret of minding our own buſineſs, we found a
ans of living ſecurely among thoſe dangerous peo-
. Would you know how we paſs the time at Na-
s? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our
ghbours: beſides the gaiety of their Churches
iere folks go to ſee what they call *una bella Devo-*
e, i. e. a ſort of religious Opera) they make fire-
rks almoſt every week, out of devotion; the ſtreets
often hung with arras, out of devotion; and (what
ill more ſtrange) the ladies invite gentlemen to

their houſes and treat them with muſic and ſweetmeats, out of devotion; in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little elſe to recommend it, beſide the air and ſituation. Learning is in no very thriving ſtate here, as indeed no where elſe in Italy; however, among many pretenders, ſome men of taſte are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long ſince, that being to viſit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the verſion, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphraſe; which ſhews him not to be ſufficiently acquainted with our language. I wiſh you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wiſh you ſucceſs. You will do me the juſtice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is ſincerely wiſhed by

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. POPE to * * *.

Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a Window in the boſom, to render the ſoul of man viſible, is what every honeſt friend has manifold reaſon to wiſh for; yet even that would not do in our caſe while you are ſo far ſeparated from me, and ſo long. I begin to fear you'll die in Ireland, and that Denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris.* I ſhould be apt to think you in Sancho's caſe; ſome Duke has made you Governor of an iſland, or wet place, and you are adminiſtring laws to the wild Iriſh. But I muſt own, when you talk of Building and Planting, you touch my ſtring; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himſelf Jupiter would have

pardon'd the other madman who call'd himſelf his brother Neptune. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to? one that has been a Poet, was degraded to a Tranſlator, and at laſt, thro' mere dulneſs, is turned an Architect. You know Martial's cenſure, *Præconem facito vel Architectum.* However I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and to ſurprize (as Bays ſays); the next news you may expect to hear, is that I am in debt.

The hiſtory of my tranſplantation and ſettlement which you deſire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, viciſſitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: much more ſhould I deſcribe the many Draughts, Elevations, Profiles, Perſpectives, etc. of every Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and happily raiſed, by the ſtrength of that faculty wherein all great Geniuſes excel, Imagination. At laſt, the Gods and fate have fix'd me on the borders of the Thames, in the diſtricts of Richmond and Twickenham: It is here I have paſſed an entire year of my life, without any fix'd abode in London, or more than caſting a tranſitory glance (for a day or two at moſt in a month) on the pomps of the Town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my ſtructures riſe; for you my Colonades extend their wings; for you my groves aſpire, and roſes bloom. And, to ſay truth, I hope poſterity (which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all theſe things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my Architecture, that it was a manſion prepar'd to receive you, againſt your own ſhould fall to duſt, which is deſtin'd to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the fidelity of two ſuch Servants, who have excell'd in conſtancy the very Rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myſelf? ſo much, a
yet all put together ſo little, that I ſcarce care or kn
how to do it. But the very reaſons that are again
putting it upon paper, are as ſtrong for telling it y
in perſon; and I am uneaſy to be ſo long denied t
ſatisfaction of it.

At preſent I conſider you bound in by the Iriſh Se
like the ghoſts in Virgil,

Triſti palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx circumfuſa coërcet!

and I can't expreſs how I long to renew our old int
courſe and converſation, our morning conferences
bed in the ſame room, our evening walks in the pa
our amuſing voyages on the water, our philoſophi
ſuppers, our lectures, our diſſertations, our gravit
our reveries, our fooleries, our what not?—This aw
kens the memory of ſome of thoſe who have made
part in all theſe. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! Y
juſtly reprove me for not ſpeaking of the death of
laſt: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to wh
memory I am erecting the beſt Monument I can. Wh
he gave me to publiſh was but a ſmall part of what
left behind him; but it was the beſt, and I will
make it worſe by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he
buried at Cheſter, or Dublin; and what care has be
or is to be taken for his Monument, etc. Yet I h
not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writ
this very day his epitaph for Weſtminſter-Abbey
After theſe, the beſt natur'd of men, Sir Samuel Ga
has left me in the trueſt concern for his loſs.
death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enoug
have made a ſaint or a philoſopher famous. But
tongues, and worſe hearts, have branded even his
moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with

eligion. You muſt have heard many tales on this ſubject; but if ever there was a good Chriſtian, without knowing himſelf to be ſo, it was Dr. Garth.

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

To Mr. * * * *.

Sept. 17.

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not ſo ſtudious of Wealth as many of your profeſſion are, ſince you can derive matter of mirth from want of buſineſs. You are none of thoſe Lawyers who deſerve the motto of the devil, *Circuit quærens quem deveret.* But your *Circuit* will at leaſt procure you one of the greateſt of temporal bleſſings, Health. What an advantageous circumſtance is it, for one that loves rambling ſo well, to be a grave and reputable rambler? while (like your fellow Circuiteer, the Sun) you travel the round of the earth, and behold all the iniquities under the heavens? You are much a ſuperior genius to me in rambling; you, like a Pigeon (to which I would ſooner compare a Lawyer than to a Hawk) can fly ſome hundred leagues at a pitch; I, like a poor ſquirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excurſions are but like thoſe of a ſhop-keeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his buſineſs all the while. Your letter of the cauſe lately before you, I could not but communicate to ſome ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correſpondence of the ſame ſort during a whole Circuit, it could not fail to pleaſe the ſex, better than half the novels they read; there would be no

them what they love above all things, a moſt happy union of Truth and Scandal. I aſſure you the Bath affords nothing equal to it: it is on the contrary full of *grave and ſad* men, Mr. Baron S. Lord Chief Juſtice A. Judge P. and Counſellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his noſe, but thinks it inconſiſtent with his gravity to wear a patch, notwithſtanding the precedent of an eminent judge. I am, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD,

IF your Mare could ſpeak, ſhe would give an account of what extraordinary company ſhe had on the road; which ſince ſhe cannot do, I will:

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonſon, who, mounted on a ſtone-horſe (no diſagreeable companion to your Lordſhip's mare) overtook me in Windſor-foreſt. He ſaid, he heard I deſign'd for Oxford, the ſeat of the Muſes, and would, as my bookſeller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I aſk'd him where he got his horſe? He anſwer'd, he got it of his Publiſher: "For that rogue my Printer "(ſaid he) diſappointed me: I hoped to put him in "good-humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown "fricaſſee of rabbits, which coſt two ſhillings, with "two quarts of wine, beſides my converſation. I "thought myſelf cockſure of his horſe, which he rea-"dily promis'd me, but ſaid that Mr. Tonſon had juſt "ſuch another deſign of going to Cambridge, expect-"ing there the copy of a new kind of Horace from "Dr. ——, and if Mr. Tonſon went, he was pre-

" ingaged to attend him, being to have the printing " of the ſaid copy.

" So in ſhort, I borrow'd this ſtonehorſe of my Pub- " liſher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; " he lent me too the pretty boy you ſee after me: he " was a ſmutty dog yeſterday, and coſt me near two " hours to waſh the ink off his face; but the Devil is " a fair-condition'd Devil, and very forward in his " Catechiſe: if you have any more bags, he ſhall " carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, ſo gave the boy a ſmall bag, containing three ſhirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an inſtant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous ſtationer beſide, and the aforeſaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner: " Now damn " them! what if they ſhould put it into the news-pa- " per, how you and I went together to Oxford? " what would I care? If I ſhould go down into Suſ- " ſex, they would ſay I was gone to the Speaker. " But what of that? If my ſon were but big enough " to go on with the buſineſs, by G—d I would keep " as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I enquir'd of his ſon. " The lad (ſays " he) has fine parts, but is ſomewhat ſickly, much as " you are—I ſpare for nothing in his education at " Weſtminſter. Pray don't you think Weſtminſter to " be the beſt ſchool in England? moſt of the late " Miniſtry came out of it, ſo did many of this Mi- " niſtry; I hope the boy will make his fortune."

Don't you deſign to let him paſs a year at Oxford? " To what purpoſe? (ſaid he) the Univerſities do " but make Pedants, and I intend to breed him a " man of buſineſs."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I obſerv'd he ſat uneaſy on his ſaddle, for which I expreſſed ſome ſolicitude: Nothing, ſays he, I can bear it well enough: but ſince we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleaſant for you to reſt a-while under the woods. When we were alighted, "See here, what a mighty pretty "Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amus'd "yourſelf in turning an ode, till we mount again? "Lord! if you pleas'd, what a clever Miſcellany "might you make at leiſure hours." Perhaps I may, ſaid I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trot very much awakens my ſpirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence enſued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, ſtop'd ſhort, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I anſwer'd, Seven miles. "Z—ds, Sir, ſaid Lintot, I thought "you had done ſeven ſtanza's. Oldſworth, in a ram-"ble round Wimbleton hill, would tranſlate a whole "ode in half this time. I'll ſay that for Oldſworth "(tho' I loſt by his Timothy's) he tranſlates an ode of "Horace the quickeſt of any man in England. I re-"member Dr. King would write verſes in a tavern "three hours after he could not ſpeak: and there's "Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, "between Fleetditch and St. Giles's pound, ſhall "make you half a Job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (ſaid I) now you talk of Tranſlators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir, "(reply'd he) thoſe are the ſaddeſt pack of rogues in "the world: in a hungry fit, they'll ſwear they un-"derſtand all the languages in the univerſe: I have "known one of them take down a Greek book upon "my counter, and cry, Ay, this is Hebrew, I muſt "read it from the latter end. By G—d I can never "be ſure in theſe fellows, for I neither underſtand

"Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myſelf. But this "is my way; I agree with them for ten ſhillings per "ſheet, with a proviſo, that I will have their doings "corrected by whom I pleaſe; ſo by one or other they "are led at laſt to the true ſenſe of an author; my "judgment giving the negative to all my tranſlators." But how are you ſecure thoſe correctors may not impoſe upon you? "Why I get any civil gentleman, (eſpe-"cially any Scotchman) that comes into my ſhop, to "read the original to me in Engliſh; by this I know "whether my firſt tranſlator be deficient, and whether "my corrector merits his money or not?

"I'll tell you what happened to me laſt month: I "bargain'd with S* for a new verſion of Lucretius to "publiſh againſt Tonſon's; agreeing to pay the author "ſo many ſhillings at his producing ſo many lines. "He made a great progreſs in a very ſhort time, and "I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; "but he went directly to Creech's tranſlation, and "found it the ſame word for word, all but the firſt "page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arreſted the "tranſlator for a cheat; nay, and I ſtopt the correc-"tor's pay too, upon this proof that he had made uſe "of Creech inſtead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics? "Sir (ſaid he) nothing more eaſy. I can ſilence the "moſt formidable of them: the rich ones for a ſheet "a-piece of the blotted manuſcript, which coſts me "nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquain-"tance and pretend they had it from the author, who "ſubmitted to their correction: this has given ſome "of them ſuch an air, that in time they come to be "conſulted with, and dedicated to as the top Critics "of the town.—As for the poor critics, I'll give you "one inſtance of my management, by which you may

" gueſs at the reſt. A lean man, that look'd like
" very good ſcholar, came to me t'other day; he turn'
" over your Homer, ſhook his head, ſhrugg'd up h
" ſhoulders, and piſh'd at every line of it: One woul
" wonder (ſays he) at the ſtrange preſumption of ſom
" men; Homer is no ſuch eaſy taſk, that every ſtri
" ling, every verſifier—He was going on, when m
" wife call'd to dinner: Sir, ſaid I, will you pleaſe
" eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot, ſaid h
" I am ſorry you ſhould be at the expence of this gre
" book, I am really concern'd on your account—Si
" I am much oblig'd to you: if you can dine upon
" piece of beef, together with a ſlice of pudding—M
" Lintot, I do not ſay but Mr. Pope, if he would co
" deſcend to adviſe with men of learning—Sir, t
" pudding is upon the table, if you pleaſe to go in
" My critic complies, he comes to a taſte of your pc
" try, and tells me in the ſame breath, that the bo
" is commendable, and the pudding excellent.

" Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return to t
" frankneſs I have ſhewn, pray tell me, Is it the o
" nion of your friends at court that my Lord La
" down will be brought to the bar or not?" I t
him, I heard he would not, and I hop'd it, my L
being one I had particular obligations to. " That m
" be (reply'd Mr. Lintot) but by G—d if he is not
" ſhall loſe the printing of a very good Trial."

Theſe, my Lord, are a few traits by which you m
diſcern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have cho
for the ſubject of a letter. I dropt him as ſoon a
got to Oxford, and paid a viſit to my Lord Carle
at Middleton.

The converſations I enjoy here are not to be pr
diced by my pen, and the pleaſures from them onl

e equal'd when I meet your Lordſhip. I hope in a ew days to caſt myſelf from your horſe at your feet.

I am, etc.

LETTER XI.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

(In anſwer to a Letter in which he incloſed the Deſcription of Buckingham-houſe, written by him to the D. of Sh.)

PLINY was one of thoſe few authors who had a warm houſe over his head, nay two houſes, as appears by two of his epiſtles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durſt have inform'd the public where they lodged, we ſhould have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited, as thoſe of Fleet-ſtreet; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into ſuch a ſecret, therefore we may preſume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their bookſellers.

It ſeems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no odging at all: he firſt introduc'd himſelf to Auguſtus y an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an obſer-'ation which probably he had not made, unleſs he had ain all night in the ſtreet.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm; but in one of is ſatires he complains of the exceſſive price of lodgngs; neither do I believe he would have talk'd ſo celingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the oſtentation of Pliny, he would ave been glad to have changed both his houſes for our Grace's one; which is a country-houſe in the ummer, and a town-houſe in the winter, and muſt be wned *to be the propereſt* habitation for a wiſe man,

who ſees all the world change every ſeaſon witho
ever changing himſelf.

I have been reading the deſcription of Pliny's hou
with an eye to yours, but finding they will bear
compariſon, will try if it can be match'd by the lar
country-ſeat I inhabit at preſent, and ſee what figu
it may make by the help of a florid deſcription.

You muſt expect nothing regular in my deſcriptio
any more than in the houſe; the whole vaſt edifice
ſo disjointed, and the ſeveral parts of it ſo detach'd o
from the other, and yet ſo joining again, one cann
tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagin
it had been a village in Amphion's time, where t
cottages having taken a country-dance together, h
been all out, and ſtood ſtone-ſtill with amazeme
ever ſince.

You muſt excuſe me, if I ſay nothing of the Fron
indeed I don't know which it is. A ſtranger would
grievouſly diſappointed, who endeavour'd to get in
the houſe the right way. One would reaſonably expe
after the entry through the porch to be let into t
hall: alas nothing leſs! you find yourſelf in the hou
of office. From the parlour you think to ſtep into t
drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nail'd doo
you are convinc'd by a flight of birds about your ea
and a cloud of duſt in your eyes, that it is the Pigeo
houſe. If you come into the chapel, you find its altar
like thoſe of the ancients, continually ſmoaking, b
it is with the ſteams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and ſpacious, flank
on one ſide with a very long table, a true image of a
cient hoſpitality: the walls are all over ornament
with monſtrous horns of animals, about twenty brok
pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuſſes, and a ruſty matc
lock muſquet or two, which we were inform'd h

rv'd in the civil wars. Here is one vaſt arch'd window beautifully darken'd with divers ſcutcheons of ainted glaſs: one ſhining pane in particular bears ate 1286, which alone preſerves the memory of a knight whoſe iron armour is long ſince periſh'd with uſt, and whoſe alabaſter noſe is moulder'd from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor in another piece owes more to that ſingle pane than to all the glaſſes ſhe ever conſulted in her life. After this, who can ſay that glaſs is frail, when it is not half ſo frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but ſigh to think that the moſt authentic record of ſo ancient a family ſhould lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a ſtone. In former days there have din'd in this hall garter'd Knights, and courtly Dames, attended by uſhers, ſewers, and ſeneſchals; and yet it was but laſt night, that an owl flew hither and miſtook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threſhold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-belly'd virginal, a couple of cripled velvet chairs, with two or three mill-dew'd pictures of mouldy anceſtors, who look as diſmally as if they came freſh from hell with all their brimſtone about them; theſe are carefully ſet at the farther corner, for the windows being every where broken, make it ſo convenient a place to dry poppies and muſtard ſeed, that the room is appropriated to that uſe.

Next this parlour, as I ſaid before, lies the pigeon-houſe, by the ſide of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and t'other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a ſmall hole call'd the chaplain's ſtudy: then follow a brew-houſe, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great ſtairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right the ſervants hall, and by *the ſide of it up ſix ſteps*, the old lady's cloſet for her

private devotions; which has a lattice into the l
intended (as we imagine) that at the ſame time a
pray'd, ſhe might have an eye on the men and m
There are upon the ground floor in all twenty fi
partments, among which I muſt not forget a chan
which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that ſe
to have been either a bedſtead, or a cyder-preſs.

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, b
one vaſt vault to the top of the houſe; where one a
ture ſerves to let out the ſmoke, and let in the li
By the blackneſs of the walls, the circular fires,
cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces,
would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cav
Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horro
this place has made ſuch an impreſſion on the cou
people, that they believe the Witches keep their
bath here, and that once a year the Devil treats t
with infernal veniſon, a roaſted tiger ſtuff'd with
penny nails.

Above ſtairs we have a number of rooms: you n
paſs out of one into another but by the aſcent o
ſcent of two or three ſtairs. Our beſt room is very
and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box.
moſt of theſe rooms there are hangings of the f
work in the world, that is to ſay, thoſe which Ara
ſpins from her own bowels. Were it not for this
furniture, the whole would be a miſerable ſcen
naked walls, ſlaw'd cielings, broken windows,
ruſty locks. The roof is ſo decay'd, that after
vourable ſhower we may expect a crop of muſhro
between the chinks of our floors. All the doors
as little and low as thoſe to the cabbins of packet-b
Theſe rooms have for many years had no other i
bitants than certain rats, whoſe very age renders t
worthy of this ſeat, for the very rats of this venei
houſe are grey: ſince theſe have not yet quitted 'i

hope at leaſt that this ancient manſion may not fall during the ſmall remnant theſe poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a ſmall ſubſiſtence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never ſeen half what I had deſcribed, but for a ſtarch'd grey-headed Steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walk'd out of its frame. He entertain'd us as we paſs'd from room to room with ſeveral relations of the family; but his obſervations were particularly curious when we came to the cellar: he inform'd us where ſtood the triple rows of butts of ſack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toaſts in a morning; he pointed to the ſtands that ſupported the iron-hoop'd hogſheads of ſtrong beer; then ſtepping to a corner, he lugg'd out the tatter'd fragments of an unframed picture; "This (ſays he, with tears) was poor "Sir Thomas! once maſter of all this drink. He had "two ſons, poor young maſters! who never arrived "to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very "room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not paſs by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to ſhow us the Arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the Tower by dark winding ſtone ſteps, which landed us into ſeveral little rooms one above another. One of theſe was nail'd up, and our guide whiſper'd to us as a ſecret the occaſion of it: It ſeems the courſe of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring Prior, ever ſince which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghoſt of lady Frances is ſuppoſed to walk there, and ſome prying maids of the

family report that they have ſeen a lady in a fai through the key-hole; but this matter is ht and the ſervants are forbid to talk of it.

I muſt needs have tired you by this long deſc but what engaged me in it, was a generous p to preſerve the memory of that, which itſelf mi fall into duſt, nay perhaps part of it, before th reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old houſe the ſame kind titude that we do to an old friend, who harbou his declining condition, nay even in his laſt e ties. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupte where no one that paſſes by can dream there i habitant, and even thoſe who would dine with not ſtay under our roof! Any one that ſees it w I could not have choſen a more likely place to c with the dead in. I had been mad indeed i left your Grace for any one but Homer. Bi I return to the living, I ſhall have the ſenſe to vour to converſe with the beſt of them, and ſhal fore as ſoon as poſſible tell you in perſon how am, etc.

LETTER XII.

The D. of BUCKINGHAM to Mr. POPE

YOU deſire my opinion as to the late diſ France concerning Homer: And I think ſable (at an age alas! of not much pleaſure) t myſelf a little in taking notice of a controverſ which nothing is at preſent more remarkable i a nation who value themſelves ſo much upon th Lettres) both on account of the illuſtrious ſubje and of the two perſons ingaged in the quarrel.

The one is extraordinary in all the Lyric *Poetry*, even in the opinion of his very adverſa

other a Lady (and of more value for being ſo) not only of great Learning, but with a Genius admirably turn'd to that ſort of it which moſt becomes her Sex, for ſoftneſs, genteelneſs, and promoting of virtue; and ſuch as (one would think) is not ſo liable as other parts of ſcholarſhip, to rough diſputes, or violent animoſity.

Yet it has ſo happen'd, that no writers, even about Divinity itſelf, have been more outrageous or uncharitable than theſe two polite authors; by ſuffering their judgments to be a little warped (if I may uſe that expreſſion) by the heat of their eager inclinations, to attack or defend ſo great an Author under debate. I wiſh for the ſake of the public, which is now ſo well entertained by their quarrel, it may not end at laſt in their agreeing to blame a third man who is not ſo preſumptuous as to cenſure both, if they ſhould chance to hear it.

To begin with matter of fact. M. D'Acier has well judg'd, that the beſt of all Poets certainly deſerved a better tranſlation, at leaſt into French proſe, becauſe to ſee it done in verſe was deſpair'd of: I believe indeed from a defect in that language, incapable of mounting to any degree of excellence ſuitable to ſo very great an undertaking.

She has not only perform'd this taſk as well as proſe can do it, (which is indeed but as the wrong ſide of tapeſtry is able to repreſent the right *) ſhe has added to it alſo many learned and uſeful annotations. With all which ſhe moſt obligingly delighted not only her own ſex, but moſt of ours, ignorant of the Greek, and conſequently her adverſary himſelf, who frankly acknowledges that ignorance.

'Tis no wonder therefore, if, in doing this, ſhe is grown ſo enamour'd of that unſpeakably-charming

* A thought of Cervantes.

Author, as to have a kind of horror at the leaſt mention of a man bold enough to blame him.

Now as to M. de la Motte, he being already deſervedly famous for all ſorts of Lyric poetry, was ſo far introduced by her into thoſe beauties of the Epic kind (tho' but in that way of tranſlation) as not to reſiſt the pleaſure and hope of reputation, by attempting that in verſe, which had been applauded ſo much for the difficulty of doing it even in proſe; knowing how this, well executed, muſt extremely tranſcend the other.

But, as great Poets are a little apt to think they have an ancient right of being excus'd for vanity on all occaſions, he was not content to outdo M. D'Acier, but endeavour'd to out-do Homer himſelf, and all that ever in any age or nation went before him in the ſame enterprize; by leaving out, altering, or adding whatever he thought beſt.

Againſt this preſumptuous attempt, Homer has been in all times ſo well defended, as not to need my ſmall aſſiſtance; yet I muſt needs ſay, his excellencies are ſuch, that for their ſakes he deſerves a much gentler touch for his ſeeming errors. Theſe if M. de la Motte had tranſlated as well as the reſt, with an apology for having retained them only out of mere veneration; his judgment, in my opinion, would have appear'd much greater than by the beſt of his alterations, though I admit them to be written very finely. I join with M. de la Motte in wondering at ſome odd things in Homer, but 'tis chiefly becauſe of his ſublime ones, I was about to ſay his divine ones, which almoſt ſurprize me at finding him any where in the fallible condition of human nature.

And now we are wondering, I am in a difficulty to gueſs what can be the reaſon of theſe exceptions againſt Homer, from one who has himſelf tranſlated him, con-

trary to the general cuſtom of tranſlators. Is there not a little of that in it? I mean to be ſingular, in getting above the title of a Tranſlator, tho' ſufficiently honourable in this caſe. For ſuch an ambition no body has leſs occaſion, than one who is ſo fine a Poet in other kinds; and who muſt have too much wit to believe, any alteration of another can entitle him to the denomination of an *Epic Poet* himſelf: tho' no man in this age ſeems more capable of being a good one, if the French tongue would bear it. Yet in his tranſlation he has done too well, to leave any doubt (with all his faults) that her's can be ever parallel'd with it.

Beſides he could not be ignorant, that finding faults is the moſt eaſy and vulgar part of a critic; whereas nothing ſhews ſo much ſkill and taſte both, as the being thoroughly ſenſible of the ſublimeſt excellencies.

What can we ſay in excuſe of all this? *Humanum eſt errare:* Since as good a Poet as, I believe, the French language is capable of, and as ſharp a Critic as any nation can produce, has by too much cenſuring Homer ſubjected a tranſlation to cenſure, that would have otherwiſe ſtood the teſt of the ſevereſt adverſary.

But ſince he would needs chuſe that wrong way of criticiſm, I wonder he miſs'd a ſtone ſo eaſy to be thrown againſt Homer, not for his filling the Iliad with ſo much ſlaughter (for that is to be excuſed, ſince a War is not capable of being deſcribed without it) but with ſo many various particulars of wounds and horror, as ſhew the writer (I am afraid) ſo delighted that way himſelf, as not the leaſt to doubt his reader being ſo alſo. Like Spanioletta, whoſe diſmal pictures are the more diſagreeable for being always ſo movingly painted. Even Hector's laſt parting from his ſon and Andromache hardly makes us amends for his body's *being dragg'd* thrice round the town. M.

de la Motte in his ſtrongeſt objections about that diſmal combat, has ſufficient cauſe to blame his inraged adverſary; who here gives an inſtance that it is impoſſible to be violent without committing ſome miſtake; her paſſion for Homer blinding her too much to perceive the very groſſeſt of his fa lings. By which warning I am become a little more capable of impartiality, though in a diſpute about that very Poet for whom I have the greateſt veneration.

M. D'Acier might have conſider'd a little, that whatever were the motives of M. de la Motte to ſo bold a proceeding, it could not darken that fame which I am ſure ſhe thinks ſhines ſecurely even after the vain attempts of Plato himſelf againſt it: caus'd only perhaps by a like reaſon with that of Madam D'Acier's anger againſt M. de la Motte, namely, the finding that in proſe his genius (great as it was) could not be capable of the ſublime heights of poetry, which therefore he baniſhed out of his commonwealth.

Nor were theſe objections to Homer any more leſſening of her merit in tranſlating him as well as that way is capable of, viz. fully, plainly, and elegantly, than the moſt admirable verſes can be any diſparagement to as excellent proſe.

The beſt excuſe for all this violence is, its being in a cauſe which gives a kind of reputation even to ſuffering, notwithſtanding ever ſo ill a management of it.

The worſt of defending even Homer in ſuch a paſſionate manner, is its being more a proof of her weakneſs, than of his being liable to none. For what is it can excuſe Homer any more than Hector, for flying at the firſt ſight of Achilles? whoſe terrible aſpect ſure needed not ſuch an inexcuſable fright to ſet it off; and methinks all that account of Minerva's reſtoring his dart to Achilles, comes a little too late, for excuſing *Hector's* ſo terrible apprehenſion at the very firſt.

LETTER XIII.

To the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

Sept. 1, 1718.

I Am much honour'd by your Grace's compliance with my requeſt, in giving me your opinion of the French diſpute concerning Homer. And I ſhall keep my word, in fairly telling wherein I diſagree from you. It is but in two or three very ſmall points, not ſo much of the diſpute, as of the parties concern'd in it. I cannot think quite ſo highly of the Lady's learning, tho' I reſpect it very much. It is great complaiſance in that polite nation, to allow her to be a Critic of equal rank with her huſband. To inſtance no further, his remarks on Horace ſhew more good Senſe, Penetration, and a better Taſte of his author, and thoſe upon Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry more Skill and Science, than any of her's on any author whatever *. In truth, they are much more ſlight, dwell more in generals, and are, beſides, for the moſt part, leſs her own; of which her Remarks upon Homer are an example, where Euſtathius is tranſcribed ten times for once that he is quoted. Nor is there at all more depth of learning in thoſe upon Terence, Plautus, or (where they were moſt wanted) upon Ariſtophanes, only the Greek ſcholia upon the latter are ſome of the beſt extant.

Your Grace will believe me, that I did not ſearch to find defects in a Lady; my employment upon the Iliad forced me to ſee them; yet I have had ſo much of the French complaiſance as to conceal her thefts; for wherever I have found her notes to be wholly another's (which is the caſe in ſome hundreds) I have barely quoted the true Proprietor without obſerving

* This is a juſt Character of that excellent Critic's writings.

upon it. If Madam D'Acier has ever ſeen my obſervations, ſhe will be ſenſible of this conduct, but what Effect it may have upon a Lady, I will not anſwer for.

In the next place, as to M. de la Motte, I think your Grace hardly does him right, in ſuppoſing he could have no Idea of the beauties of Homer's Epic Poetry, but what he learn'd from Madam D'Acier's Proſe-tranſlation. There had been a very elegant Proſe-tranſlation before, that of Monſieur de la Valterie; ſo elegant, that the ſtyle of it was evidently the original and model of the famous Telemaque. Your Grace very juſtly animadverts againſt the too great diſpoſition of finding faults, in the one, and of confeſſing none in the other. But doubtleſs, as to Violence, the Lady has infinitely the better of the Gentleman. Nothing can be more polite, diſpaſſionate, or ſenſible, than M. de la Motte's manner of managing the diſpute: and ſo much as I ſee your Grace admires the beauty of his verſe (in which you have the ſuffrage too of the Archbiſhop of Cambray) I will venture to ſay, his proſe is full as good. I think therefore when you ſay, no diſputants even in Divinity could be more outrageous and uncharitable than theſe two authors, you are a little too hard upon M. de la Motte. Not but that (with your Grace) I doubt as little of the zeal of Commentators as of the zeal of Divines, and am as ready to believe of the paſſions and pride of mankind in general, that (did but the ſame intereſts go along with them) they would carry the learned world to as violent extremes, animoſities, and even perſecutions, about variety of opinions in Criticiſm, as ever they did about Religion: and that, in defect of Scripture to quarrel upon, we ſhould have French, Italian, and

Dutch Commentators ready to burn one another about Homer, Virgil, Terence, and Horace.

I do not wonder your Grace is ſhock'd at the flight of Hector upon the firſt appearance of Achilles, in the twenty-ſecond Iliad. However (to ſhew myſelf a true Commentator, if not a true Critic) I will endeavour to excuſe, if not to defend it in my Notes on that book. And to ſave myſelf what trouble I can, inſtead of doing it in this letter, I will draw up the ſubſtance of what I have to ſay for it in a ſeparate paper, which I'll ſhew your Grace when next we meet. I will only deſire you to allow me, that Hector was in an abſolute certainty of death, and depreſs'd over and above with the conſcience of being in an ill cauſe. If your heart be ſo great, as not to grant the firſt of theſe will ſink the ſpirit of a Hero, you'll at leaſt be ſo good, as to allow the ſecond may. But, I can tell your Grace, no leſs a Hero than my Lord Peterborow, when a perſon complimented him for never being afraid, made this anſwer; "Sir, ſhew me a danger that I think an im-"minent and real one, and I promiſe you I'll be as "much afraid as any of you."

I am your Grace's, etc.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 7, 1714.

I Am extremely obliged to you for taking notice of a poor old diſtreſſed courtier, commonly the moſt deſpiſeable thing in the world. This blow has ſo ous'd *Scriblerus* that he has recover'd his ſenſes, and thinks and talks like other men. From being frolick-

ſome and gay he is turn'd grave and moroſe. His lucubrations lie neglected among old news-papers, caſes, petitions, and abundance of unanſwerable letters. I wiſh to God they had been among the papers of a noble Lord ſealed up. Then might Scriblerus have paſs'd for the Pretender, and it would have been a moſt excellent and laborious work for the Flying Poſt or ſome ſuch author to have allegoriz'd all his adventures into a plot, and found out myſteries ſomewhat like the Key to the Lock. Martin's office is now the ſecond door on the left hand in Dover-ſtreet, where he will be glad to ſee Dr. Parnelle, Mr. Pope, and his old friends, to whom he can ſtill afford a half pint of claret. It is with ſome pleaſure that he contemplates the world ſtill buſy, and all mankind at work, for him. I have ſeen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble ſpirit, and tho' like a man knock'd down, you may behold him ſtill with a ſtern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adverſaries. I will add no more, being in haſte, only that I will never forgive you if you don't uſe my aforeſaid houſe in Dover-ſtreet with the ſame freedom as you did that in St. James's; for as our friendſhip was not begun upon the relation of a courtier, ſo I hope it will not end with it. I will always be proud to be reckon'd amongſt the number of your friends and humble ſervants.

LETTER XV.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Sept. 10.

I Am glad your Travels delighted you; improve you, I am ſure, they could not; you are not ſo much a youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of ſix-

teen, and (what makes him ſtill more a child) a King of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, ſpent in an attendance upon death, which has ſeized one of our family: my mother is ſomething better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indiſpoſition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a ſlight one compared with my mother's, becauſe my life is not of half the conſequence to any body that her's is to me. All theſe incidents have hinder'd my more ſpeedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you enquire of, is of as little concern to me as you deſire it ſhould; namely, the railing papers about the Odyſſey. If the book has merit, it will extinguiſh all ſuch naſty ſcandal; as the Sun puts an end to ſtinks, merely by coming out.

I wiſh I had nothing to trouble me more; an honeſt mind is not in the power of any diſhoneſt one. To break its peace, there muſt be ſome guilt or conſciouſneſs, which is inconſiſtent with its own principles. Not but malice and injuſtice have their day, like ſome poor ſhort-lived vermine that die in ſhooting their own ſtings. Falſhood is Folly (ſays Homer) and liars and calumniators at laſt hurt none but themſelves, even in this world: in the next, 'tis charity to ſay, God have mercy on them! they were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and, I fear, has a right to diſpoſe of his children.

I've had an occaſion to make theſe reflections of late more juſtly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent perſon, who I'm ſure ſhares your friendſhip no leſs than I do. No creature has better natural diſpoſitions, or would act more rightly or

reaſonably in every duty, did ſhe act by herſelf, or from herſelf; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ſhip, I mean the Head guided by the Tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. POPE to the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD, Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR Lordſhip may be ſurprized at the liberty I take in writing to you: tho' you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with ſome others who better deſerved it. I hope you will not wonder I am ſtill deſirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful ſervant; but, I own, I have an ambition yet farther, to have others think me ſo, which is the occaſion I give your Lordſhip the trouble of this. Poor Parnelle, before he died, left me the charge of publiſhing theſe few remains of his: I have a ſtrong deſire to make them, their author, and their publiſher, more conſiderable, by addreſſing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleaſure in bearing teſtimony to truth, and a vanity perhaps, which at leaſt is as excuſable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my Lord, to allow me to gratify it in prefixing this paper of honeſt verſes to the book. I ſend the book itſelf, which, I dare ſay, you'll receive more ſatisfaction in peruſing, than you can from any thing written upon the ſubject of yourſelf. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for ſuch an addition to it. All I ſhall ſay for it is, that 'tis the only dedication I ever writ, and ſhall be the only one, whether you accept of it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a leſs man

than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time.

After all, if your Lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a suppression of these verses (the only copy whereof I send you) but you never shall suppress that great, sincere, and entire respect, with which I am always,

My Lord,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

The Earl of OXFORD to Mr. POPE.

SIR, Brampton-Castle, Nov. 6, 1721.

I Received your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remember'd by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses inclos'd? my mind reproach'd me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits doth this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnelle, Dean Swift, the Doctor, etc. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship, and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the Original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am Your, etc.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EDWARD BLOUNT, Eſq;

From the Year 1714 to 1725.

LETTER I.

Mr. POPE to EDWARD BLOUNT, Eſq;

Auguſt 27, 1714.

WHatever ſtudies on the one hand, or amuſements on the other, it ſhall be my fortune to fall into, I ſhall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of them. The taſk I undertook, though of weight enough in itſelf, has had a voluntary increaſe by the inlarging my deſign of the *Notes*; and the neceſſity of conſulting a number of books has carried me to Oxford: but I fear, thro' my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clark's means, I ſhall be more converſant with the pleaſures and company of the place, than with the books and manuſcripts of it.

I find ſtill more reaſon to complain of the negligence of the Geographers in their maps of old Greece, ſince I looked upon two or three more noted names in the public libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have ſome cauſe to fear the engraver will prejudice me in a few ſituations. I have been forced

o write to him in ſo high a ſtyle, that were my epiſtle ntercepted, it would raiſe no ſmall admiration in an ordinary man. There is ſcarce an order in it of leſs importance, than to remove ſuch and ſuch mountains, alter the courſe of ſuch and ſuch rivers, place a large city on ſuch a coaſt, and raiſe another in another country. I have ſet bounds to the ſea, and ſaid to the land, Thus far ſhalt thou advance, and no farther *. In the mean time, I who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of loſing my horſe, and ſtand in ſome fear of a country juſtice †. To diſarm me indeed may be but prudential, conſidering what armies I have at preſent on foot, and in my ſervice; an hundred thouſand Grecians are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thouſand prieſts; and they ſeem proper forces to ſend againſt thoſe in Barcelona. That ſiege deſerves as fine a poem as the Iliad, and the machining part of poetry would be the juſter in it, as they ſay, the inhabitants expect angels from heaven to their aſſiſtance. May I venture to ſay, who am a Papiſt, and ſay to you who are a Papiſt, that nothing is more aſtoniſhing to me, than that people ſo greatly warm'd with a ſenſe of liberty, ſhould be capable of harbouring ſuch weak ſuperſtition, and that ſo much bravery and ſo much folly can inhabit the ſame breaſts?

I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, mov'd by the common curioſity of mankind, who leave their own buſineſs to be looking upon that of other mens. I thank God, that, as for myſelf, I am below all the accidents of ſtate-changes by my circumſtances, and above them by my philoſophy.

* This relates to the map of ancient Greece, laid down by our Author in his obſervations on the ſecond Iliad.

† Some of the laws were, at this time, put in force againſt the Papiſts.

Common charity of man to man, and univerſal go will to all, are the points I have moſt at heart; an am ſure, thoſe are not to be broken for the ſake any governors, or government. I am willing to ho the beſt, and what I more wiſh than my own or a particular man's advancement, is, that this turn m put an end entirely to the diviſions of Whig and Tor that the parties may love each other as well as I lo them both, or at leaſt hurt each other as little as would either: and that our own people may live quietly as we ſhall certainly let theirs; that is to ſa that want of power itſelf in us may not be a ſurer pr vention of harm, than want of will in them. I a ſure, if all Whigs and all Tories had the ſpirit of o Roman Catholic that I know, it would be well for a Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had a ways had that ſpirit, it had been well for all other and we had never been charged with ſo wicked a ſpir as that of perſecution.

I agree with you in my ſentiments of the ſtate of o nation ſince this change: I find myſelf juſt in the ſan ſituation of mind you deſcribe as your own, hearti wiſhing the good, that is, the quiet of my countr and hoping a total end of all the unhappy diviſions mankind by party-ſpirit, which at beſt is but the ma neſs of many for the gain of a few.

I am, etc.

LETTER II.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

IT is with a great deal of pleaſure I ſee your lett dear Sir, written in a ſtyle that ſhews you full health, and in the midſt of diverſions: I think th

things neceſſary to a man who has ſuch under-
ings in hand as yours. All lovers of Homer are in-
ted to you for taking ſo much pains about the ſitua-
n of his Hero's kingdoms; it will not only be of
at uſe with regard to his works, but to all that
d any of the Greek hiſtorians; who generally are
underſtood thro' the difference of the maps as to the
ces they treat of, which makes one think one au-
r contradicts another. You are going to ſet us
ht; and 'tis an advantage every body will gladly
you engroſs the glory of.

You can draw rules to be free and eaſy, from formal
lants; and teach men to be ſhort and pertinent,
m tedious commentators. However, I congratulate
ir happy deliverance from ſuch authors, as you (with
your humanity) cannot wiſh alive again to converſe
h. Critics will quarrel with you, if you dare to
aſe without their leave; and Zealots will ſhrug up
ir ſhoulders at a man, that pretends to go to Hea-
n out of their form, dreſs and diet. I would no
re make a judgment of an author's genius from a
nning critic, than I would of a man's religion from
unſaving zealot.

I could take great delight in affording you the new
ry of making a Barceloniad (if I may venture to
n ſuch a word:) I fancy you would find a juſter pa-
el than it ſeems at firſt ſight; for the Trojans too
l a great mixture of folly with their bravery; and
n out of countenance for them when I read the
e reſult of their council, where, after a warm de-
e between Antenor and Paris about reſtoring Helen,
am ſagely determines that they ſhall go to ſupper.
d as for the Greeks, what can equal their ſuperſti-
n in ſacrificing an innocent lady?

Tantum Religio potuit, etc.

I have a good opinion of my politics, ſince they agree with a man who always thinks ſo juſtly as you. I wiſh it were in our power to perſuade all the nation into as calm and ſteady a diſpoſition of mind.

We have receiv'd the late melancholy news, with the uſual ceremony, of condoling in one breath for the loſs of a gracious Queen, and in another rejoicing for an illuſtrious King. My views carry me no farther, than to wiſh the peace and welfare of my country; and my morals and politics teach me to leave all that to be adjuſted by our repreſentatives above, and to divine providence. It is much at one to you and me, who ſit at the helm, provided they will permit us to ſail quietly in the great ſhip. Ambition is a vice that is timely mortify'd in us poor papiſts; we ought in recompence to cultivate as many virtues in ourſelves as we can, that we may be truly great. Among my ambitions, that of being a ſincere friend is one of the chief: yet I will confeſs that I have a ſecret pleaſure to have ſome of my deſcendants know, that their Anceſtor was great with Mr. Pope.

I am, etc.

LETTER III.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

Nov. 11, 1715.

IT is an agreement of long date between you and me, that you ſhould do with my letters juſt as you pleaſed, and anſwer them at your leiſure; and that is as ſoon as I ſhall think you ought. I have ſo true a taſte of the ſubſtantial part of your friendſhip, that I wave all ceremonials; and am ſure to make you as many viſits as I can, and leave you to return them

ever you pleaſe, aſſuring you they ſhall at all times artily welcome to me.

e many alarms we have from your parts, have no upon the genius that reigns in our country, which pily turn'd to preſerve peace and quiet among us. a diſmal ſcene has there been opened in the , what ruin have thoſe unfortunate raſh gentle- hrawn upon themſelves and their miſerable fol- s, and perchance upon many others too, who no account would be their followers? However, y look ungenerous to reproach people in diſtreſs. 't remember you and I ever uſed to trouble our- about politics, but when any matter happened l into our diſcourſe, we us'd to condemn all un- tings that tended towards the diſturbing the peace uiet of our country, as contrary to the notions d of morality and religion, which oblige us on- stence whatſoever to violate the laws of charity. many lives have there been loſt in hot blood, and many more are there like to be taken off in cold broils of the nation affect you, come down to nd' though we are farmers, you know Eumeus his friends welcome. You ſhall here worſhip cho at your eaſe; indeed we are forced to do ſo, ſe we can't hear the firſt report, and therefore diged to liſten to the ſecond; which, for ſecurity I do not always believe neither.

s a great many years ſince I fell in love with the ter of Pomponius Atticus: I long'd to imitate little, and have contriv'd hitherto, to be, like engaged in no party, but to be a faithful friend ne in both: I find myſelf very well in this way to, and live in a certain peace of mind by it, , I am perſuaded, brings a man more content ll the perquiſites of wild ambition. I with plea-

ſure join with you in wiſhing, nay I am not to ſay, in praying for the welfare, temporal nal, of all mankind. How much more affe then ſhall I do ſo for you, ſince I am in a n cular manner, and with all ſincerity,

You

LETTER IV.

Jan. 21, 1;

I Know of nothing that will be ſo intereſti at preſent, as ſome circumſtances of the that eminent comic poet, and our friend, W He had often told me, as I doubt not he acquaintance, that he would marry as ſoon was deſpair'd of: Accordingly a few days death he underwent the ceremony; and join' thoſe two ſacraments which, wiſe men ſay, the laſt we receive; for if you obſerve, Mat placed after Extreme unction in our Catech kind of hint of the order of time in which t be taken. The old man then lay down, ſ the conſcience of having by this one act pai debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) l and ſhewn an heroic reſentment of the ill u next heir. Some hundred pounds which he the Lady, diſcharged thoſe debts; a jointu hundred a year made her a recompence; an phew he left to comfort himſelf as well as with the miſerable remains of a mortgaged ſaw our friend twice after this was done, le in his ſickneſs than he uſed to be in his healt much afraid of dying, nor (which in him more likely) much aſhamed of marrying. Th

ore he expired, he called his young wife to the bed-
:, and earneſtly entreated her not to deny him one
ueſt, the laſt he ſhould make. Upon her aſſurances
:onſenting to it, he told her, " My dear, it is only
this, that you will never marry an old man again."
:annot help remarking, that ſickneſs, which often
troys both wit and wiſdom, yet ſeldom has power to
nove that talent which we call humour: Mr. Wy-
:rley ſhew'd his, even in this laſt compliment; tho'
hink his requeſt a little hard, for why ſhould he
r her from doubling her jointure on the ſame eaſy
:ms?

So trivial as theſe circumſtances are, I ſhould not be
ſpleas'd myſelf to know ſuch trifles, when they con-
rn or characteriſe any eminent perſon. The wiſeſt
d wittieſt of men are ſeldom wiſer or wittier than
hers in theſe ſober moments: at leaſt, our friend
ded much in the character he had lived in: and
orace's rule for a play, may as well be apply'd to
m as a play-wright,

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab inceptu proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

I am, etc.

LETTER V.

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

AM juſt return'd from the country, whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and paſs'd a week in the reſt. I need not tell you how much a man of his rn entertain'd me; but I muſt acquaint you there is rivacity and gaiety of diſpoſition almoſt peculiar to m, which make it impoſſible to part from him with-it that uneaſineſs which generally ſucceeds all our

pleaſures. I have been juſt taking a ſolitary w
moon-ſhine, full of reflections on the tranſitory
of all human delights; and giving my thoughts
in the contemplation of thoſe ſatisfactions whic
bably we may hereafter taſte in the company of
rate ſpirits, when we ſhall range the walks above
perhaps gaze on this world at as vaſt a diſtance a
now do on thoſe worlds. The pleaſures we are to
joy in that converſation, muſt undoubtedly be
nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed fr
the diſcoveries each ſhall communicate to another,
God and of Nature; for the happineſs of minds c
ſurely be nothing but knowledge.

The higheſt gratification we receive here from com
pany is mirth, which at the beſt is but a fluttering un
quiet motion, that beats about the breaſt for a few
moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keep-
ing good company, even the beſt, is but a leſs ſhame-
ful art of loſing time. What we here call ſcience and
ſtudy, are little better: the greater number of arts to
which we apply ourſelves are mere groping in the dark,
and even the ſearch of our moſt important concerns in
a future being, is but a needleſs, anxious, and uncer-
tain haſte to be knowing, ſooner than we can, what
without all this ſolicitude we ſhall know a little later.
We are but curious impertinents in the caſe of futu-
rity. 'Tis not our buſineſs to be gueſſing what the
ſtate of ſouls ſhall be, but to be doing what may mak
our own ſtate happy; we cannot be knowing, but w
can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high ſci
ence, divinity, you will be ſo civil as to imagine I la
no mighty ſtreſs upon the reſt. Even of my darlin
poetry I really make no other uſe, than horſes of th
bells that gingle about their ears (tho' now and the

they toſs their heads as if they were proud of them) only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your obſervations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendſhip, confirm me in what I was ſo fortunate as at my firſt knowledge of you to hope, and ſince ſo amply to experience. Let me take ſo much decent pride and dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for opinions like theſe which I diſcover'd in your mind, I had never made the trial I have done; which has ſucceeded ſo much to mine, and, I believe, not leſs to your ſatisfaction: for, if I know you right, your pleaſure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have ſenſe enough to conſider the beautiful order of nature in her variations; makes me think you have not conſtrued Joannes Secundus wrong, in the verſe which precedes that which you quote: *Bene nota fides*, as I take it, does no way ſignify the Roman Catholic Religion, tho' Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flow'd from an exalted mind, That it was not improbable but that God might be delighted with the various methods of worſhipping him, which divided the whole world. I am pretty ſure you and I ſhould no more make good Inquiſitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for Lictors to Procruſtes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly ſaid; that I as little fear God will damn a man who has Charity, as I hope that any prieſt can ſave him without it.

I am, etc.

LETTER VI.

March 20, 1715-16.

I Find that a real concern is not only a hindrance to ſpeaking, but to writing too: the more time we give ourſelves to think over one's own or a friend's unhappineſs, the more unable we grow to expreſs the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a letter at ſuch a ſeaſon as this, as to retard a melancholy viſit to a perſon one cannot relieve. One is aſhamed in that circumſtance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, inſignificant affectations of ſorrow on the one hand, or unſeaſonable and forced gaieties on the other. 'Tis a kind of profanation of things ſacred, to treat ſo ſolemn a matter as a generous voluntary ſuffering, with compliments, or heroic gallantries. Such a mind as your's has no need of being ſpirited up into honour, or like a weak woman, praiſed into an opinion of its own virtue. 'Tis enough to do and ſuffer what we ought; and men ſhould know, that the noble power of ſuffering bravely is as far above that of enterprizing greatly, as an unblemiſh'd conſcience and inflexible reſolution are above an accidental flow of ſpirits, or a ſudden tide of blood. If the whole religious buſineſs of mankind be included in reſignation to our Maker, and charity to our fellow-creatures, there are now ſome people who give us as good an opportunity of practiſing the one, as themſelves have given an inſtance of the violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this comfort when he is oppreſs'd, that he knows himſelf to be ſuperior to thoſe who injure him: for the greateſt power on earth can no ſooner do him that injury, but the brave *man* can make himſelf greater by forgiving it.

f it were generous to ſeek for alleviating conſolations.
. calamity of ſo much glory, one might ſay, that to
:uin'd thus in the groſs, with a whole people, is but
: periſhing in the general conflagration, where no-
ng we can value is left behind us.

Methinks, the moſt heroic thing we are left capable
loing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's load,
l (oppreſs'd as we are) to ſuccour ſuch as are yet
re oppreſs'd. If there are too many who cannot be
led but by what we cannot give, our money; there
yet others who may be relieved by our counſel, by
countenance, and even by our chearfulneſs. The
fortunes of private families, the miſunderſtandings
people whom diſtreſſes make ſuſpicious, the cold-
es of relations whom change of religion may diſ-
e, or the neceſſities of half-ruined eſtates render
ind to each other; theſe at leaſt may be ſoftened,
ome degree, by a general well-managed humanity.
mg ourſelves; if all thoſe who have your principles
elief, had alſo your ſenſe and conduct. But indeed
t of them have given lamentable proofs of the con-
y; and 'tis to be apprehended that they who want
e, are only religious through weakneſs, and good-
ir'd thro' ſhame. Theſe are narrow-minded crea-
s that never deal in eſſentials, their faith never looks
ond ceremonials, nor their charity beyond relations.
poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any diſtreſſed,
ſcientious French refugee at this inſtant: what muſt
concern then be, when I perceive ſo many anxie-
now tearing thoſe hearts, which I have deſired a
e in, and clouds of melancholy riſing on thoſe
s, which I have long look'd upon with affection?
gin already to feel both what ſome apprehend, and
t others are yet too ſtupid to apprehend. I grieve

with the old, for ſo many additional inconvenien and chagrins, more than their ſmall remain of ſeemed deſtined to undergo; and with the young, ſo many of thoſe gaieties and pleaſures (the portio youth) which they will by this means be deprived This brings into my mind one or other of thoſe I beſt, and among them the widow and fatherleſs, of —. As I am certain no people living had an ea and truer ſenſe of others misfortunes, or a more g rous reſignation as to what might be their own, earneſtly wiſh that whatever part they muſt bear, be render'd as ſupportable to them, as it is in power of any friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this thou as you always will in any thing that is good, or g rous: I find by a letter of your lady's (which I l ſeen) that their eaſe and tranquillity is part of y care. I believe there's ſome fatality in it, that ſhould always, from time to time, be doing thoſe ticular things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from Windſor-Foreſt, of which I am c to take my laſt look. We here bid our neighbour dieu, much as thoſe who go to be hang'd do their low priſoners, who are condemn'd to follow the few weeks after. I parted from honeſt Mr. D tenderneſs; and from old Sir William Trumbul from a venerable prophet, foretelling with lifted h the miſeries to come, from which he is juſt goin be remov'd himſelf.

Perhaps, now I have learnt ſo far as

Nos dulcia linquimus arva,

my next leſſon may be

Nos Patriam fugimus.

Let that, and all elſe be as Heaven pleaſes! I provided juſt enough to keep me a man of honou

believe you and I ſhall never be aſhamed of each other. I know I wiſh my country well, and, if it undoes me, it ſhall not make me wiſh it otherwiſe.

LETTER VII.

From Mr. BLOUNT.

March 24, 1715-16.

YOUR letters give me a gleam of ſatisfaction, in the midſt of a very dark and cloudy ſituation of thoughts, which it would be more than human to be exempt from at this time, when our homes muſt either be left, or be made too narrow for us to turn in. Poetically ſpeaking, I ſhould lament the loſs Windſor-foreſt and you ſuſtain of each other, but that, methinks, one can't ſay you are parted, becauſe you will live by and in one another, while verſe is verſe. This conſideration hardens me in my opinion rather to congratulate you, ſince you have the pleaſure of the proſpect whenever you take it from your ſhelf, and at the ſame time the ſolid caſh you ſold it for, of which Virgil in his exile knew nothing in thoſe days, and which will make every place eaſy to you. I, for my part, am not ſo happy; my *parva rura* are faſten'd to me, ſo that I can't exchange them, as you have, for more portable means of ſubſiſtance; and yet I hope to gather enough to make the *Patriam fugimus* ſupportable to me: 'tis what I am reſolved on, with my *Penate*. If therefore you aſk me, to whom you ſhall complain? I will exhort you to leave lazineſs and the elms of St. James's Park, and chooſe to join the other two propoſals in me, ſafety and friendſhip (the leaſt of which is a good motive *for moſt things*, as the other is for almoſt every

thing) and go with me where War will not reach us, nor paultry conſtables ſummon us to veſtries.

The future epiſtle you flatter me with, will find me ſtill here, and I think I may be here a month longer. Whenever I go from hence, one of the few reaſons to make me regret my home will be, that I ſhall not have the pleaſure of ſaying to you,

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteris requieſcere noctem,

which would have render'd this place more agreeable, than ever it elſe could be to me; for I proteſt, it is with the utmoſt ſincerity that I aſſure you I am entirely,

Dear Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

June 22, 1716.

IF a regard both to public and private affairs may plead a lawful excuſe in behalf of a negligent correſpondent, I have really a very good title to it. I cannot ſay whether 'tis a felicity or unhappineſs, that I am obliged at this time to give my whole application to Homer; when without that employment, my thoughts muſt turn upon what is leſs agreeable, the violence, madneſs, and reſentment of modern War-makers *, which are likely to prove (to ſome people at leaſt) more fatal, than the ſame qualities in Achilles did to his unfortunate countrymen.

Tho' the change of my ſcene of life, from Windſor-foreſt to the ſide of the Thames, be one of the grand Æra's of my days, and may be called a notable period in ſo inconſiderable a hiſtory; yet you can ſcarce imagine any hero paſſing from one ſtage of life to another,

* *This* was written in the year of the affair of Preſton.

with ſo much tranquillity, ſo eaſy a tranſition, and ſo laudable a behaviour. I am become ſo truly a citizen of the world (according to Plato's expreſſion) that I look with equal indifference on what I have left, and on what I have gained. The times and amuſements paſt are not more like a dream to me, than thoſe which are preſent: I lie in a refreſhing kind of inaction, and have one comfort at leaſt from obſcurity, that the darkneſs helps me to ſleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember much as ſeparate ſpirits do us, at tender intervals, neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careleſs of ours, but in general conſtantly wiſhing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company.

To grow indifferent to the world is to grow philoſophical, or religious (which ſoever of thoſe turns we chance to take) and indeed the world is ſuch a thing, as one that thinks pretty much, muſt either laugh at, or be angry with: but if we laugh at it, they ſay we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they ſay we are ill natur'd. So the moſt politic way is to ſeem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater admirers, greater lovers, and in ſhort greater fools than we really are: ſo ſhall we live comfortably with our families, quietly with our neighbours, favoured by our maſters, and happy with our miſtreſſes. I have filled my paper, and ſo adieu.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 8, 1717.

I Think your leaving England was like a good man's leaving the world, with the bleſſed conſcience of *having acted well in it*; and I hope you have received

your reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the religious country you inhabit, you'll be better pleaſed to find I conſider you in this light, than if I compared you to thoſe Greeks and Romans, whoſe conſtancy in ſuffering pain, and whoſe reſolution in purſuit of a generous end, you would rather imitate than boaſt of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a martyr to the fatigue your virtue made you undergo on this ſide the water. I beg, if your health be reſtored to you, not to deny me the joy of knowing it. Your endeavours of ſervice and good advice to the poor papiſts, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to thoſe folks that were to be drowned at laſt. At the worſt I heartily wiſh your Ark may find an Ararat, and the wife and family (the hopes of the good patriarch) land ſafely after the deluge, upon the ſhore of Totneſs.

If I durſt mix prophane with ſacred hiſtory, I would chear you with the old tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very coaſt the happy end of his peregrinations and adventures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the tranſlation of a clergyman in my neighbourhood. The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an hiſtorian; and told me he was perfectly aſtoniſhed, we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his Giants, while we believe thoſe of our Saints. I am forced to make a fair compoſition with him; and, by crediting ſome of the wonders of Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him ſo far already, that he ſpeaks reſpectfully of St. Chriſtopher's carrying Chriſt, and the reſuſcitation of St. Nicholas

Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more to be compared to Corinæus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines are to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing writer has made me lay aside Homer for a week, and, when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate, with belief and reverence, the speech of Achilles's Horse.

You'll excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a sheet full of compliment: and believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is false) than that I have a constant affection for you, and am, etc.

P. S. I know you will take part in rejoicing for the victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the zeal you bear to the Christian interest, tho' your Cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare war against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emperor.

LETTER X.

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers.

He had lived in such a course of Temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden indeed it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided

I can lead ſuch a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua eſt ea cura*, etc.

He has left me to the tickliſh management of ſo narrow a fortune, that any one falſe ſtep would be fatal. My mother is in that diſpirited ſtate of reſignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loſs of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of ſuch an humane turn as yourſelf, to make almoſt any thing deſirable to us. I feel your abſence more than ever, at the ſame time I can leſs expreſs my regards to you than ever; and ſhall make this, which is the moſt ſincere letter I ever writ to you, the ſhorteſt and fainteſt perhaps of any you have received. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any perſon when one's mind is taken up with a ſenſible ſorrow, is a great degree of friendſhip. I can ſay no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wiſh it may be very long before any of yours ſhall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

Rentcomb in Glouceſterſhire, Oct. 3, 1721.

YOUR kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever ſince your departure. I am well pleaſed to date this from a place ſo well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her anceſtors, whoſe faces are all upon me. I fear none ſo much as Sir Chriſtopher Guiſe, who, being in his ſhirt, ſeems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demoliſh Duke Lancaſtere. I dare ſay your lady will recollect his figure. I look'd upon the manſion, walls, and terraces; the plantations,

and ſlopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and riſing woods; with a veneration mix'd with a pleaſure, that repreſented her to me in thoſe puerile amuſements, which engaged her ſo many years ago in this place. I fancied I ſaw her ſober over a ſampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare ſay ſhe did one thing more, even in thoſe early times; "remember'd her Creator in the days of her youth."

You deſcribe ſo well your hermitical ſtate of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine ſpring, or any of the accommodations that befit a ſolitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of thoſe venerable and holy perſonages took with them a lady, and begat ſons and daughters. You muſt modeſtly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I ſhould rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be ſo romantic, I ſhall turn hermit in good earneſt; for, I ſee, one may go ſo far as to be poetical, and hope to ſave one's ſoul at the ſame time. I really wiſh myſelf ſomething more, that is, a prophet; for I wiſh I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and viſit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in ſaying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to diſcharge the part of a friend; I aſſure you, I like them all ſo well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and conſequently them mine. I ſtill ſee them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the inſtructions they gave me how to ſlide down and trip up the ſteepeſt ſlopes of my mount.

Pray think of me ſometimes, as I ſhall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the firſt concerns of life, at your reſuſcitation, ſhould have been ſooner anſwer'd and acknowledged. I ſincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illneſs which gave me leſs pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I ſhould have elſe been ſeriouſly and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's publiſh'd by P. Coſte, giving an account of the laſt words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my "friend! the pain I feel will ſoon be over; but I grieve "for that you are to feel, which is to laſt you for life."

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man ſomewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune ſaid one day to me: "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die; I am a poor "individual; no creature to wiſh or to fear, for my "life or death: 'Tis the only reaſon I have to repent "being a ſingle man; now I grow old, I am like a "tree without a prop, and without young trees to "grow round me, for company and defence."

I hope the gout will ſoon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never ſtir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, caſt them to dirty people, ſuch as in the ſcripture-phraſe poſſeſs the land. Shake off your earth like the noble animal in Milton,

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded main: the ounce,
The lizard, and the tyger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks!

t, I believe, Milton never thought theſe fine verſes his ſhould be apply'd to a man ſelling a parcel of ty acres; tho' in the main, I think, it may have ne reſemblance. For, God knows! this little ſpace ground nouriſhes, buries, and confines us, as that Eden did thoſe creatures, till we can ſhake it looſe, leaſt in our affections and deſires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you: let rs Blount know that ſhe is in the liſt of my *Memento, mine, famulorum famulorumque's*, etc. My poor ther is far from well, declining; and I am watch- over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even en it looks brighteſt, waſtes faſteſt. I am (as you ll ſee from the whole air of this letter) not in the yeſt nor eaſieſt humour, but always with ſincerity,

Your, etc.

LETTER XIII.

June 27, 1723.

OU may truly do me the juſtice to think no man is more your ſincere well-wiſher than myſelf, or re the ſincere well wiſher of your whole family; h all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of y to you all, for loving one another ſo well; and enjoying the ſweets of that life, which can only be ed by peopl: of good-will.

They from all ſhades the darkneſs can exclude,
And from a deſart baniſh ſolitude.

Torbay is a paradiſe, and a ſtorm is but an amuſeme to ſuch people. If you drink Tea upon a promonto that over-hangs the ſea, it is preferable to an Aſſe bly: and the whiſtling of the wind better muſic contented and loving minds, than the Opera to ſpleenful, ambitious, diſeas'd, diſtaſted, and diſtrac ſouls which this world affords; nay, this world affo no other. Happy they, who are baniſh'd from but happier they, who can baniſh themſelves; or m properly baniſh the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very ſublime, and to incl more than a hundred ſentences that might be writ expreſs diſtraction, hurry, multiplication of nothin and all the fatiguing perpetual buſineſs of having buſineſs to do. You'll wonder I reckon tranſlati the Odyſſey as nothing. But whenever I think ſe ouſly (and of late I have met with ſo many occaſi of thinking ſeriouſly, that I begin never to thi otherwiſe) I cannot but think theſe things very id as idle as if a beaſt of burden ſhould go on jingli his bells, without bearing any thing valuable ab him, or ever ſerving his maſter.

Life's vain Amuſements, amidſt which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or underſtood, by the grim God of He

ſaid a heathen poet; as he is tranſlated by a chriſt Biſhop, who has, firſt by his exhortations, and fi by his example, taught me to think as become reaſonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promis'd to write to you, as ſoon a ſhould hear you were got home. You muſt look

his as the firſt day I've been myſelf, and paſs over the nad interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a correſpondent I ſhall henceforward be able or not able to ɔe, God knows: but he knows, I ſhall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wiſhes of uch an one will ever attend you.

LETTER XIV.

Twick'nam, June 2, 1725.

YOU ſhew yourſelf a juſt man and a friend in thoſe gueſſes and ſuppoſitions you make at the poſſible reaſons of my ſilence: every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulneſs of you, or yours, I aſſure you, the promiſcuous converſations of the town ſerve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undiſturb'd, innocent, ſerene, and ſenſible) with ſuch as you. Let no acceſs of any diſtruſt make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the moſt ſunſhiny weather. Let the young ladies be aſſured I make nothing new in my gardens without wiſhing to ſee the print of their fairy ſteps in every part of them. I have put the laſt hand to my works of this kind, in happily finiſhing the ſubterraneous way and grotto: I there found a ſpring of the cleareſt water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes thro' the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you ſee thro' my arch up a walk of the wilderneſs, to a kind of open temple, wholly compos'd of ſhells in the ruſtic manner; and from that diſtance under the temple you look down thro' a ſloping arcade of trees, and ſee the ſails on the river paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as thro' a perpective glaſs. When you ſhut the doors of this grotto,

it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous room, a *Camera obſcura*; on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their viſible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different ſcene; it is finiſhed with ſhells interſperſed with pieces of looking-glaſs in angular forms; and in the cieling is a ſtar of the ſame material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaſter) is hung in the middle, a thouſand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower paſſage two porches, one towards the river of ſmooth ſtones full of light, and open; the other toward the garden ſhadow'd with trees, rough with ſhells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is pav'd with ſimple pebble, as is alſo the adjoining walk up the wilderneſs to the temple, in the natural taſte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good ſtatue with an inſcription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am ſo fond of,

Hujus Nympha loci, ſacri cuſtodia fontis,
Dormio, dum blandæ ſentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quiſquis tangis cava marmora, ſomnum
Rumpere; ſi bibas, ſive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep;
Ah ſpare my ſlumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave!

You'll think I have been very poetical in this deſcription, but it is pretty near the truth. I wiſh you were here to bear teſtimony how little it owes to Art, either the place itſelf, or the image I give of it.

I am, etc.

LETTER XV.

Sept. 13, 1725.

I Should be aſham'd to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not more aſhamed to tell a lye, or to make an excuſe, which is worſe than a lye (for being built upon ſome probable circumſtance, it makes uſe of a degree of truth to falſify with, and is a lye guarded.) Your letter has been in my pocket in conſtant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the ſuit, are worn out; by which means I have read it forty times, and I find by ſo doing that I have not enough conſidered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendſhip, as they ſay of good writing, will bear reviewing a thouſand times, and ſtill diſcover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a ſhort one, but a violent: I am now well; ſo it ſhall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter to come more tolerable to us both. The ſummer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradiſaical ſcene among groves and gardens; but at this ſeaſon, we are, like our poor firſt parents, turn'd out of that agreeable though ſolitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houſes, and live together in cities.

I hope you are long ſince perfectly reſtor'd, and riſen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, ſmiling at ſtorms, laughing at greatneſs, merry over a Chriſtmas fire, and exerciſing all the functions of an old Patriarch in charity and hoſpitality. I will not tell Mrs. B* what I think ſhe is doing; for I conclude it *is her opinion*, that he only ought to know it

for whom it is done; and ſhe will allow herſelf far enough advanced above a fine lady, not to deſhine before men.

Your daughters perhaps may have ſome thoughts, which even their mother muſt excuſe for, becauſe ſhe is a mother. I will not however poſe thoſe thoughts get the better of their devoti but rather excite them and aſſiſt the warmth of the while their prayer may be, that they may raiſe up a breed as irreproachable a young family as their pare have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, eaſy, a happy, juſt as I wiſh you; and next to that, I wi you all with me.

Next to God, is a good man: next in dignity, an next in value. *Minuiſti eum paullo minus ab angelis.* I therefore I wiſh well to the good and the deſerving, and deſire they only ſhould be my companions and correſpondents, I muſt very ſoon and very much think of you. I want your company, and your example. Pray make haſte to town, ſo as not again to leave us: diſcharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which the poets ſay, the giants (the men of the earth) are whelmed: leave earth, to the ſons of the earth, your converſation is in heaven. Which that it may be accompliſh'd in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this ſhort Sermon; value (to you) three-pence. Adieu.

Mr. Blount died in London the following year, 1726.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

The Hon. ROBERT DIGBY.

From the Year 1714 to 1727.

LETTER I.

To the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY.

June 2, 1717.

I Had pleas'd myſelf ſooner in writing to you, but that I have been your ſucceſſor in a fit of ſickneſs, and am not yet ſo much recovered, but that I have thoughts of uſing your * phyſicians. They are as grave perſons as any of the faculty, and (like the ancients) carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are ſuch lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to eſcape them. Let them laugh, but people will ſtill have their opinions: as they think our Doctors aſſes to them, we'll think them aſſes to our Doctors.

I am glad you are ſo much in a better ſtate of health, as to allow me to jeſt about it. My concern, when I

* Aſſes.

heard of your danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill that Dr. Evans should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give six-pence to stay in it.

I am not so much concerned as to the point whether you are to live fat or lean: most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean, so I am inclined to the opinion that 'tis decreed you shall; however be comforted, and reflect, that you'll make the better Busto for it.

'Tis something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Wharton forced me to take Gorboduc, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some diskindness, in shewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc and this, as between Queen Anne and King George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense, of Gorboduc.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: this minute you took up all my mind; the next I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months (with the good leave of all my friends.) I have no ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be express'd how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching! join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

London, March 31, 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give myſelf in correſponding with men of good nature and good ınderſtanding, you ſee I omit to anſwer your letters till ı time, when another man would be aſhamed to own ıe had received them. If therefore you are ever moved ɔn my account by that ſpirit, which I take to be as ämiliar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the ſpirit ɔf goodneſs, pray never ſtint it, in any fear of obliging ne to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare ruſt you, Sir, not only with my folly when I write, ɔut with my negligence when I do not; and expect qually your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the reſt of this ɔaper, it ſhould be ſpotted and diverſified with con-ɛeits all over; you ſhould be put out of breath with aughter at each ſentence, and pauſe at each period, o look back over how much wit you have paſſed. But have found by experience that people now-a-days egard writing as little as they do preaching: the noſt we can hope is to be heard juſt with decency and ıatience, once a week, by folks in the country. Here n town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we vhiſtle at a ſermon. The ſtage is the only place we ɛem alive at; there indeed we ſtare, and roar, and ɔlap hands for K. George and the government. As ɔr all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obſo-ete train, ſo ill-dreſs'd, that men, women, and chil-ɔren hiſs them out of all good company.

Humility knocks ſo ſneakingly at the door, that very footman outraps it, and makes it give way to *he free entrance of pride*, prodigality, and vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having ruſticated in company too long, really behaves herſelf ſcandal among us: ſhe pretends to open her eyes for the of ſeeing the ſun, and to ſleep becauſe it is ni drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thoug have ſaid her prayers before: talks, without any ner of ſhame, of good books, and has not ſeen ber's play of the Nonjuror. I rejoiced the other to ſee a libel on her toilette, which gives me hope that you have, at leaſt, a taſte of ſcandal left in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wiſh you but as I cannot entirely deſire the ruin of all the of this city, ſo all that remains is to wiſh you keep your happineſs to yourſelves, that the hap here may not die with envy at a bliſs which they not attain to.

I am, e

LETTER III.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Coleſhill, April 17, 17

I Have read your letter over and over with de By your deſcription of the town, I imagine it under ſome great enchantment, and am very concerned for you and all my friends in it. I a more afraid, imagining, ſince you do not fly thoſ rible monſters rapine, diſſimulation, and luxury a magic circle is drawn about you, and you c eſcape. We are here in the country in quite a world, ſurrounded with bleſſings and pleaſures, out any occaſion of exerciſing our iraſcible facu indeed we cannot boaſt of good breeding and the

life, but yet we don't live unpleaſantly in primitive ſimplicity and good humour. The faſhions of the town affect us but juſt like a raree ſhow; we have a curioſity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and ſplendor at this diſtance; it appears to us a fine glittering ſcene, which if we don't envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to perſuade us of the humility of Virtue, and her appearing in rags amongſt you, we can never believe: our uninform'd minds repreſent her ſo noble to us, that we neceſſarily annex ſplendor to her: and we could as ſoon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I can't forbear telling you we indeed read the ſpoils of Rapine as boys do the Engliſh Rogue, and hug ourſelves full as much over it; yet our roſes are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleaſure of hearing (when you are at leiſure) how ſoon I may expect to ſee the next volume of Homer.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

May 1, 1720.

YOu'll think me very full of myſelf, when after long ſilence (which however, to ſay truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finiſhing a book, as in concluding a ſeſſion of parliament, one always thinks it will be very ſoon, and finds it very late. There are many unlook'd-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and

ſo I ſee it is in mine. I have plagued myſelf, like great miniſters, with undertaking too much for one man; and with a deſire of doing more than was expected from me, have done leſs than I ought.

For having deſign'd four very laborious and uncommon ſort of Indexes to Homer, I'm forced, for want of time, to publiſh two only; the deſign of which you will own to be pretty, tho' far from being fully executed. I've alſo been obliged to leave unfiniſh'd in my deſk the heads of two Eſſays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they muſt wait for future editions, or periſh: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem.* I think of you every day, I aſſure you, even without ſuch good memorials of you as your ſiſters, with whom I ſometimes talk of you, and find it one of the moſt agreeable of all ſubjects to them. My Lord Digby muſt be perpetually remember'd by all who ever knew him, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder ſons wiſh they had fathers to their lives end.

I can't touch upon the ſubject of filial love, without putting you in mind of an old woman, who has a ſincere, hearty, old-faſhion'd reſpect for you, and conſtantly blames her ſon for not having writ to you oftener to tell you ſo.

I very much wiſh (but what ſignifies my wiſhing? my lady Scudamore wiſhes, your ſiſters wiſh) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contraſt this ſeaſon affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnſon of Twickenham is) in this warmer ſeaſon. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded ſun, at the

ſame time that its banks retain the verdure of ſhowers: our gardens are offering their firſt noſegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are ſtretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour; the birds are paying their thankſgiving ſongs for the new habitations I have made them; my building riſes high enough to attract the eye and curioſity of the paſſenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he enquires what houſe is falling, or what church is riſing? So little taſte have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their ſtreams, by Tuſcan Porticos, or Ionic Pilaſters.

But (to deſcend from all this pomp of ſtyle) the beſt account of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleaſant rooms for ſuch a friend as yourſelf, or a cool ſituation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when ſhe will do me the honour (at this public houſe on the road) to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am ſurprized with the account of the death of a friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a mere jeſt! Building, gardens, writings, pleaſures, works, of whatever ſtuff man can raiſe! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of ſatisfying a ſoul that is immortal! Dear Sir,

I am, etc.

LETTER V.

From Mr. DIGBY.

May 21, 1720.

YOUR letter, which I had two poſts ago, was very medicinal to me; and I heartily thank you for the relief it gave me. I was ſick of the thoughts of my not having in all this time given you any teſtimony of the affection I owe you, and which I as conſtantly indeed feel as I think of you. This indeed was a troubleſome ill to me, till, after reading your letter, I found it was a moſt idle weak imagination to think I could ſo offend you. Of all the impreſſions you have made upon me, I never receiv'd any with greater joy than this of your abundant good-nature, which bids me be aſſured of ſome ſhare of your affections.

I had many other pleaſures from your letter; that your mother remembers me is a very ſincere joy to me; I cannot but reflect how alike you are; from the time you do any one a favour, you think yourſelves obliged as thoſe that have received one. This is indeed an old-faſhioned reſpect, hardly to be found out of your houſe. I have great hopes, however, to ſee many old-faſhioned virtues revive, ſince you have made our age in love with Homer; I heartily wiſh you, who are as good a citizen as a poet, the joy of ſeeing a reformation from your works. I am in doubt whether I ſhould congratulate your having finiſhed Homer, while the two eſſays you mention are not completed; but if you expect no great trouble from finiſhing theſe, I heartily rejoice with you.

I have ſome faint notion of the beauties of Twickenham from what I here ſee round me. The verdure of *ſhowers* is poured upon every tree and field about us;

ens unfold variety of colours to the eye every
, the hedges breath is beyond all perfume, and
of birds we hear as well as you. But tho' I
l ſee all this, yet I think they would delight
: if you was here. I found the want of theſe
kenham while I was there with you, by which
vhat an increaſe of charms it muſt now have,
ıd is it in you to wiſh me there, and how un-
ɜ are my circumſtances that allow me not to
? If I ſee you, I muſt leave my father alone,
uneaſy thought would diſappoint all my pro-
eaſures; the ſame circumſtance will prevent
pect of many happy hours with you in Lord
's wood, and I fear of ſeeing you till winter,
ady Scudamore comes to Sherburne, in which
all preſs you to ſee Dorſetſhire, as you propo-
ay you have a long enjoyment of your new
ɜ Portico.

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

From Mr. Digby.

Sherburne, July 9, 1720.

. London language and converſation is, I find,
te changed ſince I left it, tho' it is not above
four months ago. No violent change in the
vorld ever aſtoniſhed a Philoſopher ſo much as
; me. I hope this will calm all Party rage,
oduce more humanity than has of late obtain-
ıverſation. All ſcandal will ſure be laid aſide,
: can be no ſuch diſeaſe any more as Spleen in
golden age. I am pleaſed with the thoughts
ɜ *nothing but* a general good humour when I

come up to town; I rejoice in the univerſal riches I hear of, in the thought of their having this effect. They tell me you was ſoon content; and that you cared not for ſuch an increaſe as others wiſhed you. By this account I judge you the richeſt man in the South-ſea, and congratulate you accordingly. I can wiſh you only an increaſe of health, for of riches and fame you have enough.

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind deſire to know the ſtate of my health had not been unſatisfied ſo long, had not that ill ſtate been the impediment. Nor ſhould I have ſeem'd an unconcern'd party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from lady Scudamore, whoſe ſhort Eſchantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the ſhort glympſe of a viſion afforded to ſome devout hermit; for it includes (as thoſe revelations do) a promiſe of a better life in the Elyſian groves of Cirenceſter, whither, I could ſay almoſt in the ſtyle of a ſermon, the Lord bring us all, etc. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one bliſsful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as aſſociates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals call'd ſpaw water, be conveyed; and there (as Milton has it) may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh garlands crown'd,
Quaff immortality and joy.

When I ſpeak of garlands, I ſhould not forget the green veſtments and ſcarfs which your ſiſters promis'd

ce for this purpoſe: I expect you too in green, hunting-horn by your ſide, and a green hat, odel of which you may take from Oſborne's de- on of King James the firſt.

at words, what numbers, what oratory, or what , can ſuffice, to expreſs how infinitely I eſteem, love, and deſire you all, above all the great f this part of the world; above all the Jews, s, bubblers, ſubſcribers, projectors, directors, ors, treaſurers, etc. etc. etc. *in ſæcula ſæculorum.* n your eyes and attention from this miſerable ıary period; and turn yourſelf, in a juſt contempt e ſons of Mammon, to the contemplation of gardens, and marriage: in which I now leave nd return (wretch that I am!) to water-gruel ılladio.

I am, etc.

LETTER VIII.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Sherburne, July 30.

ıgratulate you, dear Sir, on the return of the lden-age, for ſure this muſt be ſuch, in which is ſhower'd down in ſuch abundance upon us. this overflowing will produce great and good- and bring back the figurative moral golden-age I have ſome omens to induce me to believe it for when the Muſes delight to be near a Court, I find you frequently with a Firſt-miniſter, I ɔut expect from ſuch an intimacy an encourage- ınd revival of the polite arts. I know, you de- bring them into honour, above the golden Image is ſet up and worſhipped; and, if you cannot

effect it, adieu to all ſuch hopes. You ſeem to intimate in yours another face of things from this inundation of wealth, as if beauty, wit, and valour would no more engage our paſſions in the pleaſurable purſuit of them, tho' aſſiſted by this increaſe: if ſo, and if monſters only as various as thoſe of Nile ariſe from this abundance, who that has any ſpleen about him will not haſte to town to laugh? What will become of the play-houſe? who will go thither, while there is ſuch entertainment in the ſtreets? I hope we ſhall neither want good Satire nor Comedy; if we do, the age may well we thought barren of geniuſes, for none has ever produced better ſubjects.

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

From Mr. DIGBY.

Coleſhill, Nov. 12, 1720.

I Find in my heart that I have a taint of the corrupt age we live in. I want the public Spirit ſo much admired in old Rome, of ſacrificing every thing that is dear to us to the commonwealth. I even feel a more intimate concern for my friends who have ſuffered in the S. Sea, than for the public, which is ſaid to be undone by it. But, I hope, the reaſon is, that I do not ſee ſo evidently the ruin of the public to be a conſequence of it, as I do the loſs of my friends. I fear there are few beſides yourſelf that will be perſuaded by old Heſiod, that *half is more than the whole.* I know not whether I do not rejoice in your Sufferings *; ſince they have ſhewn me your mind is principled with ſuch a ſentiment, I aſſure you I expect from it a per-

* *See* Note on v. 139. of the ſecond Satire, Book ii. of Horace.

formance greater ſtill than Homer. I have an extreme joy from your communicating to me this affection of your mind;

Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus alumno?

Believe me, dear Sir, no equipage could ſhew you to my eye in ſo much ſplendor. I would not indulge this fit of philoſophy ſo far as to be tedious to you, elſe I could proſecute it with pleaſure.

I long to ſee you, your Mother, and your Villa; till then I will ſay nothing of Lord Bathurſt's wood, which I ſaw in my return hither. Soon after Chriſtmas I deſign for London, where I ſhall miſs Lady Scudamore very much, who intends to ſtay in the country all winter. I am angry with her, as I am like to ſuffer by this reſolution, and would fain blame her, but cannot find a cauſe. The man is curſed that has a longer letter than this to write with as bad a pen, yet I can uſe it with pleaſure to ſend my ſervices to your good mother, and to write myſelf

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

Sept. 1, 1722.

DOctor Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will ſtay there a fortnight or more: perhaps you would be comforted to have a ſight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better Doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: ſhe needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal buſineſs and amuſement of mind, and even as active as ſhe could deſire. But indeed I fear ſhe would outwalk him; for (as Dean Swift obſerv'd to me the very firſt time I ſaw the Doctor) "He is a man that can do

" every thing but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes alſo to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpoſe to know him. The ſpirit of Philanthropy, ſo long dead to our world, is reviv'd in him: he is a philoſopher all of fire; ſo warmly, nay ſo wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be ſo too, and draws them into his own Vortex. He is a ſtar that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would ſerve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy ſerve a friend.

As all human life is chequer'd and mixed with acquiſitions and loſſes (tho' the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former laſting or ſatisfactory) ſo at the time I have gain'd the acquaintance of one worthy man I have loſt another, a very eaſy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stonor. 'Tis certain the loſs of one of this character puts us naturally upon ſetting a greater value on the few that are left, tho' the degree of our eſteem may be different. Nothing, ſays Seneca, is ſo melancholy a circumſtance in human life, or ſo ſoon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and proſpect of one friend after another dropping round us! Who would ſtand alone, the ſole remaining ruin, the laſt tottering column of all the fabric of friendſhip; once ſo large, ſeemingly ſo ſtrong, and yet ſo ſuddenly ſunk and buried? I am, etc.

LETTER XI.

I Have belief enough in the goodneſs of your whole family, to think you will all be pleas'd that I am

arriv'd in ſafety at Twickenham; tho' it is a ſort o earneſt that you will be troubled again with me, at Sherburne, or Coleſhill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one ſees the reſt, one likes them all. Pray make my ſervices acceptable to them; I wiſh them all the happineſs they may want, and the continuance of all the happineſs they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I muſt ſeparate Lady Scudamore from you, as, I fear, ſhe will do herſelf before this letter reaches you: ſo I wiſh her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if ſhe lives as well as you do: tho' I much queſtion if ſhe can live as quietly: I ſuſpect the Bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miſs Scudamore's birth-days, and that all the Clergy in the country come to pay reſpects; both the Clergy and their Bells expecting from her, and from the young Lady, further buſineſs and further employment. Beſides all this, there dwells on the one ſide of her the Lord Conningſby, and on the other Mr. W*. Yet I ſhall, when the days and the years come about, adventure upon all this for her ſake.

I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better man than to content myſelf with thanking him in the common way. I am, in as ſincere a ſenſe of the word, his ſervant, as you are his ſon, or he your father.

I muſt in my turn inſiſt upon hearing how my laſt fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and deſire Mr. Philips to remember me in his Cyder, and to tell Mr. W*. that I am dead and buried.

I wiſh the young ladies, whom I almoſt robb'd of their good name, a better name in return, (even that very name to each of them, which they ſhall like beſt, for the ſake of the man that bears it.)

LETTER XII.

1722.

YOUR making a ſort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be ſo, and (what is the happieſt knowledge in the world) I know you will forgive me: for ſure nothing is more ſatisfactory than to be certain of ſuch a friend as will overlook one's failings, ſince every ſuch inſtance is a conviction of his kindneſs.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to riſe to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle diſpoſition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myſelf, and fully purpoſe to make you a viſit this ſummer at Sherburne. I'm told you are all upon removal very ſpeedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks, in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of ſeeing my Lord Bathurſt's wood in her way. How much I wiſh to be her guide thro' that enchanted foreſt, is not to be expreſt: I look upon myſelf as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the receſſes of thoſe ſacred ſhades. I could paſs whole days, in only deſcribing to her the future, and as yet viſionary beauties, that are to riſe in thoſe ſcenes: the palace that is to be built, the pavillions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them: nay more, the meeting of the Thames, and the Severn, which (when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's embraces thro' ſecret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they riſe and celebrate their marriage in the midſt of an immenſe amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of poſterity, a hundred years hence. But till the deſtin'd time

ſhall arrive that is to manifeſt theſe wonders, Mrs. Digby muſt content herſelf with ſeeing what is at preſent no more than the fineſt wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turn'd followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year, whither all the town reſort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, etc. The Scythian Ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more cloſely attached to the luggage. The matrons, like thoſe of Sparta, attend their ſons to the field, to be witneſſes of their glorious deeds; and the maidens with all their charms diſplay'd, provoke the ſpirit of the Soldiers: Tea and Coffee ſupply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This camp ſeems crown'd with perpetual victory, for every ſun that riſes in the thunder of cannon, ſets in the muſic of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the conſtant preſence of the Princeſs, to repreſent the *Mater Exercitus.*

At Twickenham the world goes otherwiſe. There are certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own ſort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and won't ſo much as ſuffer me to look upon them. The perſon I complain of is the Biſhop of Rocheſter. Yet he allows me (from ſomething he has heard of your character, and that of your family, as if you were of the old ſect of moraliſts) to write three or four ſides of paper to you, and to tell you (what theſe ſort of people never tell but with truth and religious ſincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Your, etc.

LETTER XIII.

THE ſame reaſon that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleaſing expectation to ſee you in town. Indeed ſince the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother (whom it is natural and reaſonable I ſhould rejoice with, as well as grieve) I could the better bear your abſence from London, for I could hardly have ſeen you there; and it would not have been quite reaſonable to have drawn you to a ſick room hither from the firſt embraces of your friends. My mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not ſo much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we ſit in, upon one (and that a favourite) account, that it is the very warmeſt in the houſe; we and our fires will equally ſmile upon your face. There is a Perſian proverb that ſays (I think very prettily) "The converſation "of a friend brightens the eyes." This I take to be a ſplendor ſtill more agreeable than the fires you ſo delightfully deſcribe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-ſide in the metaphorical ſenſe, that is, all thoſe of your family who make it pleaſing to ſit and ſpend whole wintry months together, (a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honeſt heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and falſe ſplendors, of an Aſſembly of empty heads, aking hearts, and falſe faces.) This is my ſincere wiſh to you and yours.

You ſay you propoſe much pleaſure in ſeeing ſome few faces about town of my acquaintance. I gueſs you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And I aſſure you, you ought to take as much pleaſure in their

hearts, if they are what they ſometimes expreſs with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful ſervant.

LETTER XIV.

From Mr. Digby.

Sherburne, Aug. 14, 1723.

I Can't return from ſo agreeable an entertainment as yours in the country, without acknowledging it. I thank you heartily for the new agreeable idea of life you there gave me; it will remain long with me, for it is very ſtrongly impreſſed upon my imagination. I repeat the memory of it often, and ſhall value that faculty of the mind now more than ever, for the power it gives me of being entertained in your villa, when abſent from it. As you are poſſeſſed of all the pleaſures of the country, and, as I think, of a right mind, what can I wiſh you but health to enjoy them? This I ſo heartily do, that I ſhould be even glad to hear your good mother might loſe all her preſent pleaſures in her unwearied care of you, by your better health convincing them it is unneceſſary.

I am troubled, and ſhall be ſo, till I hear you have receiv'd this letter: for you gave me the greateſt pleaſure imaginable in yours, and I am impatient to acknowledge it. If I any ways deſerve that friendly warmth and affection, with which you write, it is, that I have a heart full of love and eſteem for you: ſo truly, that I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure of my life if I loſt your good opinion. It rejoices me very much to be reckoned by you in the claſs of honeſt men; for tho' I am not troubled over much about the opinion moſt may have of me, yet, I own, it would grieve me not to be thought well of, by you and ſome few others.

I will not doubt my own ſtrength, yet I have this further ſecurity to maintain my integrity, that I cannot part with that, without forfeiting your eſteem with it.

Perpetual diſorder and ill health have for ſome years ſo diſguiſed me, that, I ſometimes fear I do not to my beſt friends enough appear what I really am. Sickneſs is a great oppreſſor; it does great injury to a zealous heart, ſtifling its warmth, and not ſuffering it to break out in action. But, I hope, I ſhall not make this complaint much longer. I have other hopes that pleaſe me too, tho' not ſo well grounded; theſe are, that you may yet make a journey weſtward with Lord Bathurſt; but of the probability of this I do not venture to reaſon, becauſe I would not part with the pleaſure of that belief. It grieves me to think how far I am removed from you, and from that excellent Lord, whom I love! Indeed I remember him, as one that has made ſickneſs eaſy to me, by bearing with my infirmities in the ſame manner that you have always done. I often too conſider him in other lights that make him valuable to me. With him, I know not by what connection, you never fail to come into my mind, as if you were inſeparable. I have, as you gueſs, many philoſophical reveries in the ſhades of Sir Walter Raleigh, of which you are a great part. You generally enter there with me, and like a good Genius, applaud and ſtrengthen all my ſentiments that have honour in them. This good office which you have often done me unknowingly, I muſt acknowledge now, that my own breaſt may not reproach me with ingratitude, and diſquiet me when I would muſe again in that ſolemn ſcene. I have not room now left to aſk you many queſtions I intended about the Odyſſey. I beg I may know how far you have carried Ulyſſes on his journey, and

how you have been entertained with him on the way? I deſire I may hear of your health, of Mrs. Pope's, and of every thing elſe that belongs to you.

How thrive your garden plants? how look the trees? how ſpring the Brocoli and the Fenochio? hard names to ſpell! how did the poppies bloom? and how is the great room approv'd? what parties have you had of pleaſure? what in the grotto? what upon the Thames? I would know how all your hours paſs, all you ſay, and all you do; of which I ſhould queſtion you yet farther, but my paper is full and ſpares you. My brother Ned is wholly yours, and ſo my father deſires to be, and every ſoul here whoſe name is Digby. My ſiſter will be yours in particular. What can I add more?

I am, etc.

LETTER XV.

October 10.

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn No traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop towards it for ſix or ſeven days—But here you have me now, and that is all I ſhall ſay of it: ſince which time an impertinent lameneſs kept me at home twice as long; as if fate ſhould ſay (after the other dangerous illneſs) "You "ſhall neither go into the other world, nor any where "you like in this." Elſe who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy?

I conſpire in your ſentiments, emulate your pleaſures, wiſh for your company. You are all of one heart and one ſoul, as was ſaid of the primitive Chriſtians: 'tis like the kingdom of the juſt upon earth; not a

wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a ſet of try'd, experienced friends and fellow comforters, who have ſeen evil men and evil days; and have by a ſuperior rectitude of heart ſet yourſelves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end ſuch a millennary year in London? tranſmigrate (if I may ſo call it) into other creatures, in that ſcene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Homlacy in ſenſe and reaſon triumphant? I appeal to a third-Lady in your family, whom I take to be the moſt innocent, and the leaſt warp'd by idle faſhion and cuſtom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every ſoul of you better people, better companions, and happier, where you are? I deſire her opinion under her hand in your next letter, I mean Miſs Scudamore's *. I am confident if ſhe would or durſt ſpeak her ſenſe, and employ that reaſoning which God has given her, to infuſe more thoughtfulneſs into you all; thoſe arguments could not fail to put you to the bluſh, and keep you out of town, like people ſenſible of your own felicities. I am not without hopes, if ſhe can detain a parliament-man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with ſuch irreſiſtible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas †, the ſeat of all earthly happineſs, and the new Jeruſalem of the righteous.

Don't talk of the decay of the year, the ſeaſon is good where the people are ſo: 'tis the beſt time of the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the proſpects begin to open, thro' the thinner woods, over the valleys; and thro' the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews

* Afterwards Ducheſs of Beaufort, at this time very young.

† About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a ſettlement in Bermudas for the Propagation of the Chriſtian faith, and introduction of Sciences into America.

of the morning impearl every thorn, and ſcatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the froſts are freſh and wholeſome: what would you have? the Moon ſhines too, tho' not for Lovers theſe cold nights, but for Aſtronomers.

Have ye not reflecting Teleſcopes *, whereby ye may innocently magnify her ſpots and blemiſhes? Content yourſelves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting Teleſcopes, and where thoſe of all others are equally ſuch upon their neighbours. Stay you at leaſt (for what I have ſaid before relates only to the ladies: don't imagine I'll write about any Eyes but theirs) ſtay, I ſay, from that idle, buſy-looking Sanhedrin, where wiſdom or no wiſdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

If, after all, you will deſpiſe good advice, and reſolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing juſt the things I ſhould not, living where I ſhould not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word as much an Anti-Bermudaniſt as any body. Dear Sir, make the ladies know I am their ſervant, you know I am

Yours, etc.

LETTER XVI.

Aug. 12.

I Have been above a month ſtrolling about in Buckinghamſhire and Oxfordſhire, from garden to garden, but ſtill returning to Lord Cobham's with freſh ſatisfaction. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full advantage of Lord B**'s improvements; and then I will expect ſomething like

* Theſe inſtruments were juſt then brought to perfection.

the waters of Riſkins, and the woods of Oakley together, which (without flattery) would be at leaſt as good as any thing in our world: For as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Paradiſe of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have little or no ideas of them, but, I dare ſay, Lord B* has, becauſe they were certainly both very great, and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordſhip's *Extravagante Bergerie:* and that ſhe is juſt now ſitting, or rather reclining on a bank, fatigued with over-much dancing and ſinging at his unwearied requeſt and inſtigation. I know your love of eaſe ſo well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philoſophical to be a philoſopher; were it not for the ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordſhip's maxims is, that a total abſtinence from intemperance or buſineſs, is no more philoſophy, than a total conſopiation of the ſenſes is repoſe: one muſt feel enough of its contrary to have a reliſh of either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as ſedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you ſhall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the cuſtoms of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your converſion to her, but indiſpoſition, which, I hope, will be far from you. I am telling the worſt that can come of you; for as to vice, you are ſafe; but folly is many an honeſt man's, nay every good-humour'd man's lot: nay, it is the ſeaſoning of life; and fools (in one ſenſe) are the ſalt of the earth: a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole mouthful is juſtly call'd the Devil.

So much for your diverſions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at preſent, than I ſhall then; for if there be on earth an image of paradiſe, it is in ſuch perfect Union and Society as you all poſſeſs.

I would have my innocent envies and wiſhes of your ſtate known to you all; which is far better than making you compliments, for it is inward approbation and eſteem. My Lord Digby has in me a ſincere ſervant, or would have, were there any occaſion for me to manifeſt it.

LETTER XVII.

Decemb. 28, 1724.

IT is now the ſeaſon to wiſh you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both theſe you know how to make yourſelf, by only continuing ſuch a life as you have been long accuſtomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to thoſe that do them, or to thoſe that do them not; the firſt are too modeſt, and the latter too ſelfiſh, to bear the mention of what are become either too old faſhion'd, or too private, to conſtitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the preſent age. However, it were to be wiſh'd people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in caſe any of them ſhould by chance come into faſhion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hoop'd petticoats, (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of ſins.)

They tell me that at Coleſhill certain antiquated charities, and obſolete devotions are yet ſubſiſting: that a thing called Chriſtian chearfulneſs (not incompatible with Chriſtmas pyes and plum-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old ſermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good houſe-keeping, in a latitude not more re-

more from London than fourſcore miles: and laſtly, that prayers and roaſt-beef actually make ſome people as happy, as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I aſſure you, men, women, and children have done with theſe things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Inſtead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for juſtice, time-ſerving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a ſtate of ignorance, and ſee nothing but quiet, religion, and good-humour, the caſe is juſt as I tell you where people underſtand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wiſh that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them ſenſible which of theſe is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almſgiving, and reading, and exerciſe, and come into our meaſures? I wiſh (I ſay) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to

Your affectionate, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR, April 21, 1726.

I Have a great inclination to write to you, tho' I can not by writing any more than I could by words expreſs what part I bear in your ſufferings. Natur and Eſteem in you are join'd to aggravate your afflic tion: the latter I have in a degree equal even to your and a tye of friendſhip approaches near to the tende neſs of nature: yet, God knows, no man living leſs fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply ſe ſible than myſelf of the greatneſs of the loſs. Th

uc which ſecures his preſent ſtate from all the incident to ours, does but aggrandiſe our ſen- its being remov'd from our ſight, from our , and from our imitation; for the friendſhip ety of good men does not only make us hap- t it makes us better. Their Death does but : their felicity before our own, who probably yet arrived to that degree of perfection which a immediate reward. That your dear brother dear friend was ſo, I take his very removal to of; Providence would certainly lend virtuous a world that ſo much wants them, as long as lice to them it could ſpare them to us. May be with thoſe who have meant well, and have ell to that meaning! and, I doubt not, if this e granted, I ſhall be with him. Let us pre- memory in the way he would beſt like, by ing what his behaviour would have been, in cident of our lives to come, and doing in each e think he would have done; ſo we ſhall have ays before our eyes, and in our minds, and more) in our lives and manners. I hope when meet him next, we ſhall be more of a piece n, and conſequently not to be evermore ſepa- om him. I will add but one word that relates remains of yourſelf and me, ſince ſo valued a as is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as yours ritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, while he could fill it with ſuch hopes, wiſhes ctions for him as ſuited a mortal creature) was id warmly his; and ſhall (I aſſure you in the of ſorrow for my own loſs) be faithfully at vice while I continue to love his memory, that le I continue to be myſelf.

gby d'ed in the year 1726, and is buried in the church of e in *Dorſetſhire*, with an Epitaph written by the Author.

LETTER

TO AND FROM

Dr. ATTERBUR

Biſhop of ROCHESTER,

From the Year 1716 to 1723

LETTER I.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POP

Decemb.

I Return your * Preface, which I have read tw pleaſure. The modeſty and good ſenſe th it, muſt pleaſe every one that reads it: And ſir is nothing that can offend, I ſee not why yo balance a moment about printing it—always p that there is nothing ſaid there which you m occaſion to unſay hereafter: of which you you the beſt and the only judge. This is my ſinc nion, which I give, becauſe you aſk it: and would not give tho' aſked, but to a man I much as I do you; being ſenſible how improp on many accounts, for me to interpoſe in thing

* The general preface to Mr. Pope's Poems, firſt prin the year after the date of this letter.

nature; which I never underſtood well, and now underſtand ſomewhat leſs than ever I did. But I can deny you nothing; eſpecially ſince you have had the goodneſs often, and patiently, to hear what I have ſaid againſt rhyme, and in behalf of blank verſe; with little diſcretion, perhaps, but, I am ſure, without the leaſt prejudice: being myſelf equally incapable of writing well in either of thoſe ways, and leaning therefore to neither ſide of the queſtion, but as the appearance of reaſon inclines me. Forgive me this error, if it be one; an error of above thirty years ſtanding, and which therefore I ſhall be very loth to part with. In other matters which relate to polite writing, I ſhall ſeldom differ from you: or, if I do, ſhall, I hope, have the prudence to conceal my opinion. I am as much as ought to be, that is, as much as any man can be,

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE.

Feb. 18, 1717.

I Hoped to find you laſt night at Lord Bathurſt's, and came but a few minutes after you had left him. I brought *Gorboduc* * with me; and Dr. Arbuthnot telling me he ſhould ſee you, I depoſited the book in his hands: out of which, I think, my Lord Bathurſt got it before we parted, and from him therefore you are to claim it. If Gorboduc ſhould ſtill miſs his way to you, others are to anſwer for it; I have delivered up my

* A Tragedy, written in the Reign of Edward the ſixth (and much the beſt performance of that Age) by Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorſet, and Lord Treaſurer to Queen Elizabeth. It was then very ſcarce, but lately reprinted by R. Dodſley in Pall-mall.

truſt. I am not ſorry your † Alcander is burn
I known your intentions, I would have interc
the firſt page, and put it, with your leave, am
curioſities. In truth, it is the only inſtance
kind I ever met with, from a perſon good
thing elſe, nay for every thing elſe to whicl
pleas'd to turn himſelf.

Depend upon it, I ſhall ſee you with great
at Bromley; and there is no requeſt you can
me, that I ſhall not moſt readily comply with.
you health and happineſs of all ſorts, and w
glad to be inſtrumental in any degree towards
you to the leaſt ſhare of either. I am always
where, moſt affectionately and faithfully

Your

LETTER III.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr. POPE

Bromley, Nov. 8,

I Have nothing to ſay to you on that melanch
ject, with an account of which the printed
have furniſhed me, but what you have already
yourſelf.

When you have paid the debt of tenderneſs y
to the memory of a Father, I doubt not but y
turn your thoughts towards improving that acci
your own eaſe and happineſs. You have it now
power, to purſue that method of thinking and
which you like beſt. Give me leave, if I am
little too early in my applications of this kind,
gratulate you upon it; and to aſſure you that

† An Heroic Poem writ at 15 years old.

› man living, who wiſhes you better, or would be ore pleas'd to contribute any ways to your ſatisfac-›n or ſervice.

I return you your Milton, which, upon collation, I id to be reviſed, and augmented, in ſeveral places, the title page of my third edition pretends it to be. 'hen I ſee you next, I will ſhew you the ſeveral paſ-ges alter'd, and added by the author, beſide what ›u mentioned to me.

I proteſt to you, this laſt peruſal of him has given e ſuch new degrees, I will not ſay of pleaſure, but admiration and aſtoniſhment, that I look upon the blimity of Homer, and the majeſty of Virgil, with newhat leſs reverence than I uſed to do. I challenge u, with all your partiality, to ſhew me in the firſt of eſe any thing equal to the Allegory of Sin and Death, :her as to the greatneſs and juſtneſs of the invention, the height and beauty of the colouring. What I ok'd upon as a rant of Barrow's, I now begin to ink a ſerious truth, and could almoſt venture to ſet y hand to it,

Hæc quicunque legit, tantum ceciniſſe putabit
Mæoniden Ranas, Virgilium Culices.

ıt more of this when we meet. When I left the town e D. of Buckingham continued ſo ill that he receiv'd › meſſages; oblige me ſo far as to let me know how : does; at the ſame time I ſhall know how you do, ıd that will be a double ſatisfaction to

Your, etc.

LETTER IV.

The Anſwer.

MY LORD, Nov. 20, 1

I Am truly obliged by your kind condolence Father's death, and the deſire you expreſs ſhould improve this incident to my advanta know your Lordſhip's friendſhip to me is ſo ext that you include in that wiſh both my ſpiritu my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe t friendſhip, to open my mind unreſervedly to you head. It is true I have loſt a parent for whom no I could make would be any equivalent. But th not my only tye: I thank God another ſtill re (and long may it remain) of the ſame tender n *Genitrix eſt mihi*—and excuſe me if I ſay with Eu

nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tye, but ſure virtuous one: at leaſt I am more certain that duty of nature to preſerve a good parent's life an pineſs, than I am of any ſpeculative point whate

Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?

For ſhe, my Lord, would think this ſeparation grievous than any other, and I, for my part, kn little as poor Euryalus did, of the ſucceſs of ſu adventure, (for an Adventure it is, and no ſmal in ſpite of the moſt poſitive divinity.) Whethe change would be to my ſpiritual advantage, Goc knows: this I know, that I mean as well in th gion I now profeſs, as I can poſſibly ever do in ther. Can a man who thinks ſo, juſtify a ch even if he thought both equally good? To ſu

one, the part of *Joining* with any one body of Chriſtians might perhaps be eaſy, but I think it would not be ſo, to *Renounce* the other.

Your Lordſhip has formerly advis'd me to read the beſt controverſies between the Churches. Shall I tell you a ſecret? I did ſo at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books) there was a collection of all that had been written on both ſides in the reign of King James the ſecond: I warm'd my head with them, and the conſequence was, that I found myſelf a Papiſt and a Proteſtant by turns, according to the laſt book I read *. I am afraid moſt Seekers are in the ſame caſe, and when they ſtop, they are not ſo properly converted, as out-witted. You ſee how little glory you would gain by my converſion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordſhip and I are both of the ſame religion, if we were thoroughly underſtood by one another, and that all honeſt and reaſonable chriſtians would be ſo, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to ſerve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the *temporal* ſide of the queſtion, I can have no diſpute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumſtances of life, and all the ſhining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myſelf to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and beſides it is a real truth, I have leſs Inclination (if poſſible) than Ability. Contemplative life is not only my ſcene, but it is my habit too. I began my life where moſt people end theirs, with a diſ-reliſh of all that the world calls ambition: I don't know

* This is an excellent deſcription of every Reader labouring in religious controverſy, *without* poſſeſſing the *principles* on which a right *judgment of the points* in queſtion is to be regulated.

why 'tis called ſo, for to me it always ſeem'd to
ther *ſtooping* than *climbing*. I'll tell you my
and religious ſentiments in a few words. In my
tics, I think no further than how to preſerve the
of my life, in any government under which I
nor in my religion, than to preſerve the peace
conſcience, in any church with which I commun
I hope all churches and all governments are ſo
God, as they are rightly underſtood, and right
miniſtred: and where they are, or may be wro
leave it to God alone to mend or reform them;
whenever he does, it muſt be by greater inſtru
than I am. I am not a papiſt, for I renounce the
poral invaſions of the papal power, and deteſt
arrogated authority over Princes and States. I
Catholic in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word. If
born under an abſolute prince, I would be a
ſubject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due
of the excellence of the Britiſh conſtitution. In a
the things I have always wiſhed to ſee are not a R
Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spaniſh C
lic, but a true Catholic: and not a King of W
or a King of Tories, but a King of England. W
God of his mercy grant his preſent Majeſty ma
and all future Majeſties: You ſee, my Lord,
like a preacher: this is *Sermo ad Clerum*, not *a*
pulum. Believe me, with infinite obligation an
cere thanks, ever Your,

LETTER V.

Sept. 23, 17

I Hope you have ſome time ago receiv'd the Sul
and the two volumes of Mr. Gay, as inſtances

ſmall ones ſoever) that I wiſh you both health and diverſion. What I now ſend for your peruſal, I ſhall ſay nothing of; not to foreſtall by a ſingle word what you promis'd to ſay upon that ſubject. Your Lordſhip may criticiſe from Virgil to theſe Tales; as Solomon wrote of every thing from the cedar to the hyſſop. I have ſome cauſe, ſince I laſt waited on you at Bromley, to look upon you as a prophet in that retreat, from whom oracles are to be had, were mankind wiſe enough to go thither to conſult you: The fate of the South-ſea ſcheme has, much ſooner than I expected, verify'd what you told me. Moſt people thought the time would come, but no man prepared for it; no man conſider'd it would come *like a Thief in the Night*, exactly as it happens in the caſe of our death. Methinks God has puniſhed the avaritious, as he often puniſhes ſinners, in their own way, in the very ſin itſelf: the thirſt of gain was their crime, that thirſt continued became their puniſhment and ruin. As for the few who have the good fortune to remain with half of what they imagined they had (among whom is your humble ſervant) I would have them ſenſible of their felicity, and convinced of the truth of old Heſiod's maxim, who, after half his eſtate was ſwallowed by the *Directors* of thoſe days, reſolved, that *half* to be *more than the whole*.

Does not the fate of theſe people put you in mind of two paſſages, one in Job, the other from the Pſalmiſt?

Men ſhall groan out of the CITY, *and hiſs them out of their* PLACE.

They have dreamed out their dream, and awakening have found nothing in their hands.

Indeed the univerſal poverty, which is the conſequence of univerſal avarice, and which will fall hardeſt upon the guiltleſs and induſtrious part of mankind, is truly lamentable. The univerſal deluge of the S. Sea

contrary to the old deluge, has drowned all except a few *Unrighteous* men: but it is ſome comfort to me that I am not one of them, even tho' I were to ſurvive and rule the world by it. I am much pleas'd with the thought of Dr. Arbuthnot's; he ſays the governmen and South-Sea company have only lock'd up the money of the people, upon conviction of their Lunac (as is uſual in the caſe of Lunatics) and intend to re ſtore them as much as may be fit for ſuch people, a faſt as they ſhall ſee them return to their ſenſes.

The latter part of your letter does me ſo much ho nour, and ſhews me ſo much kindneſs, that I muſt bot be proud and pleas'd, in a great degree; but I aſſu you, my Lord, much more the laſt than the firſt. Fo I certainly know, and feel, from my own heart, whic truly reſpects you, that there may be a ground for you partiality, one way; but I find not the leaſt ſympton in my head, of any foundation for the other. In word, the beſt reaſon I know for my being pleas'd, i that you continue your favour towards me; the beſt know for being proud, would be that you might cu me of it; for I have found you to be ſuch a phyſicia as does not only *repair* but *improve*. I am, with th ſincereſt eſteem, and moſt grateful acknowledgment,

Your, etc.

LETTER VI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

THE Arabian Tales, and Mr. Gay's books, I re ceiv'd not till Monday night, together with yo letter; for which I thank you. I have had a fit of t gout upon me ever ſince I returned hither from We minſter on Saturday night laſt: it has found its w

into my hands as well as legs, ſo that I have been utterly incapable of writing. This is the firſt letter that I have ventured upon; which will be written, I fear, *vacillantibus literis*, as, Tully ſays, Tyro's letters were, after his recovery from an illneſs. What I ſaid to you in mine about the Monument, was intended only to quicken, not to alarm you. It is not worth your while to know what I meant by it: but when I ſee you, you ſhall. I hope you may be at the Deanry towards the end of October, by which time, I think of ſettling there for the winter. What do you think of ſome ſuch ſhort inſcription as this in Latin, which may, in a few words, ſay all that is to be ſaid of Dryden, and yet nothing more than he deſerves?

JOHANNI DRYDENO,
CVI POESIS ANGLICANA
VIM SVAM AC VENERES DEBET;
ET SIQVA IN POSTERVM AVGEBITVR LAVDE,
EST ADHVC DEBITVRA:
HONORIS ERGO P. etc.

To ſhew you that I am as much in earneſt in the affair as you yourſelf, ſomething I will ſend you too of this kind in Engliſh. If your deſign holds of fixing Dryden's name only below, and his Buſto above—may not lines like theſe be grav'd juſt under the name?

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's aſhes juſt,
Here fix'd his Name; and there his laurel'd Buſt.
What elſe the Muſe in Marble might expreſs,
Is known already; Praiſe would make him leſs.

Or thus—

More needs not; where acknowledg'd Merits reign,
Praiſe is impertinent; and Cenſure vain.

This you'll take as a proof of my zeal at leaſt, tho' it be none of my talent in Poetry. When you have read

it over, I'll forgive you if you ſhould not once in your life-time again think of it.

And now, Sir, for your *Arabian Tales*. Ill as I have been, almoſt ever ſince they came to hand, I have read as much of them, as ever I ſhall read while I live. Indeed they do not pleaſe my taſte: they are writ with ſo romantic an air, and, allowing for the difference of eaſtern manners, are yet, upon any ſuppoſition that can be made, of ſo wild and abſurd a contrivance (at leaſt to my northern underſtanding) that I have not only no pleaſure, but no patience, in peruſing them. They are to me like the odd paintings on Indian ſcreens, which at firſt glance may ſurprize and pleaſe a little: but, when you fix your eye intently upon them, they appear ſo extravagant, diſproportioned, and monſtrous, that they give a judicious eye pain, and make him ſeek for relief from ſome other object.

They may furniſh the mind with ſome new images; but I think the purchaſe is made at too great an expence: for to read thoſe two volumes through, liking them as little as I do, would be a terrible penance, and to read them with pleaſure would be dangerous on the other ſide, becauſe of the infection. I will never believe, that you have any keen reliſh of them, till I find you write worſe than you do, which, I dare ſay, I never ſhall. Who that *Petit de la Croiſe* is, the pretended author of them, I cannot tell: but obſerving how full they are in the deſcriptions of dreſs, furniture, *etc.* I cannot help thinking them the product of ſome Woman's imagination: and, believe me, I would do any thing but break with you, rather than be bound to read them over with attention.

I am ſorry that I was ſo true a prophet in reſpect of the S. Sea; ſorry, I mean, as far as your loſs is concern'd: for in the general I ever was and ſtill am of

opinion, that had that project taken root and flouriſh'd, it would by degrees have overturn'd our conſtitution. Three or four hundred millions was ſuch a weight, that which-ſoever way it had leaned, muſt have borne down all before it—But of the dead we muſt ſpeak gently; and therefore, as Mr. Dryden ſays ſomewhere, *Peace be to its Manes!*

Let me add one reflection, to make you eaſy in your ill luck. Had you got all that you have loſt beyond what you ventur'd, conſider that your ſuperfluous gains would have ſprung from the ruin of ſeveral families that now want neceſſaries; a thought, under which a good and good-natured man that grew rich by ſuch means, could not, I perſuade myſelf, be perfectly eaſy. Adieu, and believe me, ever

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 26, 1721.

YOU are not yourſelf gladder you are well, than I am; eſpecially ſince I can pleaſe myſelf with the thought that when you had loſt your health elſewhere, you recovered it here. May theſe lodgings never treat you worſe, nor you at any time have leſs reaſon to be fond of them!

I thank you for the ſight of your * Verſes, and with the freedom of an honeſt, tho' perhaps injudicious friend, muſt tell you, that tho' I could like ſome of them, if they were any body's elſe but yours, yet as they are yours, and to be own'd as ſuch, I can ſcarce like

* Epitaph on Mr. Harcourt.

any of them. Not but that the four firſt lines are g
eſpecially the ſecond couplet; and might, if foll
by four others as good, give reputation to a writ
a leſs eſtabliſhed fame; but from you I expect ſo
thing of a more perfect kind, and which the oftene
is read, the more it will be admired. When you ha
exceed other writers, you fall much beneath yourſe
'tis your misfortune now to write without a rival, a
to be tempted by that means to be more careleſs, tha
you would otherwiſe be in your compoſures.

Thus much I could not forbear ſaying, tho' I hav
a motion of conſequence in the Houſe of Lords to-day,
and muſt prepare for it. I am even with you for your
ill paper; for I write upon worſe, having no other at
hand. I wiſh you the continuance of your health moſt
heartily; and am ever

Your, etc.

I have ſent Dr. Arbuthnot the * Latin MS. which I could not find when you left me; and I am ſo angry at the writer for his deſign, and his manner of executing it, that I could hardly forbear ſending him a line of Virgil along with it. The chief Reaſoner of that philoſophic farce is a *Gallo Ligur*, as he is call'd—what that means in Engliſh or French, I can't ſay—but all he ſays, is in ſo looſe and ſlippery and trickiſh a way of reaſoning, that I could not forbear applying the paſſage of Virgil to him,

* Written by Huetius, biſhop of Avranches. He was a mean reaſoner; as may be ſeen by a vaſt collection of fanciful and extravagant conjectures, which he call'd a *demonſtration*; mixed up with much reading, which his friends called learning, and delivered (by the allowance of all) in good Latin. This not being received for what he would give it, he compoſed a treatiſe *of the weakneſs of the human underſtanding*: a poor ſyſtem of ſcepticiſm; indeed little other than an abſtract from *Sextus Empiricus*.

Vane Ligur, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis!
Nequicquam patrias tentaſti lubricus artes—

To be ſerious, I hate to ſee a book gravely written, and in all the forms of argumentation, which proves nothing, and which ſays nothing; and endeavours only to put us into a way of diſtruſting our own faculties, and doubting whether the marks of truth and falſhood can in any caſe be diſtinguiſhed from each other. Could that bleſſed point be made out (as it is a contradiction in terms to ſay it can) we ſhould then be in the moſt uncomfortable and wretched ſtate in the world; and I would in that caſe be glad to exchange my Reaſon, with a dog for his Inſtinct, to-morrow.

LETTER VIII.

L. Chancellor HARCOURT to Mr. POPE.

Decemb. 6, 1722.

I Cannot but ſuſpect myſelf of being very unreaſonable in begging you once more to review the inclos'd. Your friendſhip draws this trouble on you. I may freely own to you, that my tenderneſs makes me exceeding hard to be ſatisfied with any thing which can be ſaid on ſuch an unhappy ſubject. I caus'd the Latin Epitaph to be as often alter'd before I could approve of it.

When once your Epitaph is ſet up, there can be no alteration of it, it will remain a perpetual monument of your friendſhip, and, I aſſure myſelf, you will ſo ſettle it, that it ſhall be worthy of you. I doubt whether the word, *deny'd*, in the third line, will juſtly admit of that conſtruction, which it ought to bear (viz.) renounced, deſerted, etc. *deny'd* is capable, in my opinion, of having an ill ſenſe put upon it, as too great

I can't perfectly, at leaſt without furthe
you, reconcile myſelf to the firſt part of th
the word *forc'd* (which was my own, and
myſelf, for that reaſon only ſubmitted to b
to carry too doubtful a conſtruction for
which, as I apprehend, ought as eaſily t
ſtood as read. I ſhall acknowledge it as
cular favour, if at your beſt leiſure you w
incloſed, and vary it, if you think it cap
amended, and let me ſee you any morning

LETTER IX.

The Biſhop of ROCHESTER to Mr

Sept.

I Am now confined to my bed-chamber,
matted room, wherein I am writing,

ſeriouſly. One thing relieves me a little, under the ill proſpect I have of ſpending my time at the Deanry this winter; that I ſhall have the opportunity of ſeeing you oftener; tho', I am afraid, you will have little pleaſure in ſeeing me there. So much for my ill ſtate of health, which I had not touch'd on, had not your friendly letter been ſo full of it. One civil thing that you ſay in it, made me think you had been reading Mr. Waller; and poſſeſs'd of that image at the end of his copy, *à la malade*, had you not beſtow'd it on one who has no right to the leaſt part of the character. If you have not read the verſes lately, I am ſure you remember them becauſe you forget nothing.

With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain, etc.

I mention them not on the account of that couplet, but one that follows; which ends with the very ſame rhymes and words (*appear* and *clear*) that the couplet but one after that does—and therefore in my Waller there is a various reading of the firſt of theſe couplets; for there it runs thus,

So lightnings in a ſtormy air
Scorch more, than when the ſky is fair.

You will ſay that I am not very much in pain, nor very buſy, when I can reliſh theſe amuſements, and you will ſay true: for at preſent I am in both theſe reſpects very eaſy.

I had not ſtrength enough to attend Mr. Prior to his grave, elſe I would have done it, to have ſhew'd his friends that I had forgot and forgiven what he wrote on me. He is buried, as he deſired, at the feet of Spencer, and I will take care to make good in every reſpect what I ſaid to him when living; particularly as to the Triplet he wrote for his own Epitaph; which

while we were in good terms, I promis'd him ſhould never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Weſtminſter.

I am pleaſed to find you have ſo much pleaſure, and (which is the foundation of it) ſo much health at Lord Bathurſt's: may both continue till I ſee you! may my Lord have as much ſatisfaction in building the houſe in the wood, and uſing it when built, as you have in deſigning it! I cannot ſend a wiſh after him that means him more happineſs, and yet, I am ſure, I wiſh him as much as he wiſhes himſelf.

I am, etc.

LETTER X.

From the ſame.

Bromley, Oct. 15, 1721.

NOtwithſtanding I write this on Sunday even, to acknowledge the receipt of yours this morning; yet, I foreſee, it will not reach you till Wedneſday morning. And before ſet of ſun that day I hope to reach my winter quarters at the Deanry. I hope, did I ſay? I recall that word, for it implies deſire; and, God knows, that is far from being the caſe: For I never part with this place but with regret, tho' I generally keep here what Mr. Cowley calls the worſt of company in the world, my own; and ſee either none beſide, or what is worſe than none, ſome of the *Arrii*, or *Seloſi* of my neighbourhood: Characters, which Tully paints ſo well in one of his Epiſtles, and complains of the too civil, but impertinent interruption they gave him in his retirement. Since I have named thoſe gentlemen, and the book is not far from me, I will turn to the place, and by pointing it out to you,

give you the pleaſure of peruſing the epiſtle, which is a very agreeable one, if my memory does not fail me.

I am ſurpriz'd to find that my Lord Bathurſt and you are parted ſo ſoon; he has been ſick, I know, of ſome late tranſactions; but ſhould that ſickneſs continue ſtill in ſome meaſure, I propheſy, it will be quite off by the beginning of November: a letter or two from his London friends, and a ſurfeit of ſolitude, will ſoon make him change his reſolution and his quarters. I vow to you, I could live here with pleaſure all the winter, and be contented with hearing no more news than the London Journal, or ſome ſuch trifling paper, affords me, did not the duty of my place require, abſolutely require my attendance at Weſtminſter; where, I hope, the Prophet will now and then remember he has a bed and a candleſtick. In ſhort, I long to ſee you, and hope you will come, if not a day, yet at leaſt an hour ſooner to town than you intended, in order to afford me that ſatisfaction. I am now, I thank God! as well as ever I was in my life, except that I can walk ſcarce at all without crutches: And I would willingly compound the matter with the gout, to be no better, could I hope to be no worſe; but that is a vain thought, I expect a new attack long before Chriſtmas. Let me ſee you therefore while I am in a condition to reliſh you, before the days (and the nights) come, when I ſhall (and muſt) ſay, I have no pleaſure in them.

I will bring your ſmall volume of Paſtorals along with me, that you may not be diſcouraged from lending me books, when you find me ſo punctual in returning them. Shakeſpear ſhall bear it company, and be put into your hands as clear and as fair as it came out of them, tho' you, I think, have been dabbling here and there with the text: I have had more reverence for the writer and the printer, and left every

thing ſtanding juſt as I found it. However, I t
you for the pleaſure you have given me in puttir
upon reading him once more before I die.

I believe I ſhall ſcarce repeat that pleaſure any
having other work to do, and other things to thi
but none that will interfere with the offices of fr
ſhip, in the exchange of which with you, Sir, I
to live and die

Your,

P. S. Addiſon's works came to my hands yeſte
I cannot but think it a very odd ſet of incidents,
the book ſhould be dedicated by a * dead man tc
dead man; and even that the new ‡ patron to v
Tickell choſe to inſcribe his verſes, ſhould be dea
before they were publiſhed. Had I been in the
tor's place I ſhould have been a little apprehenſiv
myſelf, under a thought that every one who had
hand in that work was to die before the publicati
it. You ſee, when I am converſing with you, I l
not how to give over, till the very bottom of the p
admoniſhes me once more to bid you adieu!

LETTER XI.

My Lord, Feb. 8, 1721.

IT is ſo long ſince I had the pleaſure of an hour
your Lordſhip, that I ſhould begin to think m
no longer *Amicus omnium horarum*, but for finding
ſelf ſo in my conſtant thoughts of you. In thoſe
with you many hours this very day, and had
(where I wiſh and hope one day to ſee you reall
my garden at Twitnam. When I went laſt to t

* Mr. Addiſon. † Mr. Craggs. ‡ Lord Wart

and was on wing for the Deanry, I heard your Lordſhip was gone the day before to Bromley, and there you continued till after my return hither. I ſincerely wiſh you whatever you wiſh yourſelf, and all you wiſh your friends or family. All I mean by this word or two, is juſt to tell you ſo, till in perſon I find you as I deſire, that is, find you well: eaſy, reſign'd, and happy you will make yourſelf, and (I believe) every body that converſes with you; if I may judge of your power over other mens minds and affections, by that which you will ever have over thoſe of

Your, etc.

LETTER XII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Feb. 26, 1721-2.

PErmit me, dear Sir, to break into your retirement, and to deſire of you a complete copy of thoſe verſes on Mr. Addiſon *; ſend me alſo your laſt reſolution, which ſhall punctually be obſerved in relation to my giving out any copy of it; for I am again ſolicited by another Lord, to whom I have given the ſame anſwer as formerly. No ſmall piece of your writing has been ever ſought after ſo much: it has pleas'd every man without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now therefore know where your real ſtrength lies, I hope you will not ſuffer that talent to lye unemploy'd. For my part, I ſhould be ſo glad to ſee you finiſh ſomething of that kind, that I could be content to be a little ſneer'd at in a line or ſo, for the ſake of

* An imperfect Copy was got out, very much to the Author's ſurprize, who never would give any.

the pleaſure I ſhould have in reading the reſt. I have talk'd my ſenſe of this matter to you once or twice, and now I put it under my hand, that you may ſee it is my deliberate opinion. What weight that may have with you I cannot ſay: but it pleaſes me to have an opportunity of ſhewing you how well I wiſh you, and how true a friend I am to your fame, which I deſire may grow every day, and in every kind of writing, to which you ſhall pleaſe to turn your pen. Not but that I have ſome little intereſt in the propoſal, as I ſhall be known to have been acquainted with a man that was capable of excelling in ſuch different manners, and did ſuch honour to his country and language; and yet was not diſpleas'd ſometimes to read what was written by his humble ſervant.

LETTER XIII.

March 14, 1721-2.

I Was diſappointed (much more than thoſe who commonly uſe that phraſe on ſuch occaſions) in miſſing you at the Deanry, where I lay ſolitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wiſh every thing may ſucceed as you deſire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no leſs account your own, and is no leſs your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. Tho' the noiſe and daily buſtle for the public be now over, I dare ſay, a good man is ſtill tending its welfare; as the Sun in the winter, when ſeeming to retire from the world, is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better ſeaſon. No man wiſhes your Lordſhip more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you

ſhould underſtand the value of it: but I don't wiſh you a jot leſs concern'd or leſs active than you are, in all ſincere, and therefore warm, deſires of public good.

I beg the kindneſs (and 'tis for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as ſoon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper viſit of a day or two: for hitherto I have not been your Viſitor, but your Lodger, and I accuſe myſelf of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no ſmall ſatisfaction to me) but the beſt reaſon, the ſeeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you ſo (and I dare ſay you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never ſhall, my veracity and integrity) I ſhall eſteem myſelf fortunate, in ſpite of the South-ſea, Poetry, Popery, and Poverty.

I can't tell you how ſorry I am, you ſhould be troubled a-new by any ſort of people. I heartily wiſh, *Quod ſupereſt, ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the ſame: who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as fooliſhly as if I were a Great man.

I am, etc.

LETTER XIV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

March 16, 1721-2.

AS a viſitant, a lodger, a friend (or under what other denomination ſoever) you are always welcome to me; and will be more ſo, I hope, every day that we live: for, to tell you the truth, I like you as I like myſelf, beſt when we have both of us leaſt buſineſs. It has been my fate to be engaged in it much and often, by the ſtations in which I was placed: but, God, that

knows my heart, knows, I never lov'd it: an leſs in love with it than ever, as I find leſs te to act with any hope of ſucceſs. If I am goo thing, 'tis *in angulo cum libello*; and yet a goo my time has been ſpent, and perhaps muſt far otherwiſe. For I will never, while I hav be wanting to my duty in my poſt, or in an how little ſoever I may like my employment, hopeleſs ſoever I may be in the diſcharge of i

In the mean time the judicious world is p think that I delight in work which I am oblig dergo, and aim at things which I from my ſpiſe; let them think as they will, ſo I migh berty to act as I will, and ſpend my time i manner as is moſt agreeable to me. I cannot ſo now, for I am here without any books, an them could not uſe them to my ſatisfaction, mind is taken up in a more melancholy * and how long, or how little a while it may be up God only knows, and to his will I implici myſelf in every thing.

I ar

LETTER XV.

My Lord, March 19,

I AM extremely ſenſible of the repeated your kind letters, and your thoughts of ſence, even among thoughts of much nearer to yourſelf on the one hand, and of much portance to the world on the other, which ca engage you at this juncture. I am very certai good-will, and of the warmth which is in yo rable from it.

* In his Lady's laſt Sickneſs.

Your remembrance of Twitenham is a freſh inſtance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine ſeaſon will ſet you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a Mount, in a point of view to ſhew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I ſhall be in danger to boaſt, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turn'd to converſe, not with the beaſts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I ſhall take to be no great puniſhment. For indeed I heartily deſpiſe the ways of the world, and moſt of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am ſtrengthen'd in this opinion, when ſuch as your Lordſhip bear teſtimony to its vanity and emptineſs. *Tinnit, inane eſt*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the beſt thing I have the luck to remember in that great Poet Quarles (not that I forget the Devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordſhip's favourite cut, as well as favourite diverſion.)

The ſituation here is pleaſant, and the view rural enough, to humour the moſt retired, and agree with the moſt contemplative. Good air, ſolitary groves, and ſparing diet, ſufficient to make you fancy yourſelf (what you are in temperance, tho' elevated into a greater figure by your ſtation) one of the Fathers of the Deſart. Here you may think (to uſe an author's words, whom you ſo juſtly prefer to all his followers that you'll receive them kindly, tho' taken from his worſt work *;)

That in Eliah's banquet you partake,
Or ſit a gueſt with Daniel, at his Pulſe.

* The *Paradiſe Regain'd*. I ſuppoſe this was in compliment to the Biſhop. It could never be his own opinion.

I am ſincerely free with you, as you deſire I ſhould, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would ſee Lord C* or any body elſe, I have another chariot, beſides that little one you laugh'd at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-ſhell. But if you would be entirely private, no body ſhall know any thing of the matter. Believe me (my Lord) no man is with more perfect acquieſcence, nay with more willing acquieſcence (not even any of your own Sons of the Church)

Your obedient, etc.

LETTER XVI.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leiſure in the world, I have no leiſure, no ſtomach to write to you: the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it muſt be ſo; and yet make a ſhift to flatter myſelf ſometimes with the thought, that it may poſſibly be otherwiſe. And that very thought, tho' it is directly contrary to my reaſon, does for a few moments make me eaſy—however not eaſy enough in good earneſt to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not anſwer your kind letter: I ſhall anſwer it too ſoon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do ſo, no conveniencies will be wanting: for I'll ſee no body but you and your mother, and the ſervants. Viſits to ſtateſmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) inſipid things; let the men that expect, that wiſh to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they

ſhall hear of me at their doors: and when they want me, I ſhall be ſure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will deſpiſe me ſo much, and I ſhall court them ſo little, that we ſhall both of us keep our diſtance.

When I come to you, 'tis in order to be with you only; a preſident of the council, or a ſtar and garter will make no more impreſſion upon my mind, at ſuch a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the ſight of a puppet-ſhew. I have ſaid to Greatneſs ſome time ago—*Tuas tibi res habeto, Egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we ſhall all be upon the level: and I am reſolv'd, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now: for he is ſo, that neither ſeeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and leſs pride; and then I'll court them as much as any body: but till they reſolve to diſtinguiſh themſelves ſome way elſe than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are: tho' I truſt in God, my pride is neither of ſo odious a nature as theirs, nor of ſo miſchievous a conſequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking—when I ſat down to write I intended only to excuſe myſelf for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I muſt diſlodge; I am preparing for it: for I am at this moment building a vault in the Abby for me and mine. 'Twas to be in the Abby, becauſe of my relation to the place; but 'tis at the weſt door of it: as far from Kings and Cæſars as the ſpace would admit of.

I know not but I may ſtep to town to-morrow, to ſee how the work goes forward; but, if I do, I ſhall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble of this letter but that they tell me it will coſt *you nothing*, and that our privilege of Frank-

ing (one of the moſt valuable we have left) is again allow'd us.

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Bromley, May 25, 1722.

I Had much ado to get hither laſt night, the water being ſo rough that the ferrymen were unwilling to venture. The firſt thing I ſaw this morning after my eyes were open, was your letter, for the freedom and kindneſs of which I thank you. Let all compliments be laid aſide between us for the future; and depend upon me as your faithful friend in all things within my power, as one that truly values you, and wiſhes you all manner of happineſs. I thank you and Mrs. Pope for my kind reception, which has left a pleaſing impreſſion upon me that will not ſoon be effaced.

Lord * has preſs'd me terribly to ſee him at * and told me in a manner betwixt kindneſs and reſentment, that it is but a few miles beyond Twitenham.

I have but a little time left, and a great deal to do in it; and muſt expect that ill health will render a good ſhare of it uſeleſs: and therefore what is likely to be left at the foot of the account, ought by me to be cheriſh'd, and not thrown away in compliments. You know the Motto of my ſun dial, *Vivite, ait, fugio.* I will, as far as I am able, follow its advice, and cut off all unneceſſary avocations and amuſements. There are thoſe that intend to employ me this winter in a way I do not like: If they perſiſt in their intentions, I muſt apply myſelf to the work they cut out for me, as well as I can. But withal, that ſhall not hinder me

from employing myſelf alſo in a way which they do not like. The givers of trouble one way ſhall have their ſhare of it another; that at laſt they may be induced to let me be quiet, and live to myſelf, with the few (the very few) friends I like; for that is the point, the ſingle point, I now aim at; tho', I know, the generality of the world who are unacquainted with my intentions and views, think the very reverſe of this character belongs to me. I don't know how I have rambled into this account of myſelf; when I ſat down to write, I had no thought of making that any part of my letter.

You might have been ſure without my telling you, that my right hand is at eaſe; elſe I ſhould not have overflow'd at this rate. And yet I have not done, for there is a kind intimation in the end of yours, which I underſtood, becauſe it ſeems to tend towards employing me in ſomething that is agreeable to you. Pray explain yourſelf, and believe that you have not an acquaintance in the world that would be more in earneſt on ſuch an occaſion than I, for I love you, as well as eſteem you.

All the while I have been writing, Pain, and a fine Thruſh have been ſeverally endeavouring to call off my attention; but both in vain, nor ſhould I yet part with you, but that the turning over a new leaf frights me a little, and makes me reſolve to break thro' a new temptation, before it has taken too faſt hold on me.

I am, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

From the ſame.

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written firſt, after our partings, *I will now be* before-hand with you in my enqui-

ries, how you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with Lord *, and deliver'd my civil reproach to him, in the manner I desir'd? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you, or from him on that head; as, I suppose, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oft'ner I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton: but don't know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you won't utterly forget what pass'd in the coach about Samson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time, but some time or other, I wish you would review, and polish that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the Ancients; it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of Tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible; which is an objection that at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over.

I am, etc.

LETTER XIX.

July 27.

I Have been as constantly at Twitenham as your Lordship has at Bromley, ever since you saw Lord Ba-

thurſt. At the time of the Duke of Marlborough's funeral, I intend to lie at the Deanry, and moralize one evening with you on the vanity of human glory.

The Ducheſs's * letter concerns me nearly, and you know it, who know all my thoughts without diſguiſe: I muſt keep clear of Flattery; I will: and as this is an honeſt reſolution, I dare hope, your Lordſhip will not be ſo unconcern'd for my keeping it, as not to aſſiſt me in ſo doing. I beg therefore you would repreſent thus much at leaſt to her Grace, that as to the fear ſhe ſeems touch'd with, [That the Duke's memory ſhould have no advantage but what he muſt give himſelf, without being beholden to any one friend] your Lordſhip may certainly, and agreeably to your character, both of rigid honour and Chriſtian plainneſs, tell her, that no man can have any other advantage: and that all offerings of friends in ſuch a caſe paſs for nothing. Be but ſo good as to confirm what I've repreſented to her, that an inſcription in the antient way, plain, pompous, yet modeſt, will be the moſt uncommon, and therefore the moſt diſtinguiſhing manner of doing it. And ſo, I hope, ſhe will be ſatisfied, the Duke's honour be preſerv'd, and my integrity alſo: which is too ſacred a thing to be forfeited, in conſideration of any little (or what people of quality may call great) honour or diſtinction whatever, which thoſe of their rank can beſtow on one of mine; and which indeed they are apt to over-rate, but never ſo much, as when they imagine us under any obligation to ſay one untrue word in their favour.

I can only thank you, my Lord, for the kind tranſition you make from common buſineſs, to that which is the only real buſineſs of every reaſonable creature. Indeed I think more of it than you imagine, tho' not ſo

* The Ducheſs of Buckingham.

much as I ought. I am pleas'd with thoſe Latin verſes extremely, which are ſo very good that I thought them yours, 'till you call'd them an Horatian Cento, and then I recollected the *diſjecti membra poetæ*. I won't pretend I am ſo totally in thoſe ſentiments which you compliment me with, as I yet hope to be: You tell me I have them, as the civileſt method to put me in mind how much it ſits me to have them. I ought, firſt, to prepare my mind by a better knowlege even of good prophane writers, eſpecially the Moraliſts, etc. before I can be worthy of taſting that ſupreme of books, and ſublime of all writings. In which, as in all the intermediate ones, you may (if your friendſhip and charity toward me continue ſo far) be the beſt guide to

Your, etc.

LETTER XX.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

July 30, 1722.

I Have written to the Ducheſs * juſt as you deſir'd, and referred her to our meeting in town for a further account of it. I have done it the rather becauſe your opinion in the caſe is ſincerely mine: and if it had not been ſo, you yourſelf ſhould not have induced me to give it. Whether, and how far ſhe will acquieſce in it, I cannot ſay: eſpecially in a caſe where ſhe thinks the Duke's honour concern'd; but ſhould ſhe ſeem to perſiſt a little at preſent, her good ſenſe (which I depend upon) will afterwards ſatisfy her that we are in the right.

* Ducheſs of Buckingham.

I go to-morrow to the Deanry, and, I believe, I ſhall ſtay there, till I have ſaid Duſt to duſt, and ſhut up that † laſt ſcene of pompous vanity.

'Tis a great while for me to ſtay there at this time of the year; and I know I ſhall often ſay to myſelf, while I am expecting the funeral,

O Rus, quando ego te aſpiciam! quandoque licebit
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

In this caſe I ſhall fancy I hear the ghoſt of the dead, thus intreating me,

At tu ſacratæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Oſſibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare ———
Quanquam feſtinas, non eſt mora longa; licebit,
Injecto ter pulvere, curras.

There is an anſwer for me ſomewhere in *Hamlet* to this requeſt, which you remember, tho' I don't. *Poor Ghoſt! thou ſhalt be ſatisfied!*—or ſomething like it. However that be, take care you do not fail in your appointment, that the company of the living may make me ſome amends for my attendance on the dead.

I know you will be glad to hear that I am well: I ſhould always, could I always be here—

Sed me
Imperioſa trahit Proſerpina: vive, valeque.

You are the firſt man I ſent to this morning, and the laſt man I deſire to converſe with this evening, tho' at twenty miles diſtance from you.

Te, veniente die, Te, decedente, requiro.

† This was the Funeral of the Duke of Marlborough, at which the Biſhop officiated as Dean of Weſtminſter, in Aug. 1722.

DEAR SIR, The Tower, April 10,

I Thank you for all the inſtances of your fr
both before, and ſince my misfortunes.
time will complete them, and ſeparate you a
ever. But in what part of the world ſoever
will live mindful of your ſincere kindneſs to
will pleaſe myſelf with the thought, that I ſt
your eſteem and affection, as much as ever I
that no accidents of life, no diſtance of time,
will alter you in that reſpect. It never can n
have lov'd and valued you, ever ſince I knew
ſhall not fail to do it when I am not allowed t
ſo; as the caſe will ſoon be. Give my faithfu
to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he
which was much to the purpoſe, if any thin
ſaid to be to the purpoſe, in a caſe that is alr
termined. Let him know my Defence will
that neither my friends need bluſh for me, no
enemies have great occaſion of Triumph, th
the victory. I ſhall want his advice before I g
in many things. But I queſtion whether I ſhal
mitted to ſee him, or any body, but ſuch as

ether upon much pleaſanter ſubjects; and, that I may reſerve the old cuſtom, I ſhall not part with you now ll I have clos'd this letter, with three lines of Milton, hich you will, I know, readily and not without ſome egree of concern apply to your ever affectionate, etc.

Some nat'ral Tears he dropt, but wip'd them ſoon:
The World was all before him, where to chuſe
His place of reſt, and Providence *his Guide.*

LETTER XXII.

The Anſwer.

April 20, 1723.

T is not poſſible to expreſs what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for othing but you, for ſome time paſt: and ſhall think of othing ſo long for the time to come. The greateſt omfort I had was an intention (which I would have ade practicable) to have attended you in your journey, o which I had brought that perſon to conſent, who nly could have hindered me, by a tye which, tho' it ay be more tender, I do not think more ſtrong, than hat of friendſhip. But I fear there will be no way left e to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, hat I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I en- irely eſteem and value you: no way but that one, hich needs no open warrant to authorize it, or ſecret onveyance to ſecure it; which no bills can preclude, nd no Kings prevent; a way that can reach to any art of the world where you may be, where the very hiſper or even the wiſh of a friend muſt not be heard, r even ſuſpected: by this way, I dare tell my eſteem nd affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, nd you, and they, and their ſons, may hear of it.

You prove yourſelf, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your Defence, and your Reputation by it, is a point of the higheſt concern to me: and aſſuring me, it ſhall be ſuch, that none of your friends ſhall bluſh for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourſelf the beſt and moſt laſting juſtice: the inſtruments of your Fame to poſterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that providence has appointed you to ſome great and uſeful work, and calls you to it this ſevere way? You may more eminently and more effectually ſerve the Public even now, than in the ſtations you have ſo honourably fill'd. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon*: is it not the latter, the diſgraced part of their lives, which you moſt envy, and which you would chooſe to have liv'd?

I am tenderly ſenſible of the wiſh you expreſs, that no part of your misfortune may purſue me. But, God knows, I am every day leſs and leſs fond of my native country (ſo torn as it is by Party-rage) and begin to conſider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleaſing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully aſſure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I ſhall think oftener or better than of you. I ſhall look upon you as in a ſtate between both, in which you will have from me all the paſſions and warm wiſhes that can attend the living, and all the reſpect and tender ſenſe of loſs, that we feel

* Clarendon indeed wrote his beſt works in his baniſhment: but the beſt of Bacon's were written before his diſgrace, and the beſt of Tully's after his return from exile.

for the dead. And I ſhall ever depend upon your conſtant friendſhip, kind memory, and good offices, tho' I were never to ſee or hear the effects of them: like the truſt we have in benevolent ſpirits, who, tho' we never ſee or hear them, we think, are conſtantly ſerving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wiſhing to write to you, I ſhall conclude you are intentionally doing ſo to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never ſhall ſuffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remember'd) the honour, the pleaſure, the pride I muſt ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have diſtinguiſh'd me, how cordially you have adviſ'd me! In converſation, in ſtudy, I ſhall always want you, and wiſh for you: In my moſt lively, and in my moſt thoughtful hours, I ſhall equally bear about me, the impreſſions of you: And perhaps it will not be in This life only, that I ſhall have cauſe to remember and acknowledge the friendſhip of the Biſhop of Rocheſter.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

To the ſame.

May, 1723.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promis'd, and this once, I fear, will be the laſt! the Curtain will ſoon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wiſh you a long good-night. May you enjoy a ſtate of repoſe in this life, not unlike that ſleep of the ſoul which ſome have believ'd is to ſucceed it, where we lye utterly forgetful of that world from which

we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the paſt, let it only image to you what has pleas'd you beſt; ſometimes preſent a dream of an abſent friend, or bring you back an agreeable converſation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think leſs of the time paſt than of the future; as the former has been leſs kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your Studies; they will tend to the benefit of men againſt whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all Poſterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing elſe is worth your care. What is every year of a wiſe man's life but a cenſure or critic on the paſt? Thoſe whoſe date is the ſhorteſt, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy deſpiſes the infant, the man the boy, the philoſopher both, and the Chriſtian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you'll never ſuffer your age to be but a ſecond infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than thoſe toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little ſociety, and made a citizen of the world at large, you ſhould bend your talents not to ſerve a Party, or a few, but all mankind. Your Genius ſhould mount above that miſt in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involv'd it; to ſhine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the buſineſs and the glory of your preſent ſituation. Remember it was at ſuch a time, that the greateſt lights of antiquity dazled and blazed the moſt, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became Guides to mankind.

Thoſe aims alone are worthy of ſpirits truly great, and ſuch I therefore hope will be yours. Reſentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguiſhed, in the nobleſt minds; but Revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than thoſe of the firſt, and better principles than thoſe of the latter, will infallibly influence men, whoſe thoughts and whoſe hearts are enlarged, and cauſe them to prefer the Whole to any part of mankind, eſpecially to ſo ſmall a part as one's ſingle ſelf.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a ſpirit entered into another life *, as one juſt upon the edge of Immortality; where the paſſions and affections muſt be much more exalted, and where you ought to deſpiſe all little views, and all mean retroſpects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with eſteem and admiration.

I am with the greateſt ſincerity, and paſſion for your fame as well as happineſs,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

Paris, Nov. 23, 1731.

YOU will wonder to ſee me in print; but how could I avoid it? The dead and the living, my friends and my foes, at home and abroad, call'd upon me to ſay ſomething; and the reputation of an † Hiſtory

* The Biſhop of Rocheſter went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happen'd at Paris on the fifteenth day of February, in the year 1732.

† Earl of Clarendon's.

which I and all the world value, muſt have ſuffered, had I continued ſilent. I have printed it here, in hopes that ſomebody may venture to reprint it in England, notwithſtanding thoſe two frightening words at the cloſe of it *. Whether that happens or not, it is fit you ſhould have a ſight of it, who, I know, will read it with ſome degree of ſatisfaction, as it is mine, tho' it ſhould have (as it really has) nothing elſe to recommend it. Such as it is, *Extremum hoc munus moribus habeto*; for that may well be the caſe, conſidering that within a few months I am entering into my ſeventieth year: after which, even the healthy and the happy cannot much depend upon life, and will not, if they are wiſe, much deſire it. Whenever I go, you will loſe a friend who loves and values you extremely, if in my circumſtances I can be ſaid to be loſt to any one, when dead, more than I am already whilſt living. I expected to have heard from you by Mr. Morrice, and wonder'd a little that I did not; but he owns himſelf in a fault, for not giving you due notice of his motions. It was not amiſs that you forbore writing, on a head wherein I promiſed more than I was able to perform. Diſgraced men fancy ſometimes, that they preſerve an influence, where when they endeavour to exert it, they ſoon ſee their miſtake. I did ſo, my good friend, and acknowledge it under my hand. You ſounded the coaſt, and found out my error, it ſeems, before I was aware of it; but enough on this ſubject.

What are they doing in England to the honour of Letters; and particularly what are you doing? *Ipſe quid audes? Quæ circumvolitas agilis Thyma?* Do you

* The Biſhop's Name, ſet to his Vindication of Biſhop Smalridge, Dr. Aldrich, and himſelf, from the ſcandalous Reflections of Oldmixon, relating to the Publication of Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory. Paris, 1731, 4to, ſince reprinted in England.

purſue the Moral plan you marked out, and ſeemed ſixteen months ago ſo intent upon? Am I to ſee it perfected ere I die, and are you to enjoy the reputation of it while you live? or do you rather chuſe to leave the marks of your friendſhip, like the legacies of a will, to be read and enjoyed only by thoſe who ſurvive you? Were I as near you as I have been, I ſhould hope to peep into the manuſcript before it was finiſhed. But alas! there is, and will ever probably be a great deal of land and ſea between us. How many books have come out of late in your parts, which you think I ſhould be glad to peruſe? Name them: The catalogue, I believe, will not coſt you much trouble. They muſt be good ones indeed to challenge any part of my time, now I have ſo little of it left. I, who ſquandered whole days heretofore, now huſband hours when the glaſs begins to run low, and care not to miſpend them on trifles. At the end of the Lottery of Life, our laſt minutes, like tickets left in the wheel, riſe in their valuation: They are not of ſo much worth perhaps in themſelves as thoſe which preceded, but we are apt to prize them more, and with reaſon. I do ſo, my dear friend, and yet think the moſt precious minutes of my life are well employed, in reading what you write. But this is a ſatisfaction I cannot much hope for, and therefore muſt betake myſelf to others leſs entertaining. Adieu! dear Sir, and forgive me engaging with one, whom you, I think, have reckoned among the heroes of the Dunciad. It was neceſſary for me either to accept of his dirty Challenge, or to have ſuffered in the eſteem of the world by declining it.

My reſpects to your Mother; I ſend one of theſe papers for Dean Swift, if you have an opportunity, and think it worth while to convey it. My Country at this diſtance ſeems to me a ſtrange ſight; I know not

how it appears to you, who are in the midſt of the ſcene, and yourſelf a part of it; I wiſh you would tell me. You may write ſafely to Mr. Morice, by the neareſt hand that conveys this, and will return into theſe parts before Chriſtmas; ſketch out a rough draught of it, that I may be able to judge whether a return to it be really eligible, or whether I ſhould not, like the Chemiſt in the bottle, upon hearing Don Quevedo's account of Spain, deſire to be corked up again.

After all, I do and muſt love my Country, with all its faults and blemiſhes; even that part of the conſtitution which wounded me unjuſtly, and itſelf through my ſide, ſhall ever be dear to me. My laſt wiſh ſhall be like that of father Paul, *Eſto perpetua!* and when I die at a diſtance from it, it will be in the ſame manner as Virgil deſcribes the expiring Peloponneſian,

Sternitur,
et dulces moriens reminiſcitur Argos.

Do I ſtill live in the memory of my friends, as they certainly do in mine? I have read a good many of your paper-ſquabbles about me, and am glad to ſee ſuch free conceſſions on that head, tho' made with no view of doing me a pleaſure, but merely of loading another.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXV.

From the Biſhop of ROCHESTER.

On the Death of his Daughter.

Montpelier, Nov. 20, 1729.

I Am not yet Maſter enough of myſelf, after the late wound I have receiv'd, to open my very heart to you, and am not content with leſs than that, whenever

I converſe with you. My thoughts are at preſent vainly, but pleaſingly employed, on what I have loſt, and can never recover. I know well I ought, for that reaſon, to call them off to other ſubjects, but hitherto I have not been able to do it. By giving them the rein a little, and ſuffering them to ſpend their force, I hope in ſome time to check and ſubdue them. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus perculſus, huic uni me imparem ſenſi, et pene ſuccubui.* This is weakneſs, not wiſdom, I own; and on that account fitter to be truſted to the boſom of a friend, where I may ſafely lodge all my infirmities. As ſoon as my mind is in ſome meaſure corrected and calm'd, I will endeavour to follow your advice, and turn it to ſomething of uſe and moment; if I have ſtill life enough left to do any thing that is worth reading and preſerving. In the mean time I ſhall be pleas'd to hear that you proceed in what you intend, without any ſuch melancholy interruption as I have met with. Your mind is as yet unbroken by age and ill accidents, your knowledge and judgment are at the height: uſe them in writing ſomewhat that may teach the preſent and future times, and if not gain equally the applauſe of both, may yet raiſe the envy of the one, and ſecure the admiration of the other. Employ not your precious moments, and great talents, on little men and little things; but chuſe a ſubject every way worthy of you, and handle it as you can, in a manner which nobody elſe can equal or imitate. As for me, my abilities, if I ever had any, are not what they were: and yet I will endeavour to recollect and employ them.

gelidus tardante ſenecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœto in corpore vires.

However, I ſhould be ingrateful to this place, if I did not *own that I have* gained upon the gout in the ſouth

of France, much more than I did at Paris, tho' even there I ſenſibly improved. I believe my cure had been perfected, but the earneſt deſire of meeting One I dearly loved, called me abruptly to Montpelier; where after continuing two months, under the cruel torture of a ſad and fruitleſs expectation, I was forced at laſt to take a long journey to Toulouſe; and even there I had miſs'd the perſon I ſought, had ſhe not, with great ſpirit and courage, ventured all night up the Garonne to ſee me, which ſhe above all things deſired to do before ſhe died. By that means ſhe was brought where I was, between ſeven and eight in the morning, and liv'd twenty hours afterwards, which time was not loſt on either ſide, but paſs'd in ſuch a manner as gave great ſatisfaction to both, and ſuch as, on her part, every way became her circumſtances and character. For ſhe had her ſenſes to the very laſt gaſp, and exerted them to give me, in thoſe few hours, greater marks of Duty and Love than ſhe had done in all her life-time, tho' ſhe had never been wanting in either. The laſt words ſhe ſaid to me were the kindeſt of all; a reflection on the goodneſs of God, which had allow'd us in this manner to meet once more, before we parted for ever. Not many minutes after that, ſhe laid herſelf on her pillow, in a ſleeping poſture,

placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

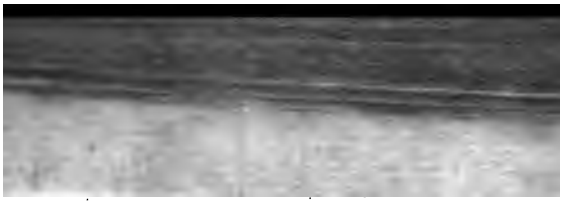
Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and ſtill feel on this occaſion, and ſpare me the trouble of deſcribing it. At my Age, under my Infirmities, among utter Strangers, how ſhall I find out proper reliefs and ſupports? I can have none, but thoſe with which Reaſon and Religion furniſh me, and thoſe I lay hold on, and graſp as faſt as I can. I hope that He, who laid the burthen upon me (for wiſe and good purpoſes no doubt) will enable me

to bear it in like manner as I have borne others, with ſome degree of fortitude and firmneſs.

You ſee how ready I am to relapſe into an argument which I had quitted once before in this letter. I ſhall probably again commit the ſame fault, if I continue to write; and therefore I ſtop ſhort here, and with all ſincerity, affection, and eſteem, bid you adieu! till we meet either in this world, if God pleaſes, or elſe in another.

I am, etc.

End of the Fifth Volume.



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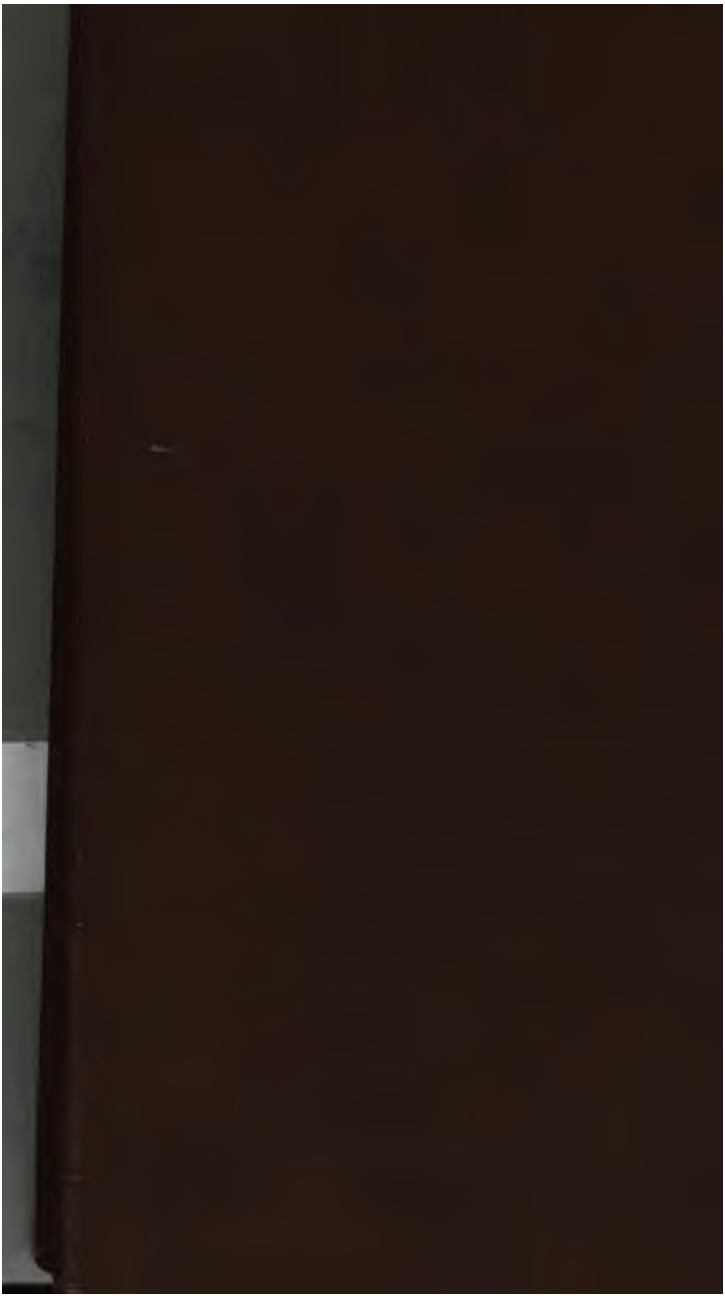
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